

THE WHITE COCKADE

BY JAMES GRANT



LONDON: GEORGE ROUTLEDGE & SONS:

ROUTLEDGE'S USEFUL BOOKS OF REFERENCE.

A DICTIONARY OF TRADE PRODUCTS: Commercial, Manufacturing, and Technical Terms. With the Moneys, Weights, and Measures of all Countries, reduced to the British standard. Second Edition, revised and enlarged. By P. L. SIMMONDS, F.R.G.S. Fcap. 8vo, half bound, 7s. 6d.

"A work of reference of great use in every industrial Establishment."

RO

0 Cal-
at 342
' to a
lbs. at
er Lb.
Ready

MA

Revised
mission,
asures,
Demy



TH

ws it to
a most

TH

ing to
on has
, and

TH

MEA-
nishes
where
Wages

TH

E. A
Dealer.

CH

TAIN
Cities,
Rivers,
ts, &c.

Pr

NCE.
aper.

TH

CHOICE THOUGHTS FROM SHAKESPEARE.

GOLDEN GLEANINGS FROM THE POETS.

WISE SAYINGS OF THE GREAT AND GOOD.

THE BOOK OF HUMOUR, WIT, AND WISDOM.

Price 2s. 6d., cloth, limp.

QUOTATIONS FROM SHAKESPEARE. By E. ROUTLEDGE.

LONDON: GEORGE ROUTLEDGE AND SONS.

ROUTLEDGE'S STANDARD LIBRARY.

In post 8vo. toned paper, green cloth, price 3s. 6d. each; bevelled boards, gilt edges, 5s.; half calf, 6s. 6d.; full calf or morocco, 9s.; tree calf, gilt edges, 10s. 6d.

THE ARABIAN NIGHTS.

THE ADVENTURES OF DON QUIXOTE.

THE ADVENTURES OF GIL BLAS.

D'ISRAELI'S CURIOSITIES OF LITERATURE.

A THOUSAND AND ONE GEMS OF BRITISH POETRY.

Edited by Dr. MACKAY.

THE BLACKFRIARS SHAKESPEARE. Edited by C. KNIGHT.

CRUDEN'S CONCORDANCE TO THE OLD AND NEW TESTAMENT.

BOSWELL'S LIFE OF DR. JOHNSON.

ROUTLEDGE'S NEW DICTIONARY.

W. H. PRESCOTT'S HISTORIES.

HISTORY OF THE REIGN OF FERDINAND AND ISABELLA. 2 vols. (4s.)

HISTORY OF THE CONQUEST OF MEXICO. 2 vols. (4s.)

HISTORY OF THE CONQUEST OF PERU. 2 vols. (4s.)

HISTORY OF PHILIP THE SECOND OF SPAIN. 3 vols. (6s.)

HISTORY OF THE REIGN OF CHARLES V. OF SPAIN. 2 vols. (4s.)

BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL ESSAYS. (2s.)

ROUTLEDGE'S MINIATURE LIBRARY.

Cloth, gilt edges, price 6d. each.

THE LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS.

ETIQUETTE FOR GENTLEMEN.

ETIQUETTE FOR LADIES.

THE BALL-ROOM MANUAL.

ETIQUETTE OF COURTSHIP AND MATRIMONY.

TOASTS AND SENTIMENTS.

HANDBOOK OF CARVING.

DRESS.

ROUTLEDGE'S EDUCATIONAL MANUALS.

64 pages each, boards, price 6d. each.

COMMON THINGS; or Notes on Familiar Objects.

THE FIVE BOOKS OF MOSES.

FIRST BOOK OF EUCLID

GERMAN SCHOLAR'S HANDBOOK.

MAMMALIA. By the Rev. J. G. WOOD.

GENERAL GEOGRAPHY OF THE WORLD.

ARITHMETICAL AND GEOGRAPHICAL TABLES.

Price 1s. each, boards.

A HANDBOOK OF ENGLISH PROSE and DRAMATIC LITERATURE. By W. G. LARKINS.

A HANDBOOK OF ENGLISH POETIC LITERATURE. By W. G. LARKINS.

THE COMIC RECTIFIER.

ROUTLEDGE'S DICTIONARIES.

THE NEW ENGLISH DICTIONARY.—In crown 8vo, cloth, price 3s. 6d.
ROUTLEDGE'S PRONOUNCING DICTIONARY. Founded on Walker, Worcester, Craig, and others; and enriched with many Thousand Modern words connected with Literature, Science, and Art. Edited by Dr. NUTTALL. In one handy volume, printed in a new clear type, neatly bound.

In royal 8vo, 2 vols., cloth, price £2. 2s.
CRAIG'S UNIVERSAL, TECHNOLOGICAL, ETYMOLOGICAL, and PRONOUNCING DICTIONARY of the ENGLISH LANGUAGE, embracing all the terms used in Art, Science, Literature. New Edition, revised by Dr. NUTTALL, with Appendix of New Words.

In royal 8vo, cloth (1,300 pages), price 12s.
WEBSTER'S DICTIONARY of the ENGLISH LANGUAGE, exhibiting the Origin, Orthography, Pronunciation, and Definition of Words; to which are added, a Synopsis of Words differently pronounced by different Orthoepists, Walker's Key to the Classical Pronunciations of Greek, Latin and Scripture Proper Names, and a Vocabulary of Modern Geographical Names, with their Pronunciation. Tenth Edition, revised and corrected.

In medium 8vo (980 pages), cloth, price 12s.
WEBSTER and WORCESTER'S NEW UNIVERSAL, CRITICAL and PRONOUNCING DICTIONARY of the ENGLISH LANGUAGE, with Walker's Key to the Pronunciation of Classical and Scripture Proper Names, a Pronouncing Vocabulary of Modern Geographical Names, and an English Grammar.

KNOWLES' PRONOUNCING DICTIONARY incorporating the latest words, and a Key to the Pronunciation of Proper Names. Ninth Edition.

In fcap. 8vo
WALKER'S PRONOUNCING DICTIONARY, and Pronouncing Key to the best authorities, with a Preface and a Chronological Table.

In 8vo
JOHNSON'S DICTIONARY adapted to the present state of the Language. LL.D.

THE SCHOOL EDITOR adapted to the present state of the principal terms of the Language, Literature, and Science.

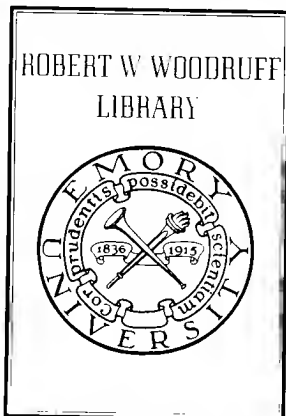
In 8vo
JOHNSON'S DICTIONARY modernized by P.

In 64mo, cloth (632 pages), price 1s. ; roan, gilt edges, 1s. 6d. ; morocco, 2s.
ROUTLEDGE'S DIAMOND DICTIONARY of the ENGLISH LANGUAGE, adapted to the present state of English Literature; in which every word is defined with precision and brevity, and the Accentuation and Orthography clearly shown.

In roy. 32mo, cl. (250 pp.), price 9d. ; roan, plain edges, 10d. ; roan, gilt edges, 1s.
JOHNSON'S DICTIONARY of the ENGLISH LANGUAGE, with Walker's Pronunciation of all the difficult or doubtful words, and marks to show where to double the consonant in the participle.

In 32mo, cloth (200 pages), 8d. ; roan, plain, 9d. ; roan, gilt edges, 1s.
JOHNSON'S POCKET DICTIONARY of the ENGLISH LANGUAGE, improved by the addition of many thousand words.

In royal 18mo, boards (200 pages), 1s.
WEBSTER'S PRONOUNCING DICTIONARY of the ENGLISH LANGUAGE.



ISH LANGUAGE, with 50,000 additional words, and a Key to the Pronunciation of Scripture Proper Names.

, 1s. 6d.
 accentuation, Orthoepically shown, according to the English and other Languages, 122nd Thousand.

A New Edition, by Austin Nuttall,

A New Edition, comprehending the most useful collection of words for general reference.

GE, enlarged and

THE
WHITE COCKADE;

OR,
FAITH AND FORTITUDE.

BY
JAMES GRANT,
AUTHOR OF
"THE YELLOW FRIGATE," "SECOND TO NONE,"
"THE KING'S OWN BORDERERS," "THE ROMANCE OF WAR,"
ETC., ETC.

LONDON :
GEORGE ROUTLEDGE AND SONS,
BROADWAY, LUDGATE.
NEW YORK : 416, BROOME STREET.
1868.

P R E F A C E.

IN my former novel, 'The King's Own Borderers,' I endeavoured, in the characters of Lord and Lady Rohallion, to depict Jacobitism in its decline, or rather when it had become identified only with the senility and weakness of enthusiastic old age; but in the following story I have sought to portray it in the zenith of its strength, and before it had degenerated into mere sentimental loyalty to a race of dead monarchs—of all loyalty perhaps the most pure and unselfish.

In the progress of my tale, I have had to introduce several points of local history, a branch of study which, I am sorry to say, is now usually the last element thought of in Scottish popular education.

Scotsmen, and Englishmen too, have long since learned the value of that treaty, which made them equally subjects of a vast united empire, on whose flag the sun never sets; but Sir Baldred Otterburn will represent a numerous class, who existed even until after the beginning of the present century, and who bitterly resented the Act of Union.

'The English adherents of the Stuarts had nothing to say against it,' says a recent writer; 'but the Scottish Jacobites could scarcely find words sufficiently strong to express their hatred and horror of a measure which, to their excited patriotism, seemed to be the consummation of all ruin and disgrace, and the utter annihilation of Scotland as a free and independent country;'* and singularly enough, a bill for its total repeal in June, 1713, was only lost by a majority of *three* in the House of Lords.

* Dr. Charles Mackay. Preface to 'Jacobite Songs,' &c.

As a proof of how the two countries, by previous animosity, obstructed each other's progress, the year 1867 has proved that the revenue of England, since 1707, has increased tenfold, and that of Scotland more than sixtyfold! (Vide Debate on the Reform Bill in March.)

The character of Balcraftie is neither a solitary one, nor entirely original, for such a composite rogue, the famous Deacon Brodie, actually figured among the Town Councillors of Edinburgh, in the end of the last century, and expiated his many crimes on a gallows, constructed by himself, for the use of the Criminal Court.

It must be pretty apparent to any student of History, that had the *whole* fighting force of the Highlands followed Charles Edward, we might never have heard of a battle of Culloden; and it is somewhat amusing to observe how the thousands who remained quietly at home, and all their descendants too, have readily adopted the laurels of the little band in whose faith and valour they had no share whatever.

In all the military details of my story, I have striven to be correct, and have consulted the War Office Records of most of the regiments engaged at Falkirk and Culloden; and if, in entering somewhat into the spirit of the time, I have written with a little bitterness about the barbarities that followed the extinction of the Insurrection, it has been simply in the genuine hatred of all cruelty and tyranny—oppression and hypocrisy—for the last expiring wave of Jacobitism has long since broken, and left not even a ripple upon the shore; and a poet, or a reader, may be a Jacobite in literature, without being in the smallest degree a Jacobite in politics.

June, 1867.

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER	PAGE
I. L'ETOILE DE LA MER.	1
II. ATTAINTED	5
III. THE YARN OF CAPTAIN SCUPPERPLUG	9
IV. FATHER TESTIMONY	16
V. ON SHORE	21
VI. BAILIE REUBEN BALCRAFTIE	26
VII. THEY SET FORTH	33
VIII. AN OLD SCOTTISH CAVALIER	40
IX. DALQUHARN'S MISSION	45
X. THE HOUSE OF AULDHAME	50
XI. BRYDE OTTERBURN	53
XII. THE WITHDRAWING-ROOM	62
XIII. IN VINO VERITAS	68
XIV. BRYDE'S FOUR LOVERS	72
XV. BALCRAFTIE ON THE SCENT	78
XVI. YOURS ONLY AND EVER!	83
XVII. MR. EGERTON PROPOSES	90
XVIII. THE QUARREL	95
XIX. MYSTERY	99

CHAPTER	PAGE
XX. THE DEIL'S LOAN	105
XXI. THE DEATH SHOT	108
XXII. IN THE TOILS	112
XXIII. THE ABLED BRIDE	116
XXIV. WYVIL'S DEPARTURE	122
XXV. BRYDE'S ENTERPRISE	128
XXVI. THE SEQUEL	138
XXVII. THE BLACK LUGGER	143
XXVIII. THE RAVINE	148
XXIX. THE VAULT OF TANTALLAN	154
XXX. THE PRISONS OF THE BASS	161
XXXI. FIRST DAY OF CAPTIVITY.	164
XXXII. BRYDE'S SORROW AGAIN	170
XXXIII. SEVENTEEN HUNDRED AND FORTY-FIVE	173
XXXIV. GLOOM.	177
XXXV. HOPE DEFERRED	182
XXXVI. A PLOT LAID	190
XXXVII. HOW BRYDE'S GUINEAS WERE SPENT	195
XXXVIII. THE WHITE ROSE IN BLOOM	200
XXXIX. HOPE DAWNS ANEW.	208
XL. THE ATTEMPT	213
XLI. THE WARRANT.	216
XLII. ON LUFFNESS MUIR	221
XLIII. CARLISLE	227
XLIV. THE CAVERN OF THE BASS	233
XLV. DALQUHARN IN EDINBURGH	238
XLVI. GENERAL PRESTON	247
XLVII. THE PROVOST'S SUPPER	255
XLVIII. THE CABINET	262
XLIX. THE PRINCE'S COURT	266
L. CHAGRIN	271
LI. THE RAID OF DALQUHARN	276
LII. A FRIEND	283
LIII. LIEUTENANT LA ROQUE	287

CHAPTER	PAGE
LIV. THE LAIGH COFFEE-HOUSE	292
LV. THE DOUBLE DREAM	299
LVI. THE MARCH	302
LVII. THE NETHERBY ARMS	308
LVIII. LONGTOWN.	313
LIX. IN ENGLAND.	319
LX. THE RETREAT FROM DERBY	323
LXI. THE ABDUCTION	328
LXII. THE VICARAGE OF PENRITH	331
LXIII. THE BEAR GUARD ATTACKED	337
LXIV. A MARRIAGE	343
LXV. AT THE CALLENDER	348
LXVI. THE DAY OF THE BATTLE.	355
LXVII. THE 17TH OF JANUARY, 1746	358
LXVIII. COBHAM'S DRAGOONS.	363
LXIX. IN THE NORTH	370
LXX. THE GABERLUNZIE	375
LXXI. THE BITER BITTEN	380
LXXII. HIS EXAMINATION	385
LXXIII. THE NIGHT MARCH TO NAIRN	391
LXXIV. SEPARATED!	397
LXXV. THE BATTLE OF CULLODEN	402
LXXVI. THE SEQUEL	410
LXXVII. THE COIRE GAOTH	416
L'ENVOY	423
NOTES.	426

THE WHITE COCKADE.

CHAPTER I.

'L'ETOILE DE LA MER.'

'The ship is sailing, the moon is shining;
Low on a level with the deck,
She swims through the white cloud breakers leaping
About her hull as about a wreck.

'The ship is sailing, my heart is sinking;
Ned, you never knew me thus before:
We're home at last! but I wish 'twere morning—
'There's something waiting for me ashore.'—*Good Words*, 1866.

ON a bright morning in May, a long, low, black lugger was creeping along the German Sea, about thirty miles off the mouth of the Firth of Forth.

Sharply prowed and pinck-built, having a round stern finished (by a continuation of the bulwarks aft) with a narrow square part above; she had two large quadrilateral or four-cornered sails, each bent to a strong yard, and confined by well-greased parrels to the slender and taper masts, which were raked well aft. The size of those long sails suggested that great care was requisite in lowering and shifting them, which was necessary at every tack, for the lugger was one of unusual tonnage for her rig, and was decked and armed with two brass guns, and several pateraroes or swivels along her gunnel.

Forward and amid-ships, a mixed crew of sixteen Scotsmen and Dunkirkers, sat smoking or chewing pigtail, with their backs to the morning breeze. They were all rough, weatherbeaten, and bushy-whiskered fellows. Their hair, long and dirty, was served round with spun-yarn to keep it tidy, or out of their eyes if they went aloft. All wore coarse pea-jackets and short kilt-like trowsers of canvas, well japanned with tar. They had long knives, with shark-skin sheaths in their girdles, and wore broad square metal buckles on their shoes.

Though few in number, these men were bold and reckless in aspect and bearing; for their craft was the 'Etoile de la Mer,' a notorious contraband vessel of Dunkirk, and they were sailing on the sea, at a time when smugglers, if taken, had seldom the option

of entering the king's service. In their own phraseology, they sailed 'with halters round their necks,' and when captured were usually strung up to the yard-arm.

That his majesty's ship, the 'Fox,' was now on the look-out for the lugger, in those very waters, was an exciting circumstance of which some friendly fisherman had duly informed them over night ; thus a sharp look-out was kept by Captain Scupperplug and his men, as they crept slowly towards the estuary, being in no hurry to enter until after sunset, and ere that time, a long summer day, they knew, must intervene, so every sail of any apparent size was carefully edged away from.

I am doubtful whether the real name of this famous old Scottish smuggler was ever recorded, as, among seamen, he was always known as Captain Sanders Scupperplug, or old Puerto-de-la-Plata, having been one of the *five* British seamen who took that place by surprise—an event in his life, concerning which, he spun many a tough yarn, over his can of grog ashore, and in the long watches of the night at sea.

He was a thick-set, stunted, and truculent, but withal, seamen-like personage ; he wore a low three-cocked hat, edged with tarnished lace ; his thick grizzled hair, of no particular colour, was crusted with saline particles and queued with spunyarn. He had a short blue, stiff-skirted and collarless coat, buttoned up to his throat, and garnished with several rows of gilt buttons on the wide cuffs and square flapped pockets. A broad leather belt girt his waist, and sustained a long knife or dagger.

The slash of a cutlass had traversed his right cheek, imparting a sinister glare to his eyes, by the consequent contraction of the muscles, and his nose having been carefully slit by the Spaniards, when he was a prisoner in Hispaniola, made his aspect unusually repulsive. He looked like a genuine pirate—a sea-faring bull dog on his hind legs ; and had all the bearing of one who had been, as he sometimes boasted in his cups, a powder-monkey on board the 'Vulture,' under Captain William Kidd, who was hanged (for piracy and levanting with a king's ship) at Execution Dock in the year 1701, as all the world knew then.

The distant and dim blue wavy ridges that rose on either bow, from the German Sea, were the hills of Fife and of Eastern Lothian, and far away towards them, the green billows rolled merrily in the sunshine of the early morning. The sails which appeared at the horizon were chiefly coasters, hugging the land as they crept along, for we were at war with France then, and no vessel of any size or value, unless a privateer or letter of marque, ventured seaward without a convoy.

'De vind is veering bore aft,' snivelled the mate, Vander Pier-boom, who was steering. He was a short, squat, and ferocious-looking Hollander, who might very well have passed for the twin brother of his captain, as his nasal protuberance had been hope-

lessly smashed by a half-spent shot at Puerto-de-la-Plata, and his cheeks had been spritsail-yarded by an arrow on the coast of Africa.

'More aft,' exclaimed Scupperplug, with one of the dreadful and useless oaths then in vogue; 'and it is freshening too; Mahoun! we'll be inside the bay before the middle watch is over, and that winna suit our plans. Lower the yards!—take in sail; and, hearkec, you young limb of Satan, Jule Leroux—'

'Yes, sare,' cried a little French mulatto boy, tumbling hurriedly out of the boat where he had been asleep.

'Shake loose the ensign.'

'Which, monsieur?'

'The union,—d—n it, and you too! Up with it, chock-a-bloek.'

From a bundle of bunting, composed of the flags of *all* nations, the boy hurriedly and nervously, as if he already felt the captain's colt across his tawny shoulders, selected one, bearing the red cross of England, behind the white saltire of Scotland (the emerald isle had, as yet, no share in that parti-coloured conglomeration of crosses, the Union Jack), and it was run up to the head of the taper main-mast, for Captain Scupperplug was prepared to pass himself off as a trader from Lerwick, Thurso, or the Hans Towns, if questioned by any one in authority, for ships' logs and papers were not kept so strictly then as now.

Hitherto the gallant Captain Scupperplug had been sailing under a most cunningly devised assortment of colours which belonged to no nation in particular and were only intended to mystify, at a distance, any king's officer, but more especially Captain Beaver of the 'Fox' frigate, whom it was now the smuggler's chief object to avoid, as in addition to a contraband cargo, he had on board two passengers, who were eminently obnoxious to the British government, and after landing whom in safety, a certain authority at Dunkirk, was to pay him the sum of fifty louis d'or, over and above all expenses.

Great Britain was then, I have said, at war with France. She had been so since 1744, and also with Spain since 1739—at war, moreover, for sundry remarkable causes which did not concern the simple and tax-paying people of these realms a single jot.

The emperor, Charles VI. of Germany, had died in 1740, and the French caused the Bavarian elector to be crowned in his place, thus stripping of her inheritance, his daughter, the famous empress Queen of Hungary. Prussia pounced on Silesia; France, Saxony, and Bavaria, attacked the rest of her dominions; but Britain with Holland, and soon after, Russia, united in her favour.

We islanders had no apparent cause to meddle in this continental squabble; but then the good and well-being of Hanover, and the security of that petty Electorate, so well beloved at the Court of St. James', depended upon a nice balance of the hostile interests of the German Empire. The servile English ministry were willing to gratify George II. and his hideous mistresses by making an essay

in its favour. A few millions of gold, a few thousand British lives were nothing when Hanover was menaced; so to war we went, with a will, as usual. Our troops soon made a diversion in favour of Maria Theresa, and the nominal emperor had to fly to Frankfort, where he lived in obscurity—all of which, being history, is perhaps not new to the reader.

Hanover was preserved, the real object of our interference; but still the war went on by sea and land, a state of affairs which made no difference to the adventurous Captain Scupperplug, who, favoured by the fog, had stolen out of Dunkirk, and escaping the fleet of Rear-Admiral Byng, then cruising off the north and east coasts of Scotland, had arrived safely, as yet, with a good cargo of brandy and sherry, almost within sight of the Isle of May.

'If overhauled by a shark of a king's ship, these passengers of ours will add muckle to our risk o' being tacked up by the craig,' remarked the captain, in a growling tone, to his mate; 'and in this bit lugger we canna hide them. Mahoun take it! the cabiu is little better than the sautbaeket o' the Craill fisher boat.'

'Hide dem—no, unless under de vater, vid a gunnon shot at dere veet,' suggested the cruel Dutchman; 'dree time, hab I said, dey had better valk de plank, dan add to our beril by dere bresence aboard!'

'No—no, d——n it, Vander Pierboom; think of the fifty louis d'or; they are worth that muckle, ye dour Dutch devil.'

'Bud who de Henkers, are dey?'

'Dinna fash your thumb anent that, mate. They are some o' those will turn the world upside doon, I hope ere long, and then, Mahoun! we shall have nae ships o' the German Elector poking their snouts in Scottish waters. The mangy white horse o' Hanover—may the devil gie it the glanders!—will have to keep ashore, or on its ain side o' the German sea.'

'Oho—I zee—I zee,' said the mate, putting a thiek finger to where his nose once had been; 'dey are Jagobites—vat you call—eh?'

'Aye, aye, just sae—but keep her away, Vander Pierboom,' said Scupperplug, who had been looking long and intently through an old battered telescope, well served round with spun-yarn, at a grey object that was slowly rising from the horizon: 'keep the coast of East Lothian well aboard, for that is the May already, or I'm a Dutchman!'

'Bearing about dwendy vive mile off, or so,' said the Hollander, whose flattened nose sorely impeded his pronunciation.

'Exactly—sae keep her away three points more to the south'ard—par los infernos, the mair sea-room we gie our bit barky the better,' added the captain, whose language was a strange compound of English and Scotch, interspersed with foreign oaths, picked up chiefly in the Spanish main; 'with the hail o' a lang summer day before us, every hour adds to our danger, so keep a bright look-out,

lads, or by the Henker's horns, we may never see the auld timmer forts o' Dunkirk again! Jule Leroux, are those gentlemen below stirring yet?'

'Oui—Monsieur le Capitaine,' replied the boy, cying the colt, a piece of knotted rope which hung half out of the skipper's right hand pocket.

'Then get ready some coffee, dashed with Nantz; and look sharp, ye French baboon, or it will be the worse for ye!'

He now took up his heavy pistols (which were barrell'd and mounted with brass) from the binnacle; after looking carefully to the flints and priming, he placed them in his broad black leather girdle, and buttoned his rough pilot coat over them. He then bellowed something hoarsely down the companion hatch into the little cabin of the lugger.

Voices responded cheerfully from below, and two gentlemen soon after hurried on deck; and, with faces expressive of joy and animation, bade him and Mynheer Vander Pierboom good morning, all unaware of the latter's kind suggestion for dropping them quietly overboard, each with a cold shot at his heels.

Then they looked eagerly around at the bright green waves dancing merrily past in the summer sunshine, and at the stripe of distant coast, that rose on either bow, as the lugger, under her reduced canvas, bore slowly, but steadily on, rolling a little from side to side, as she was now trimmed before the wind.

CHAPTER II.

ATTAINED.

'O, the tod rules owre the Lion,
And the midden's aboon the moon,
So Scotland mann cower and cringe
To a fause and foreign loon:
O weary fa' the piper chiel
Wha sells his breath sae dear;
And weary fa' the evil time
The Orange Prince cam' here.'—*Old Song.*

IN stature both these strangers were above the middle height, and were well built and well knit in figure. One wore his light brown hair unpowdered, and simply tied by a white ribband; he was dark-blue eyed, and oval-faced, eminently handsome, courtly in bearing, and certainly not more than five-and-twenty years of age.

The other, who wore a Ramillies wig and jack boots, which seemed to have seen better days, was stouter in form and darker in complexion, having been bronzed by exposure to the weather in many a foreign land. His forehead was well marked by the lines of thought, and his dark eyes wore usually a stern, sharp, and enquiring expression, though the form of his mouth signified extreme

good nature. He was more than twenty years the senior of his companion, like whom he wore a plain light green frock, without lace or ornament on the pockets or loose wide cuffs, fastened in front by a row of silver clasps, and girt at the waist by a plain black leather girdle, at which hung his sword and a pair of small silver mounted pistols, from two steel hooks. From the chasings of these pistols, a coat of arms had been carefully effaced.

Though simply known as Captains Douglas and Mitchell—‘Captain’—as Gibbet has it—‘being a good travelling title, and one that kept waiters and ostlers in order,’—the younger was Henry Douglas, Lord Dalquharn,* of the Holm, in the Stewartry of Kirkcudbright, a near kinsman of the gallant Viscount Kimmure, who perished on the scaffold for the House of Stuart; and the elder was Sir John Mitchell, Bart., of Pitreavie, in former times a Captain of the Scots Grey Dragoons—both attainted and outlawed for their steady adherence to their native line of kings—and both now returning to Scotland on a mission fraught with peril to themselves, for if discovered, the axe and gibbet awaited them.

Each lifted his little low triangular hat with studious politeness to the squat skipper, and then waved as if in welcome to the distant coast.

‘So land is in sight at last, my old cock of Puerto-de-la-Plata!’ exclaimed Sir John Mitchell.

‘The Lammer-Muir, Captain Douglas, will soon rise on the port bow; yonder is the Isle of May, and a point or so further north, are Fifeness and Kilmeinie Craig: I daresay you’ll ken them, Captain Mitchell,’ said the smuggler, good naturedly, for he was too much of a Scotsman not to sympathise with the expression which he read in the handsome faces of the returning exiles as they looked towards the land of their birth and of their dearest hopes.

‘Fifeness and Kilmeinie,’ repeated Sir John Mitchell, thoughtfully, as he shook his head.

‘Aye, sir—coming from the other side o’ the sea—running south frae the Red Head of Angus, or the Inchcape Rock, we’ve to gie that long reef the Carr-rocks a wide berth—north longitude 56° 16’, west latitude 2° 34’. Hech, sirs! mony a stout ship as ever sailed the sea, hath had her timbers torn on those devil’s teeth.’

Without hearing the skipper’s remarks, the eyes of the elder passenger were fixed earnestly on the dim blue stripe of coast.

‘For thirty years,’ said he, in a low voice, ‘my eyes have looked on other lands; and now—now I cannot tell what is coming over me, but my heart is very full, Dalquharn—very full, indeed! Egad—so many things have happened, and I have seen so much of the busy world, that ages seem to have elapsed since I was out with my Lord the Earl of Mar in the ’15, and now I hope we are on the eve of going out again.’

* Pronounced *Dalwharn*, in Scotland.

Lord Dalquharn smiled at this significant phrase, which is always used in Scotland to express having joined the House of Stuart, just as in Ireland, to say having been 'up,' signified being engaged in the affair of '98; but Lord Dalquharn's smile was a bitter one, and his ungloved hand was tightly clenched in the carved steel hilt of his slender little walking sword, a farewell gift from Prince Charles Edward.

The late Lord, his father, had first embroiled himself with the intrigues of the cabinet of St. Germain's at the time of the accession of George II.; some thirteen years before, he had also in his place in Parliament as a representative peer, resented too bitterly the severe and shortsighted proceedings of the ministry in the matter of the Porteous mob, and used such strong language in his protest against the removal of the gates and portes of Edinburgh, that he had to make his escape from London. A summons from the privy council he treated with disdain, and repairing to St. Germain's with his lady (a Gordon of the House of Kenmure) and their son, the little Master of Dalquharn; ere long he found his title forfeited, his name proscribed, and his estates gifted to a truculent whig-noble, who had been deeply implicated in the Glencoe Massacre and the Treaty of Union, having sold his vote for the same sum as the patriotic Lord Chancellor Seafeld—to wit £490.

Now, his only hope and heir stood a beggar and a fugitive on the deck of an obscure smuggling lugger, but full of anticipations of better and more glorious days, when, as his companion—whose hostility to the government was of much older date—phrased it, 'King Jamie should cock up his beaver in old Holyrood.'

'You are very silent, Dalquharn,' said Mitchell; 'of what are you thinking?'

'I am thinking of my father and of my mother, who sleep by old King James's side in the chapel of St. Germain-en-Laye.'

'Loyal still in death!'

'Yea—loyal still! If the dead king were to come forth, he might hold royal state again, so many true and gallant Scottish and Irish hearts are mouldering near him—that is, if their blessed spirits do not, as I hope, find eternal rest.'

'Come, come, Gadamerce! you must not sink into a dolorous mood, with the land in sight and Byng's fleet we know not where. Egad! I can smell the hot coffee of our little yellow friend, Leroux.'

'I have not your elasticity of spirits, my dear Sir John, though twenty years your junior,' replied the young lord. 'Viewing my country as I do, through the medium of her past history, with all her wrongs and romance, her heroes and their struggles against the aggressive kings of England—through the medium of her poetry and her music—glorying as I do in the name of a Scottish man, never more than when exiled as a loyal cavalier and desperate soldier of fortune, enduring penury, obloquy and affronts, feeding myself in foreign camps and cities, with the last relic of my inherit-

ance, my sword, the prince's gift,—I now feel swelling up within me a flood of enthusiasm—a crowd of thoughts too deep for utterance, on seeing again those dear old mountains rising from the sea, though we are returning, it may be, but to find our graves among them.'

'Thoughtless as you deem me, Dalquharn,' said the other, as he caught something of the young lord's enthusiasm, 'I felt once like you; I was a boy then, a gallant and joyous boy, at an age when no grief could crush hope, and no sneering monitor could quell or damp the glorious glow of ambition and romance! Now——'

'Well—and now?'

'Matured, saddened and soured by stern experience, and many a time by grinding poverty, I view the world with very different eyes; yet am I hopeful still, otherwise I should not have come in such doubtful guidance, on this, our desperate errand. But zounds! e'en now, man, I think I can see Pitreavie, my old ancestral home in the cosy East Neuk of Fife, embosomed among deep primeval woods. I can hear the rooks cawing on its huge square chimneys, and the creak of the vanes on its turret tops, mingling with a song my mother used to sing to me long, long ago—to me and my three brave brothers who fell at Sheriffmuir for King James. Black dool and woe be on that day, and yet *she* grudged them not in such a cause, for she was a Kirkaldy of the House of Grange. The old song is in my ears, and in my heart now,

" And with it comes a broken fount
Of tears I deemed was dry;
Auld faces, voices, come as wont,
And will not pass me by!"

'Yet with God's help and King James's favour, we may all brook our own lands again, and lie at last in our forefathers' graves, Sir John.'

'So time will prove, my lord; I think the cold-blooded massacre in Glencoe, the bankruptcy of Darien, when two thousand Scotchmen perished to gratify Spanish cruelty and English jealousy, the studied violations of the treaty of union, the restoration of patronage, our defeats at Carthagen and elsewhere, have surely given Scotland a surfeit of Dutch stadtholders and German electors!'

The homely odour of fried ham and eggs, ascending from the little cabin of the lugger, coupled with the captain's warning that breakfast awaited them, now lured the friends below. As they descended, Vander Pierboom, who had been watching them attentively as they stood far aft on the pinck built stern, and who had been endeavouring to follow their conversation, of which, however, he could make nothing, now twitched one of the captain's wide cuffs as he was about to descend backwards into the cabin.

'Sgupperblug,' snivelled the noseless Dutchman, in a whisper 'you are to get fifty Louis ober and above your passage money for dese gentilmensch—ch?'

'Yes—fifty Louis, and what then?' growled his commander, impatiently.

'You might get de Louis at Dunkirk, and ebber so ver moch more here, if——'

'If what, you infernal Dutch lubber—out with it, hand owre hand.'

'You zold 'em to de government as voreign spiesh—dis would be to gain doubleonsh on both handsh.'

'Nae mair o' this to me, mate, and whisper but a word o't among the crew, and I'll make shark's meat o'ye! Mahoun—what? sell the puir fellows to the Elector's shambles, when within sight o' their ain peat reek!' he added, with a terrible imprecation upon his own eyes and limbs. 'Na, na—damme! I done mony a strange thing in my time in the Spanish main and elsewhere; but I'll never be Judas enough to act like a vile Scotch whig, and sell the man who trusts me. Keep a sharp look out while I'm below, Vander Pierboom—haul out the jib to keep her steady, and keep silence forward, or *cuidado del cuchilla*—as we used to say on the Plate river, whieh in plain Scots, means, beware the jagg o' a Kilmaur's whittle!'

With this significant threat, and a very sinister flash in his eyes, Captain Scupperplug's ugly visage vanished through the companion hatch.

An angry scowl passed over the flat face of the avaricious Dutchman, and he dragged his hat by the fore cock, sullenly over his eyes. He made no reply as he slunk aft, but he had his own thoughts and intentions nevertheless.

He seated himself on the taffrail, lit his huge pipe, and proceeded to consider how, without involving himself with his captain, of whom he had a wholesome terror, he could convert the two unsuspecting 'bassengers,' into the current coin of Great Britain.

CHAPTER III.

THE YARN OF CAPTAIN SCUPPERPLUG.

'Oft had he shewn, in climes afar,
Each attribute of roving war;
The sharpened ear, the piercing eye,
The quick resolve in danger nigh;
The speed, that in the flight or chase
Outstripped the Charib's rapid race;
On Arawaca's desert shore,
Or where La Plata's billows roar,
When oft the sons of vengeful Spain
Tracked the marauder's steps in vain.'—*Rokeby*.

To avoid all questioning as to their plans or objects in returning home, the two companions were pursuing a course they had conjunctly adopted during their rapid and hitherto safe voyage from Dunkirk, by enquiring of Captain Scupperplug the adventures of

his early life, and thus being generally full of himself and his own affairs, he was never weary of 'spinning yarns' of a very savage nature, certainly, but incident to his voyages in the West Indies and along the Spanish Main between the Isthmus of Panama and the Serpent's Mouth.

With these episodes of reckless piracies by sea, of open cities sacked by land, of vast treasures, plate, jewels, doubloons and pieces of eight, buried on lonely isles, among the sands of Peru or the palm forests of Tortuga—buried with a murdered Spaniard or Negro, whose spirit was supposed to haunt and guard the spot:—stories of

'Adventurous hearts! who bartered bold
Their English steel for Spanish gold,'

he mingled superstitions, wild, and gloomy, of haunted ships that sailed in the wind's eye with all their canvas set, or were manned by demon crews; of the Flying Dutchman, and St. Elmo's Light; of bags of magic wind, sold by 'black and midnight hags,' in the Scottish Hebrides or Scandinavian Fiords; and many a tale he told them, too, of the ferocious Buccaneers with whom he had served in the Windward Isles; of the terrible reprisals made on each other by the English and Spaniards, when no mode of cruelty, of mutilation or torture was deemed too exquisite or terrible; and of men marooned on the lonely keys off the mountainous Isle of Hispaniola, or in the mangrove creeks of Tobago, for transgressing the iron statutes of the Buccaneers, and there left to perish miserably of hunger and thirst, or by wild animals.

'A rare ruffian this!' said Dalquharn, in a whisper to his friend; 'I would we were on shore, or safe out of his hands.'

His favourite reminiscence, one to which he was never tired of recurring, was the capture of Puerto de la Plata in South America; and on this morning, when after liberally dashing his coffee with Nantz, he took to imbibing Nantz alone, or very slightly dashed with water, he was unusually fluent on the subject.

'Ye are to ken, sirs,' said he, 'that in the year after war was declared against Philip V. of Spain, I had shipped on board the "Rothesay Castle" a Privateer of Glasgow, Captain John Hall, master and owner, a stout mariner and near kinsman to the Laird of Dunglas. She carried eight carriage and fourteen swivel guns, with a crew of forty men, the very flower of the Clyde. By yellow fever, and the fortune (or rather misfortune) of war, our crew had dwindled down to only twenty-five hands, when in the spring of the year, we found ourselves cruising off the mouth of the Plate River; but we had aboard plenty of ammunition, powder, and shot, which we took out of a Spanish sloop, that we scuttled with all her hands in her, off the east end of Hispaniola.'

'What—with all her hands on board?' said Lord Dalquharn; 'did they make no resistance?'

'Troth did they; but a cold pistol barrel applied to ilka man's

ear, and a couple shot down for example, made them mute as her-rings,' replied the captain, who relinquished much of his local dialect, as he warmed with his subject; 'so down went the "San Antonio de las Animas," with all her crew.'

'The poor creatures would swim, of course?'

'May be aye, and may be no,' said the other laughing.

'How?'

'They might have swam for a time, had we not tied them back to back. Mahoun, sirs! the loons were only Spaniards, and they sune droon ye ken. Well—then we were off the Puerto de la Plata, and though we had only twenty-five hands on board, Captain Hall resolved to capture the town. Yet it had a petty fort, and about a thousand of a white population.'

'With only twenty-five followers?' exclaimed Sir John Mitchell, incredulously.

'He did it with *four*, of whom I was one, and Vander Pierboom might have been another, but he was our gunner, and was required aboard. Blazes! we weren't to eat even the Elector's mouldy biscuits, for nothing, and we kenned weel, sirs, that there was a mighty mint of treasure,—gold, silver, and ingots, to say nothing of some black-eyed Spanish wenches, to be had in the town, when once we had made ourselves masters of the port, that commanded it, on a bit knowe, uae bigger than Berwick Law.

'The weather was hot—so hot that we could scarcely drink our grog, for the water became as bilge in the casks, so we mixed it by the rule of thumb, which gave us three parts of rum to one of water. We were like parched peas; our pistol barrels grew hot in our girdles, and our cutlass blades in their leather sheaths. The butter was served out by the purser in pint stoups, and all alive wi' cockroaches, fireflies, and weevils, so we longed for a day's run ashore among the wine shops, and our mouths watered, when we thought of the purple grapes and juicy melons, of bright doubloons, and brighter Spanish eyes in La Plata.

'Under French colours, the three *fleurs-de-lys*, we came to anchor with a spring upon our cable, within cannon shot of the town. We had our guns double-shotted with round and grape, but kept all the ports closed, and all the hands, save seven, were sent below, when Captain Hall quitted the ship (which had all the appearance of a quiet merchant trader), taking with him in the jolly boat only four men, of whom, as I have said, I was one.

'We went straight to the *Caza de la Villa*, which in the Spanish lingo, means the town house, and there we saw the Alcalde and Archbishop of La Plata, to whom the captain gave himself out to be trader from Martinique in the Windward Isles, laden with a mixed cargo, which he was anxious to sell speedily, to save it from the rascally British privateers, particularly from the "Rothsay Castle," of Glasgow, which had done such damage to the Spanish shipping among the Bahamas, and in the Gulf of Mexico—and I

could see, that at the name of our ship, the Spaniards twisted up the moustachios and ground their teeth.

‘The Captain invited the Archbishop and Alcade to come on board, and, as our boat was small, and would hold only those two, in addition to ourselves, they were simple enough to come off alone with us.

‘When seated in the cabin, over a glass of Alicant, Captain Hall enquired, as if casually, “what manner of man, the governor of the fort was—and whether they thought he would purchase a portion of the cargo.”

‘Suspecting no evil and believing in Captain Hall’s French, which, to say the least of it, was queer enough, the Alcade wrote a letter to the Señor Gobernador, whom he averred to be a brave and true Hidalgo from old Spain; and the moment he pouched it, Captain Hall blew his whistle! Then before our two Don Spaniards knew exactly what had happened, they were both tied back to back, gagged with ropeyarn, and stowed away in the cable-tier, with their legs padlocked in the bilboes.

‘Taking the letter of introduction, Captain Hall and the four of us, all armed with our cutlasses and each with two pair of long Scots iron pistols under our coats, shoved off once more in the jolly boat. Round his waist, the Captain wore a British ensign, by way of a sash.

‘“Now my lads,” said he, “stand by for squalls, when you see this flying on the fort. Vander Pierboom, have the ports triced up, the guns run out, and ready to heave shot, shell, crossbar, slugs and stinkballs into the town, and fear not, shipmates, the place will be our own, for as long as we want it.”

‘Though the town had only about a thousand Spanish inhabitants, they possessed sixty times that number of Tributary Indians; in the neighbourhood were many rich mines, and the revenue of the Archbishop was estimated at eighty thousand ducats yearly.

‘We had, ilk man of us, a stiff jorum of new England rum under our belts, sweet with molasses, fiery and strong! We were in high spirits and ready to face Mahoun himself, so away we went to the fort, an old stronghold of the Buccaneers, which the Spanish government had rebuilt and strengthened.

‘Our captain was introduced to the Spanish commandant, a tall, sallow fellow, with long black moustachios, solemn eyes, and a doublet of sad coloured serge slashed with white cotton for coolness. He carefully read the letter of the chief magistrate, made the Captain several low bows, invited him to luncheon, while we kicked our heels in the verandah without and counted the Spanish guard, which we found to consist of twenty ill-armed men—exactly one for each pistol shot we could give.

‘The moment the Captain and Governor were alone, the former clapped a pistol to the head of the latter, and swore that he would blow his brains out, if he made the least sound or resistance.

‘The Don sullenly gave up his sword, and permitted his hands

and his mouth too, to be secured by a few fathoms of line which the Captain had in his pocket. We then rushed on the soldiers of the guard, who, never expecting an attack, were smoking drowsily under the shady verandah. We shot down all who failed to escape; closed the gates and hoisted the Union in place of the Red and Yellow of Castile and Leon. Then we heard a cheer from the "Rothesay Castle," mingling with a murmur from the people in the town below.

"Hurrah, my lads!" cried the Captain, "you'll find this better work than loading with boucan at Monte Video, and filling the forchold with hides and horns!"

The privateer's ports were now instantly triced up and all her battery brought to bear on the town, while we opened a fire from the guns of the fort. The inhabitants finding themselves exposed to a cannonade by sea and land, and ignorant of the force in possession of the castle, fled from the place in great numbers, and in less than ten minutes, our shells and rockets set the town in flames. We then spiked the guns in the fort, threw all the arms into a deep well, blew up the magazine, and on being joined by a party of the crew, plundered the town at our leisure, the cowardly Spaniards flying before us in all directions.

For twelve hours we were masters of La Plata—we twenty-five British seamen!

By shot and shell, we killed more than two hundred persons in the streets, and spared none who came in our way, for you must bear in mind, sirs, that those same Spaniards had cut off the noses, ears and lips of many of our countrymen, and thereafter, hanged, drowned, or roasted them, for it was the fashion to use English prisoners so, in that part of the world, and will be so while this war lasts.

We got fifty wedges of silver and dollars to the value of £6000 sterling. My own share was but five hundred pistoles, with a gold cup and some silver crucifixes which I found in the cathedral; but I soon lost all my plunder among the slop-dealers and dickybirds at home, who in three hours, stripped me of what took as many years of privateering to gain.

We brought off a few Spanish girls, but we soon tired of their company and sent them ashore, some days after, together with the Alcalde and the Archbishop, as we rounded the Cabo de Santa Maria, where the old Tower of the Wolves stands; and then bidding good-bye to the River of Silver, we hauled up for Britain, and bore away with every inch of canvas spread, for if taken, after our late prank, every man of us would have been strung up, or sent in chains to dig in the mines of San Luis de Potosi.

After a splendid run of about six weeks we cast anchor in the Clyde, our pockets well lined with Spanish, and luckily just as the last allowance of mouldy biscuit and rancid boucan beef was brought

from the storeroom ; so that's my yarn, gentlemen, of how we took Puerto de la Plata.' *

Captain Scupperplug had barely concluded his story of an event which made a great noise in its time, when the deep bass voice of the Dutch mate came hollowly down the companion hatch.

'Below there?'

'Hilloah!' responded his commander.

'A large square rigged vessel is standing down the river close hauled wit all her larboard tacks aboard ; and may I never zee de Keyzers Graght of Amsterdam, or smoke a pipe at de Haarl Poort again, if she be not de Vox Frigate!'

'The Fox frigate!' said Mitchell.

'The devil!' exclaimed Dalquharn.

This startling announcement made Captain Scupperplug and his two passengers spring on deck, and there sure enough, about ten miles distant, was a large square rigged ship, exhibiting a great spread of canvas which shone white as snow in the sunshine against the blended blue of sea and sky. She was running south-east on the larboard tack, towards the coast of Haddingtonshire, and did not display a pennant, but, by the telescope, a broad scarlet ensign could be discovered at her gaff peak, and ere long her tier of guns, her three great poop-lanterns, and a colour flying on the jack-staff, which all large vessels had then rigged on the bowsprit, just above the cap or spritsail yard-appurtenances, somewhat too man-o'-war like to be pleasant.

This alarming sight created some consternation on board the lugger ; noon was barely past, and she had been creeping slowly up the Firth, with her lugsails half-hoisted to gain time, ere night fell.

'On a wind she could never overtake us,' said Scupperplug, who alone preserved his confidence, for even the faces of Lord Dalquharn and Sir John Mitchell wore an expression of extreme concern.

'If she should prove to be the "Fox," and insist on over-hauling us?' suggested the latter apprehensively.

'I've nae wish to come within range of her guns, for some of our hands might be pressed,' the skipper replied in a low voice, 'and then there is no saying *what* the devil, or the hope of escape, might lead them to discover. Bear away towards Tynningham Sands! By the horns o' Mahoun, I'll beach the lugger and then blow her up, rather than surrender!'

'Her boats might pursue you into shoal water,' suggested Lord Dalquharn, whose thoughts ran chiefly on his being taken prisoner, and the blasted hopes, the deadly perils that would be sure to

* 'If Captain Hall,' says a journalist of the time, when writing of this remarkable affair, 'could take the town and fort of *Porto de la Plata* with four men only, why are not some land forces immediately sent him? Is there any reason in the world to doubt, but that such a brave and experienced officer, with a file or two of musketeers, which might easily be spared off St. James's Guard, would soon make himself master of all the Spanish dominions in America, and thereby enable us to command a peace upon our own terms?'—*Scots Magazine*, 1740.

follow such a catastrophe, for already the castle of Edinburgh and the Tower of London held in thrall several of the suspected.

'Boat or no boat, if yawl or pinnace were to come off wi' marines and small-arm men, I wadna strike my colours without fighting—d—n me if I would!' exclaimed Scupperplug, whose eyes shot fire, while his face crimsoned with rage, and the sword-cut in his right cheek grew almost black, for he had all the courage of a bull-dog, and his spirit seemed to rise in proportion to the danger; "mast-head the yards—sail trimmers to the tacks and braces; bring the sheets more aft, and keep in shore for Tynningham Sands. Cast loose the guns—load wi' a round shot, and a bag of nails and musket bullets in each! Quick, Vander Pierboom; and bring up the small arms, lads, hatchets and pikes; we'll be ready anyway, for we dinna ken what kind o' night-birds may await us in shore, and for a' we sec, we may be running out of the latitude of Hell, into that of Hecklebirnie—a place that is hotter still!'

The great quadrilateral sails of the lugger were fully hoisted now, and her course was trimmed more southward; the perpendicular cliffs of the Isle of May, all whitened by sea-birds, began to grow fainter on her lee quarter, while the steep green cone of North Berwick Law, the giant precipices of the Bass Rock, and all the iron-bound shore that rises between Tynningham Sands and Tantallon, became more defined and dark ahead.

Already the bluff promontory of Dunbar, with the red round towers of its ancient castle, and the wild waves foaming white against its rugged rocks, could be discerned, when to the great relief of all on board—of none so much, perhaps, as Lord Dalquharn and his friend, though they were without secret papers or cyphers of any kind to compromise them—save one concealed in the former's scabbard—the headsails of the large ship they were so anxiously avoiding, were seen to shiver in the wind; the jib sheet was let fly; her tacks and sheets were lifted; and her yards swung round in rapid succession, as they were braced on the other tack. She altered her course, bearing away to the northward; and long before the lugger had crept past the promontory, still marked by the old ruined tower of Scougal, and where, as the old legend avers, St. Baldred's boat remained fixed as a rock amid the surf, she was hull down, and had melted into the evening sea and sky.

CHAPTER IV

FATHER TESTIMONY.

'Old Linstock, I swear, you are no fair weather spark,
Your bull-dogs, my bleacher, must bite if they bark,
We soon may fall in with a custom-house shark,
Success to the free trade for ever !

'I've landed the stuff when the tempest howled high,
Not a light on the beach, nor a star in the sky ;
The cruisers !—the lubbers, they're all in my eye,
Good luck to the free trade for ever !'

David Vedder.

THE sun had sunk beyond the Lomond hills, and the long, lovely and undulating line of the Fifeshire coast looked dark and gloomy ; but the vast expanse of the estuary still reflected the ruddy flush that lingered in the western sky, when the lugger passed through the deep channel that lies between the stupendous Bass Rock and the formidable bluff, which is crowned by an open and roofless ruin, that in its prouder and earlier days had been a chief stronghold of the turbulent Douglasses. The wild and rugged precipices here are of the darkest iron hue, their summit covered by the vast fortress,

'Broad, massive, high and stretching far,
And held impregnable in war ;'

their bases, whitened in the foam of the ever restless German Sea.

The lugger had fallen to leeward and lost much way, during the supposed chase or escape from the suspected war-ship, and she was now standing up to the Firth of Forth, which there is some twelve miles broad, before a very faint breeze, for the wind had almost died away as the sun went down. The coast line was rapidly becoming dark as indigo against the horizon, but here and there red-lights twinkled in the windows of the cottages and farm-houses along the cliffs.

As she stood along the rocky shore, Captain Sanders Scupperplug and his flat-nosed mate, Myrheer Vander Pierboom, swept it in vain, again and again with their telescopes, for a certain little red flag on Seougal point, or on Tantallon ruins, which lie a Scottish mile further to the westward, and also, as the twilight deepened, for a lantern which was usually waved in a secret and mysterious manner at Bainslaw, to indicate that the coast was clear for a safe run of their cargo into the cavern at Sealiff, and certain other places better known to the smuggler than to the collectors of His Majesty's customs. They were now rounding the dangerous sunken rocks of Greenlesly, and already the lights of the little town of North Berwick were twinkling on their larboard bow.

The total absence of all the expected signals filled the two worthies with a perplexity which found vent in numerous oaths and imprecations uttered against themselves, and a personage whom they designated 'old Father Testimony.'

By the Treaty of Union, Scotland had immediately to cease importing wine, brandy, fruit, and everything else produced by France, a nation which the Jacobites were fond of boasting, had been her ally for nearly eight hundred years, or since Charlemagne surrounded the red lion with its double treasure of lilies. To replace this loss, there was no remedy save that which the smugglers supplied. A great branch of her commerce was destroyed; much bitterness was consequently excited, and to cheat the English exciseman to any extent was considered patriotic and perfectly justifiable.

In their hatred of the obnoxious malt tax, which was thrust upon the Scots in 1724, and in opposition to which, so much blood was shed in Glasgow and elsewhere, the people saw but little harm in smuggling a few runlets of French brandy duty free. Every facility was afforded to the *contrabandistas*, and some of the very men who, in open daylight, glorified most in the Protestant succession as by law established, under cloud of night, while the cargo was being safely run in some lonely islet or secluded cave on the sea shore, consoled themselves by the reflection, that they were only cheating the English who were their ancient enemies, and the Hanoverian elector, who ruled where he had no right to be.

'Ready the ground tackle, mate!' cried the still perplexed captain of the lugger, 'bend the cable to the anchor, coil away warps, and look out for breaking bulk. We'll have to start and run the cargo somewhere before daybreak, e'en should we heave it into the Firth, with the runlets strung to a buoy-rope! Launch the boat—'

'Vor what burbose?' growled the mate, through his nose, or rather through what remained of it.

'That ye shall see,' replied Scupperplug, with one of his useless oaths; 'stand by the fall-tackle—jump in, Leroux, you French devil, and clear the falls!—hoist and lower away—handsomely a wee bit—bear the boat off the side—push off!'

The boat was speedily lowered, and again the mate enquired for what reason.

'The reason is this, ye Dutch lubber—I am pledged to one in Dunkirk, I wad be fain to please, to land these two gentlemen, our passengers, safe on Scottish ground, and it shall be done at once. If we are in dool and danger, I shall keep them out o' both if I can.'

'I thank you, Captain,' said Lord Dalquharn, who overheard the explanation; 'I regret to find that you deem yourself in peril, for sooth to say, the presence of myself and friend on board, can but add to it.'

'I thoct as muckle!' exclaimed Scupperplug, taking the hand of the young lord in his hard and dingy palm; 'but ye must have a glass of grog wi' me ere ye go, gentlemen, to drink success to the good old cause and the king owre the water! To Hanover say I, or to Hecklebirnie (and that is farther *ben*) wi' the Elector, his excise, and his malt tax too!'

'Why do you apprehend danger?' asked Sir John Mitchell, who

now perceived that the whole crew were completely armed with cutlasses and with pistols, which they carefully loaded and flinted, securing all the ramrods with a lanyard, in man-o'-war fashion.

'Nae signal has been made along the shore by one who awaits us, and who must have seen us dodging about in the Firth since sunrise—sae we kenna how the night may end,' he added, sullenly.

'I hope you will avoid bloodshed—at least while we are in your hands,' said the baronet, laughing.

'I have nae wish, Captain Mitchell, to slay ony o' God's creatures, if English excisemen can be reckoned as such. But they shall hae a bluidy lyke-wake wha meddle wi' me! Since this vile incorporating Union, an anker o' brandy on the sea, or a sheep on a hillside, hae been valued at the price o' a Scottish man's life;—but a' things will be righted when King Jamie comes hame!'

'I hope so,' whispered Lord Dalquharn to his companion; 'but I shall thank heaven when we are rid of those repulsive wretches.'

A voice was now heard hailing the lugger, and a boat pulled by two men, came sheering alongside.

'Lugger, ahoy!—ahoy, Sanders Scupperplug!'

'Who hails?'

'One you may be blithe to see in time, old Puerto-de-la-Plata,' replied the other, as he dexterously caught the slack of a rope which was thrown to him, and, after making it fast to a ring-bolt in the bow of his boat, assisted his companion to scramble on deck.

'By my soul, it's auld Father Testimony himself!' exclaimed the smuggler, as this man, who was muffled in a dark roquelaure, and wore a voluminous wig, over which his hat (unflapped evidently for disguise) was secured by a large, silk handkerchief. 'Why, in the name of Mahoun,' he added, as they shook hands, 'did ye show us neither light nor signal?'

'Because the Philistines are along the whole shore frae Scougal Point to the Castle Hill—Gage, the exciseman, tide-waiters, red-coats, and all! But we shall weather the murdering gang yet. Ye maun e'en run for the auld place outside Craigeleith, and lie to, under the lee o' the island.'

'They have a ten-oared boat, with a pateraro in its bow, named after Jack Gage himself.'

'Yes—but the pateraro was spiked, and the boat scuttled, at Garry Point last night,' replied the stranger with a chuckling laugh. 'There will be no moon, and the Lord be thanked for a dark and gloomy night!'

'And there are red-coats, say you!'

'Even sae, Sanders.'

'A curse upon the English Somers—what seek they here?' exclaimed the smuggler, bitterly.

'Our brandy stoups, Sanders, and ourselves, I warrant. But we'll weather the limmers yet, I say—we'll weather them yet!' said this strange visitor, striking his cane emphatically on the deck.

'They are levying black mail like sae mony hieland caterans oure a' the country side, in the shape o' victuals and drink, which neither they nor their king will ever pay for, I fear.'

'What is the news along shore?'

'There was a lunar rainbow three nights ago, and that aye forebodes something in these times of ours.'

'What can it forebode, you daft carle?'

'Heaven forefend, that it bode not a rising o' the clans, a plague in the lowlands, or something to the Pagan who ruleth in Rome.'

'And so we maun't haul up for Canty Bay?'

'No, no.'

'And why?'

'The shore is watched, and the garrison of the Bass are on the alert. If they saw our lights they might fire on speculation, and alarm the hail country-side.'

'And the auld cove at Seacliff?'

'Waur and waur still, Sanders!'

'How so?'

'It is guarded by Captain Wyvil, with a party of Howard's foot.'

Deep oaths were muttered by the crew at this intelligence, but he whom they called 'Father Testimony,' said :—

'Then Craigleith it must be, or to sink the kegs somewhere wi' a buoy-rope; and you maun e'en haul your wind, Sanders—heave and weigh, get out o' this the moment the cargo is run.'

'I fully meant to do so; but wherefore the warning, Father Testimony?'

'The "Fox" man-o'-war was off Fifeness, this morning——'

'Was that sail to windward of us really a king's ship after all?'

'Yes; a hawk o' the Elector's.'

Again a chorus of oaths was uttered by the smugglers, who were all Jacobites, so far as opposition to the laws went.

'She is heavily armed, and her captain is a Tartar.'

'When she altered her course, as if to overhaul us, my heart went tick-tack, like old Mother Von Soaken's Dutch clock at the Haarl Poort. But her crew must either have failed to see, or to suspect us.'

'Twas an escape, for "were ye swifter than eagles, and stronger than lions," as David said of Saul and Jonathan, she had overtaken you.'

'Clap a stopper on your preaching tackle, old Testimony,' said the skipper impatiently.

'And now, captain, to land de bassenger,' said the Dutch mate, coming forward.

'Passengers! passengers!' replied he of the wig and unflapped hat, in great trepidation, now perceiving, for the first time, the two travellers, who appeared each with his sword at his side, his pistols hooked to his girdle, and carrying his mail, or small portmanteau.

'Where, or how, in the name o' madness, got ye passengers, Sanders?'

'At Dunkirk, Father Testimony—at Dunkirk.

'Was it wise or beseeming to hae them on board?' asked the other with great asperity.

'I dinna ken much about the wisdom o' the proceeding, nor do I care either; but they are gentlemen, who have behaved and paid as such—paid in good rix-dollars, as ever were picked up in the Spanish Main.'

'If they land, they may fa' into the hands o' those you would be loth should question them,' whispered the other, in a low, fierce voice. 'Keep them under hatch: knock them on the head—do with them as ye will, but land them not, I say, here, at all events!'

'By the hand o' my body, but you are as bad as the mate,' replied the smuggler; 'but landed they shall be,' he added, with one of his terrible oaths, 'and in safety, too!'

'Do you ken the value o' your neck, Sanders Scupperplug?'

'Troth, do I! Zounds, man! before I could seize a breaching to a ring-bolt or becket a royal, I learned to ken *that*; for even as a biscuit-nibbler, under Captain Kidd, I served wi' a halter round it. I never kenned a larned lingo, but I can prick off the lugger's course on the chart; I can handle the tiller as weel as the cutlass—and what mair is needed by me?'

'But, Sanders—if Gage, the English exciseman——'

'Silence, I say!' thundered the other, 'and tempt me not to be a greater devil than I am. I have a' the danger, and you mair than an honest man's share o' the doubloons. Farewell, gentlemen,' he added, turning to Lord Dalquharn and Mitchell, who had overheard a portion of this conversation, without in the least comprehending it, 'we part here, never to meet again likely—but success to you!'

Scupperplug presented his right hand to each, and with his left took off his old battered cocked hat as they descended into the boat.

'Pull quietly in shore, Vander Pierboom,' said he over the side, 'land then near the auld kirk on the rocks—the tide is far out now: then pull hard for the craig,—we'll need every hand when the hatches are open.'

The time was now close upon the hour of nine in the evening; heavy clouds obscured the sky, and a thick vapour from the east overspread alike the sea and land, most fortunately for the operations of the smugglers, whose lugger stood, slowly and unseen, past the little town of North Berwick, and lay to, close by the north side of Craigleith, one of the four desolate and rocky islets, which are situated about a mile from the mainland. The others are named the Ibris, the Fidra, and the Lumbay, and all are the resort of the puffin or coultternib, the jackdaw and the black rabbit.

There is some fissure known only to themselves, the lugger's crew resolved to conceal the cargo, while the small boat, pulled by Vander Pierboom and little Jules Leroux, landed their two passengers at the place indicated by the captain, a long flat reef of rocks,

covered by seaweed, which at low tide extends for several hundred yards seaward, to the east of the old ruined church of North Berwick; and it was not until they heard the oars dipping in the water, as the Dutchman and French mulatto boy pulled away into the mist (the treacherous intentions of the former personage being baffled in the hurlyburly of running the cargo), that the two forlorn wanderers felt fully aware that they were at last on *terra firma*, after a long and exciting day—a day of anxiety, risk and peril beyond what they were quite aware of; and they little knew, moreover, that their troubles were only beginning.

CHAPTER V.

ON SHORE.

‘— I understand you
And wish you happy in your choice; believe it,
I’ll be a careful pilot to direct
Your yet uncertain bark to a port of safety.
Margaret. So shall your honour save two lives, and bind us,
Your slaves for ever!’—*New Way to Pay Old Debts.*

‘On Scottish ground at last!’ exclaimed Lord Dalquharn; ‘I was the first to leap ashore, and so bid you welcome, Sir John Mitchell, ere long I hope to be again of Pitreavie.’

‘And I thank you, my Lord Dalquharn of the Holm,’ replied the other, lifting his little feather-bound hat with a politeness that was *not* all jest, as he grasped his young friend’s hand and shook it with genuine warmth. ‘God bless the dear old land we tread on—the land of our forefathers and our forefathers’ graves! ’Tis thirty years ago since I stood on a Scottish hill-side or heard the waves of a Scottish sea, Dalquharn; but all the dreams of many a weary day are not *yet* realized.’

‘There are times for all things; and the time for our long-hoped for realization will come anon.’

‘Ah, Dalquharn, I cannot describe to you, how my heart was stirred within me, when on the march near Ter Tholen in Zeeland, I came upon a broom bush, growing by the way-side, with all its golden bells! It made my thoughts, my heart rush home to the green braes and the haunts and hills of my boyhood—to many a place I never more might see. Balmerino and I each plucked a sprig and stuck them in our hats, and, egad, my lord, I think they gave us more spirit than a horn of Skiedam, when three days after, we found ourselves under the cannon of Bergen-op-Zoom! But,’ he added, after a pause, ‘we are our own lacqueys, having our cloaks and mails to carry—we are afoot; and now which way tend we, for this house of Auldham?’

‘Precisely the matter I was considering;—and zounds! but the night groweth dark and stormy apace.’

For some hundred yards they had to scramble inland, over great and rugged masses of red sandstone rock, which the ebb-tide had left uncovered, and which were slimy and wet, covered by tufts of seaweed, star-fish, and incrustations of limpets. The lugger had disappeared in the thick mist which had settled over the sea; but through the vapour, as through a curtain of gauze, there flared at times a gleam from the ancient lighthouse on the Isle of May, nine Scottish miles distant. There, on the summit of a tower forty feet in height, a fire of coals was kept constantly burning by night. This tower had been built by a humane Laird of Barns, in the days of Charles I.; but his unfortunate architect, when returning after the completion of his work, was drowned in a tempest raised by certain malevolent witches, who expiated the alleged crime at the stake on Gulane Links.

A little to the right of the impromptu landing-place, between the two exiles and the gloomy sky, rose the pointed gable of a ruined church, upon a ridge of steep and insulated rock. This was the fragment of what is traditionally called 'the Auld Kirk' of North Berwick, of which the massive porch and the font, are alone remaining now. Then it was surrounded by graves, which year by year the stormy waves of the encroaching German Sea have torn away. Even the great slab which long marked the resting-place of the Lauders of the Bass, and under which the good Sir Robert, the comrade of Wallace lay, has lately been swallowed up by the ocean, and the gothic vault in which lay the stone coffin and leaden seal of some forgotten knight, 'Willelmi de Douglas,' has gone too.

The white waves were breaking wildly over the beach and amid the graves of the old church; the shore beyond looked black, desolate, and undefined in outline; but the two friends at last reached the stripe of land that borders the Eastern Links, (or downs as they would be called in England) where a high and grassy knoll, still named the Castle Hill, bears the foundations of a fortress whose name has long since gone to oblivion. The aroma of the yellow flowers (crow's-foot and lady's-bed straw) which grow there among the rushes and purple-heath bells, filled the night air; the place was intensely lonely, and no sound broke its stillness, but the white waves climbing the adjacent rocks, or the pipe of the solitary sand-rail among the brown sea ware.

'I have been at Auldhame in my boyhood,' said Lord Dalquharn, 'and I think I should know my way there again; we are only three miles or so from the place, and there, as I have stated to you often, my father's friend, Sir Baldred Otterburn, a staunch old cavalier and true man, will receive us blithely and hospitably.'

'And our path——'

'Lies eastward, by the old Temple-house of Rhodes, past the Hairlaw, the village of Castleton, and the highway that leads to the ancient Hold of Tantallon.'

'I am glad you know our whereabouts so well, my lord; for

Egad! on being landed thus, we seemed not unlike two Robinson Crusoes, or a couple of those marooned pirates, of whom our late friend with the euphonious name, told us so many yarns over his flip can o' nights.'

'Your pistols are loaded, I hope?'

'Yes—and yours, my lord?'

'Are charged carefully and flinted with agates; they were a present from the Count de Saxe at Dunkirk, so I prize them highly.'

'Arms are, unfortunately, necessary, even in our own beloved land, for we know not what night hawks may be abroad; but lead the way, my lord.'

The two friends, each carrying his leathern mail, with his roquelaure flung over his left shoulder, now struck into the highway, which was bordered by hedgerows, avoiding the town, which was sunk in silence, and darkness too, for not a light was visible at any of its windows; not a dog barked; all was still save the dashing of the waves on the rocks of the little harbour, and even these died away as the travellers proceeded inland, feeling as they trod on, with anxious, but yet with happy and hopeful hearts, that this was but the beginning of a great end, for they were somewhat important units in the scheme for organising a rising in favour of the House of Stuart—a rising, which they well knew, was to take place in the north, ere the summer of that year—the memorable 1745—was past.

Ere long the road they were pursuing turned to the eastward, and they found themselves again in sight of the sea, and of the dim and distant pharos that flared in the night wind upon the summit of the Isle of May.

They had barely proceeded half a mile in this direction, when a man, carrying a lantern, appeared suddenly in front.

'Yoho, brothers—stand!' he shouted roughly.

'Sdeath, but this is passing strange—a footpad, and with a light!' said Dalquharn, as he drew a pistol from his belt; but Sir John Mitchell, his superior in years and experience, quickly seized his arm, for several other men, six at least, started from the hedgerows, and the blades of their cutlasses, and the butts of their pistols, were seen to glitter in the rays of the lantern.

In short, the two gentlemen found themselves confronted, surrounded and compelled to submit to a very humiliating interrogation, the end of which they could not foresee.

'Who are you, sirs, that we find so close to the sea-shore, and at this time of night?' asked he of the lantern in a pure English accent.

'And harkee, fellow, who the devil are you, that dare to ask a question so absurd?' demanded Lord Dalquharn, haughtily.

'We are those who have the right to do so,' replied the other, firmly and quietly.

'The right—we are yet to learn that!' exclaimed the young noble furiously.

'Surrender—we must search those mails you carry; if you are, as you seem to be, gentlemen, it is strange to find you afoot here, with your own cloak bags to carry,' said the other, who had the aspect and dress—the sun-burned visage, the low cocked hat, the peajacket, and loose canvas slops—of a seafaring man. 'Surrender,' he added, placing his cutlass between his teeth, and very deliberately cocking a large ship-pistol.

'Surrender—zounds! and in whose name?' enquired Lord Dalquharn.

'The name of the law, which we are sworn to maintain.'

'The law be ——' Mitchell was beginning angrily with a hand on his sword, when the Englishman said,

'In the name of the king, then.'

'Agreed—we have nothing either to discover or conceal,' said Lord Dalquharn; 'I capitulate, provided you do not disarm us.'

'Agreed, sirs—for we may be under a mistake, after all.'

'Tis a rascally press-gang, I believe,' said Sir John, as he blew the priming from his pistol locks.

'We are not, sir,' replied the man with the lantern.

'Then who in the devil's name are you, and of what do you suspect us?'

'We are custom-house officers, who have all day watched a black lugger in the offing, and we suspect you of having left her—that is all, my masters,' said a surly fellow, who had hitherto remained silent.

For a moment the two friends gazed at each other irresolutely. There was much for them to fear in falling into the hands of any one in authority, and to resist might be dangerous, though the Tacksmen of the customs and their officers, being chiefly Englishmen, were most unpopular functionaries, and were not unfrequently destroyed when opportunities offered. There were then no coast-guard or preventive service, but the shore-masters, tide-waiters, and other officials, were always well armed; and those into whose custody our friends were now taken, had close at hand a few seamen of the 'Fox' frigate.

At this time, every man who came from abroad,—especially from France,—was an object of intense suspicion to the authorities in England, and still more to those in Scotland, as he was supposed to be infallibly a secret emissary of the Cabinet of St. Germain, or of the Pope; and, moreover, was not unlikely, if a Scotsman, to be an apostate from, and enemy to that gloomy form of religion, established by the hero of Glencoe, and secured by the treaty of union.

Britain was at war with France, from whence they had just come; hence Lord Dalquharn and his friend found themselves in a very awkward predicament, when seized by those custom-house officials, who had been waiting and watching the lugger from about Cauty Bay and Seacliff, where she was usually wont to run her cargoes.

'I assure you, gentlemen,' said Lord Dalquharn, 'that your detention of us is quite illegal——'

'These mails——'

'Are merely our personal baggage—a change of linen or so.'

'Then in that case you have nothing to fear from their examination.'

'Nothing!'

'You have come from abroad, I think?'

'We have,' said Dalquharn, with chilling hauteur.

'And were landed by that lugger of old Puerto de la Plata—of Sanders Scupperplug—eh?'

'Yes—"L'Etoile de la Mer," of Dunkirk—but we were mere passengers, lawful travellers.'

'You have papers, no doubt——'

'Letters—signed and vizzied by the conservator of Scottish privileges at Campvere, and the British Ambassador—what the devil, fellow, would you have more?'

'Many a pirate sails under false colours, gentlemen, so you must come along with us. The admission that you have sailed aboard of Captain Scupperplug, is almost a hanging matter in itself. But where is that precious lugger now?'

'Afloat, I hope, amid yonder mist.'

'Much useful information that is! But you must come with us before Mr. Balcraftie.'

'Who is he?'

'The senior magistrate in the Burgh—a sanctimonious old Scotch Put, who will sift you in a fine fashion, so sure as my name is Jack Gage.'

'Let us lose no further time, but go at once,' said Lord Dalquharn, with increasing irritation, as they surrendered their mails and roquelaures.

'An infernal scrape!' muttered Sir John Mitchell; 'Sdeath, I would we were well out of it!'

'And this is our first welcome home to Scotland—to be taken neck and heels, before some prickeared cur—a canting, psalm-singing Bailie!' exclaimed Lord Dalquharn, with irrepressible bitterness, as they retraced their steps along the dark road, towards North Berwick. 'Our first night may be spent as criminals, in a Tolbooth—by heavens, a Tolbooth, Sir John!'

They had but two things calculated to excite suspicion as to their character and politics—their swords, the blades of which were inscribed with the words, *No Union*, and which had in the cut-steel work of their shells, the letter S., for Stuart, marks by which Scottish gentlemen of the Jacobite faction were wont to distinguish each other at once, as readily as if they wore the forbidden badge, the white cockade of King James—the white rose of York—in their hats.

CHAPTER VI.

BAILIE REUBEN BALCRAFTIE.

'Leonato.—I must leave you.

'Dogberry.—One word, sir: our watch, sir, have, indeed, apprehended two suspicious persons, and we would have them this morning examined before your worship.

'Leon.—Take their examination yourself, and bring it me; I am now in great haste, as it may appear unto you.'

Much Ado about Nothing.

PASSING by a wooded and sequestered lane, near the ancient parish church of St. Andrew, a fane more famous in the annals of diablerie than those of religion, as the reputed rendezvous of the wizards and witches of the three Lothians, and where, in the days of James VI., Satan was wont to preach to them from the pulpit, the Excise officials, with their two prisoners, turned to the right, and soon found themselves in the centre of the little town of North Berwick, which then consisted simply of two streets, crossing each other at right angles.

A quaint and quiet little place, its houses were chiefly thatched, and had outside stairs, and picturesque outshots overhanging the street on beams of wood and pillars of stone. It had been made a royal burgh by Robert III., a port in the time of his predecessor, and was once a place of trade, but *when* no one knows now. It once possessed a castle, the site of which, as I have said, is only marked by the green knoll overlooking the East Links.

'Had I taken the road by the Blackdyke, instead of the path along the shore, we had escaped those fellows,' said Lord Dalquharn; 'on what trifles may the fate of a man rest!'

'True, my lord, and of empires too!'

'Yes—even of empires; but for the Molehill—the work of the little man in black velvet who worked underground, a certain white horse had not stumbled, and the Hero of Glencoe and Darien had not died before his time.'

Threading their way in the dark among carts, piles of peat and other fuel which stood in rows before the doors of the street, ere long they found themselves before the mansion of Bailie Reuben Balcraffie, a two-storied edifice slated with stone; still conspicuous by its round tower and turnpike stair, it stands opposite a building which was then an inn or change-house, and bore the Otterburn arms, creaking in the wind from an iron rod.

There were lights in the magistrate's windows. The massive iron risp on the door was sharply applied to by Gage the excise-man, and immediately on this a loud and nasal voice was heard at a distance within the house singing a verse of the fifth psalm, from Andro Hart's edition in Scottish metre, and quaveringly it came on the gusts of wind:

'But let all joy wha trust in thee,
And still make shouting noise;
For them thou seest, let all that love
Thy name in thee rejoice.'

'By George!' exclaimed Mr. Jack Gage impatiently, 'it *is* shouting with a vengeance; the crop-eared Covenanter will keep us waiting here all night!'

Another querulous voice now gave out a verse of the next psalm, and again several persons raised their pipes in mingled and discordant whines:—

'I with my groaning weary am,
And all the night my bed
I caus-ed for to swim; with tears
My couch I water-ed.'

Then the discord of ill-attuned voices was heard for a time, rising and falling on the wind that coursed through the panelled passages and stone-paved corridors of the house, and mingling with the chafing of the now flowing tide, on the rocks that gird the harbour.

A storm of pistol butts now clattered on the door, while the excisemen and tidewaiters swore with impatience. On this, the singing ceased; the shield of an eyelet hole was withdrawn on the inside; an eye was seen to vizzify them carefully, while a querulous and ill-natured female voice demanded—

'Wha tirls at the pin?'

'Open the door, you infernal Scotch witch—open—open in the king's name, and say that Mr. Gage of the Customs would speak with old Squaretoes—with Bailie Balcraftie.'

Almost immediately after this, the ponderous bolts and bars were shot back, the door was opened, and the magistrate himself, in an accurate suit of black broad cloth, with enormous cut steel buttons, a vast wig, long sleeve ruffles, and huge shoe buckles, appeared with a candle flaring in each hand. He displayed neither surprise nor offended dignity at the noisy and untimely visit to his house; but bowed and smirked with considerable obsequiousness and servility.

'Your servant, Mr. Gage—a thousand pardons, sir, and a thousand mair! I fear you'll liken me to that lord who had charge of the gate at Samaria, to keep you sae long at the door; but family worship, ye ken—family worship, above all earthly considerations, must have place; and, oh, but it is sweet and beseeeming, too, so to close a long day of hard and honest labour!'

'We are in danger,' whispered Mitchell to his companion; 'this man is a false villain—I know it!'

'How?'

'By the whine of him.'

'But, heyday! Mr. Gage, what in the name of the world and of misrule brings you here at this time o' night?'

'We have here two suspicious characters whom we fear are con-

nected with the lugger we have watched all day. In fact, they admit to having been landed by that notorious rascal old Scupper-plug, not two hours since.'

'Suspicious characters—smugglers—smugglers, said you? De-frauders o' the revenue and o' their fellowmen? Let me have a look at the chiefs—bring them ben into the office, and I'll talk to them, I warrant! Smugglers, indeed, and at this time o' night!' continued the magistrate, with growing indignation.

At the first sound of his voice, our two friends started and exchanged glances.

'Where have I heard, or where before met this man?' said Lord Dalquharn in a whisper.

'Send for the burgh officer and the Gudeman o' the Tolbooth,' resumed the Bailie. 'We'll have them laid by the heels instanter, Mr. Gage; as sure as I am a pardoned sinner.'

'Harkee, sirrah—take care what you are about,' said Lord Dalquharn, with a loftiness of bearing peculiar alike to his class and the time; 'for so sure as there is a heaven above us, I may requite this, by hanging you at your own market-cross!'

The threat, or the tone in which it was uttered, were not without a due effect upon the magistrate, who grew deadly pale, and darted at the speaker a covert glance of wrath and spite. He hastily shut the door and ushered the whole party into a low-ceiled room, in the centre of which was a black oak table, littered with docquets, books, and papers. On the walls, which were panelled with plain white wood, hung charts, maps, bills of lading, and various printed documents.

The advertisements of 'a weekly waggon to leave the Grass-market of Edinburgh for Inverness every Tuesday God willing, but on Wednesday *whether or no*;' the salvage of a sloop wrecked at the Yellow Craig; and a cornetcy in Gardiner's Dragoons, 'presently quartered in the Canongate, and to be had cheap,' showed the multifarious nature of the Bailie's transactions.

There was a large placard to the effect that 'the Spirit of the Lord had appointed Reuben Balcraftie to hold forth to the God-fearing folk of the Burgh, at 5 o'clock that afternoon, and, D.V., he would do it, at the "Auld Kirk."'

Close by this hung the 'Orders of the Provost, Bailies, and Council of North Berwick, to be observed by all constables in the discharge of their duties—to arrest all night-walkers, papists, suspected priests, and Egyptians; all persons, not gentlemen, wearing pistols or daggers; all swearers and banners in close and wynd, and to commit them to ward in the Tolbooth.'

Now, as the magistrate seated himself in a black leather easy chair, and set down the candles, which were in square stands of oak, carved, turned, and mounted with brass, Lord Dalquharn and Sir John Mitchell had an opportunity of examining the face of this

personage—the senior Bailie, who, in absence of that other potentate, the Provost, was to decide upon their fate.

As Reuben Balcraftie plays a somewhat important part in this our story, some elaboration is necessary in portraying him.

He wore a stiff solid tie wig, (of that fashion introduced by Lord Bolingbroke), the curls of which appeared as if hardened into rollers, while the pendant lumps of hair were tied at the end like horse-tails at a fair. From amid this cumbrous and ugly substitute for hair, his face looked forth, in singular repulsiveness. The small-pox, a dreadful scourge in those days, the destroyer alike of life and beauty, in his earlier years, had seamed the rugged visage of Reuben Balcraftie, rendering him rather more hideous than even freakish Dame Nature had intended him to be.

Fully past fifty now, his figure was thick set, and he had a considerable stoop in his broad and muscular shoulders; his eyes, dull, pale-blue and watery, were always more busy than his thin, cruel lips; they usually had a film over them; quiet, heavy, stealthy and watchful, they were the eyes of a human vulture, and seemed to lurk under fierce and shaggy brows of grizzled hair. He was not exactly a vulgar man, being quiet in his general demeanour, but he was of low extraction, as his great hairy hands, and huge feet showed, for his father had been the Gudeman of the Tolbooth, and his mother a gypsy prisoner—a poor wretch, who had her sentence of drowning in the sea, deferred for a time, that she might bring him into the world.

He was undoubtedly a sharp man of business, a wonderful arithmetician, but a noisy and ostentatious holder forth on religion, being, moreover, the ruling elder in the Parish Kirk. He was ever restless in the acquisition of money; yet his whole household consisted of a half-starved clerk, an old and devoted house-keeper, and a slip-shod servant girl. He was miserly, miserable, and savage to the poor: he could drink hard, yet never was known to get tipsy, and he gloried in, and gloated over the possession of several bonds and wadsets, over more than one broad estate in the fertile Constabulary of Haddington.

While he opened his oak lettron or desk, fussily spread a sheet of paper before him, thriftily smoothed back his huge ruffles under his wide square cuffs to keep them down, and dipped a great quill in the inkhorn to take Mr. Gage's deposition, Sir John Mitchell, who had been eyeing him attentively, drew nearer to Dalquharn.

'Ah, my lord,' he whispered, 'is the land that is so productive of such worms—of such sanctimonious wretches as this, worth fighting for, or worth returning to?'

'Under favour, my dear Sir John, hypocrisy is not peculiar to any country,' urged the young peer.

'But by all the gods, of late years, hypocrisy has thriven on

Scottish earth, like a green bay tree, and seems likely to do so, world without end !'

To Gage, a frank, open featured, jolly looking Englishman, with a ruddy visage and a rough flaxen wig, who stood twirling his hat upon the forefinger of his left hand, waiting with impatience to speak, the Bailie, pointing to his religious placard, said—

'I saw you not at the preaching o' the word, Mr. Gage, when I expounded this evening.'

'I had other matters in hand, off Scougal point ; but come, come Bailie Balcraftie—the night wears apace, and I should have been trussed up in my hammock ere now. Stick to what I've come about. You won't convert me, and I think my evil ways, as you call them, are a deuced deal jollier than your sad ones,' said the Englishman, laughing.

The Bailie raised his watery vulture-like orbs to the ceiling, slowly saying—

'Whatever will become of sic a sinner as you, is clean beyond my comprehension ; yet a day will arrive, when you may remember the blessed words o' the scripture, "Thou art my hiding place."'

'I wonder in what creek, cave, islet or other hiding place along shore, those Scotch and French devils of old Scupperplug stowed the stuff to-night,' said Gage, polishing his pistol butts, with his great square cuff ; 'I warrant these gentlemen can tell us, if we make 'em.'

The Bailie gave him and them a sharp covert scowl, and replied—

'Ye are all brands destined for the burning.'

A prospect under which the Englishmen seemed quite easy.

'As for your prisoners, Mr. Gage, they look as little like smugglers, as Egyptians or popish priests ; yet wha kens ; the vestments, the trinkets and the cruciformed hammer o' Belzebub, may be found in their mails. And so, sirs, you actually and unblushingly admit having landed from the craft o' that nefarious loon—the Captain of the 'Etoile de la Mer,' of Dunkirk, for whose seizure and apprehension the Lord Advocate, and the Commissioners of His Majesty's Customs at Edinburgh, are offering a most princely reward ?'

'We do, sir,' replied Dalquharn, while an evident change came over the visage of the questioner.

'And last from Dunkirk ?'

'Yes, sir.'

'I trust ye are not spies of that hellicate King of France, Louis XV., or,' continued the Bailie, growing more and more serious, 'of that man of Moab, who calls himself James VIII., and that youth of Belial, his pretended son ?'

Mitchell laughed aloud at this, as if really amused ; but Lord Dalquharn made a gesture of impatient scorn.

'Sirs, I deal not in words that are idle or unprofitable ; neither

do I smile much, and laugh, yea, but rarely,' resumed Balcraftie; 'but hand me their papers, Mr. Gage,' he added to that functionary, who, after searching the mails of both prisoners, found only a species of passport in each, but no letters or other documents.

'These are our papers,' said Lord Dalquharn, with a hauteur and loftiness of bearing, before which the heavy vulture eyes of the truculent magistrate quailed; 'they are duly signetted by the British ambassador at the Hague, by the Conservator of our Scottish Privileges at Campvere, and shew sufficiently who and what we are.'

'By George, I believe the poor fellows are no smugglers or spies either, but merely exiled Scottish gentlemen,' they heard Gage whisper to his men; 'I wish we had taken the other road, and not come athwart their hawse; for if they be as I suspect, 'Sdeath, but I wish them God speed!'

'Thou art a worthy fellow, my English friend,' said Lord Dalquharn, as he shook the exciseman's hand; 'I wish that some of my countrymen had half thine honesty, thy John Bull courage and generosity.'

'My father was gunner aboard the Duke of York's ship, on many a day when they were teaching the Dutch lubbers to take off their hats on the high seas—to lower their jacks to us, from Van Staten to Cape Finisterre, and I ain't forgotten *that*, sir—I ain't,' replied the Englishman, with a peculiar glance.

'I ay suspected you o' being a Jacobite in secret, Mr. Gage,' said the Bailie, 'and now as sure as I'm a pardoned sinner, I ken it. You two gentlemen are officers of the Scotch-Dutch?'

'On the half-pay of their High Mightiness, the States General, and late of the regiment of Brigadier Mackay, son of the Lord Reay.'

'But how came ye by the way o' Dunkirk, a port now watched by the British fleet?'

'A long explanation may be necessary,' replied Lord Dalquharn, evasively.

'Your coming here aboard o' Sanders Scupperplug, is a bad end to a cloudy beginning, sirs; but whither were ye bound, when arrested by Mr. Gage and his concurents?'

'For the house of a friend.'

''Twouldna be likely, for the house o' a foe; but can ye not name that friend?'

'We were on our way to the house of Sir Baldred Otterburn of Auldhame and Seaciff.'

Another indescribable change came over the features of the Baillie, and the friends who knew not how to construe the expression of his dull, watery, avaricious eyes, felt rather uncomfortable. He seemed fidgety, and for a time sat pondering, while muttering,

'They may be massmongers, Mr. Gage—Jesuits in disguise, for a' that we ken; those sons of the Prince of the power of the air—

of the crooked and slimy serpent—of the roaring lion that goeth about, seeking whom he may devour, take all manner of shapes.'

'Egad, sir,' said Sir John Mitchell, with a burst of laughter, in which Gage and his mates joined; 'I thought I was too old a soldier to be mistaken for a churchman; and as to my friend, Captain Henry Douglas here, he does not look much like a Jesuit.'

'Beware, Mr. Balcraftie,' said Lord Dalquharn, whose wrath was fast increasing.

'And why should I beware, sir—I a magistrate—a free burgess and Bailie of North Berwick—an elder in the Kirk, too?'

'It seems to us, that we have all met before.'

The vulture eyes opened and shut, and then opened wider than before; a piteous expression of fear, mingled with spite and rage, passed over the Bailie's face, and, perceiving his advantage instantly, the young lord turned to Gage and said, with a smile,

'I hope we are not to be compelled to say *where* the black lugger is just now, and *where* her cargo of brandy and sherry is being landed, in care of Father Testimony?'

'Undoubtedly not,' said Baillie Balcraftie, with precipitation, as he rose from his lettron or desk; 'the laws admit of no compulsion. And now, sirs, that I am satisfied that ye are captains o' the gallant Scotch-Dutch, and bound on a visit to my worthy friend, Sir Baldred Otterburn, at Auldham, whither I shall have the high honour o' conducting you to-morrow. I dismiss the charge, Mr. Gage. I shall be answerable for our friends, if called upon. For to-night they shall tarry wi' me, and to-morrow we will set forth together; and as a bit of advice to you, Mr. Gage, be not sae ready to seize on strangers again: remember "thou shalt neither vex a stranger nor oppress him, for ye were strangers in the land of Egypt,"'

'Egypt be blistered!—never was there, though I've been at old Gib, and in the Levant with Rear-Admiral Byng,' said the bewildered exciseman, as he and his party were hurriedly bowed out; and the Bailie, with a fierce expression in his stealthy eyes, and something more like a curse than a blessing on his cruel lips, carefully bolted his strong and massive door behind them.

After a hasty supper, as the hour was late, the companions, who were now the honoured guests of Mr. Reuben Balcraftie, retired to the chamber he had provided for them—a double-bedded one, having two of those oak-panelled recesses, called box beds, which are still used in some parts of Scotland.

'Adieu for this night, gentlemen,' said the Bailie, as he deposited the candles on a dressing-table, whereon were a bible and 'night-cap,'—i.e., a silver tankard of spiced ale; 'to-morrow we shall set forth betimes, after a broiled haddie, a rasher o' bacon, and a dish o' tea, for Auldham.'

'Thanks, and a good night to you, most worthy host,' said Dal-

quharn, with one of his quiet smiles; 'Gad, we live in times of change!'

'Aye, of a verity, as the preacher saith, "when the sun is brightest, the stars are darkest; so the clearer our light, the more gloomy our life with deeds of darkness. Former times were like Leah, blear-eyed but fruitful; the present like unto Rachel—fair but barren." Aye, truly, we live in sinful and troublesome times.'

The moment he was gone, Sir John Mitchell secured the door and placed a table against it. He carefully reprimed his pistols, and placed them below his pillow. With the hilt of his sword, he sounded all the panels and flooring, to assure himself there was no secret entrance to the room. He then opened the window, to examine the means of escape, if necessary, and saw, that from the roof of a stable the ground could easily be reached, for a long life of peril and exile had made him alike suspicious and cautious.

'Wherefore all this care, Sir John?' asked Dalquharn.

'I have an intense distrust of our landlord.'

'And I have more than that—a thorough conviction.'

'The canting, prickeared cur! I can read in his face the lines of an assassin.'

'And I am convinced, or nearly so, that he, and the man in the unflapped hat, who boarded the lugger—in short, that he and Father Testimony, are one and the same person!'

* * * * *

Luckily, only indistinct sounds reached the huge ear of Reuben Balcraftie, which at that moment was placed against the door of their chamber. Of their conversation he could make nothing; but as he glided away with a cat-like step, a bright but malevolent gleam was in his cruel eyes, and he rubbed his great coarse hands together with satisfaction.

'Jacobites,' he muttered, 'returned Jacobites, and bound for Auldham too! The work gangs bravely on—I'll hae the auld knight in my toils, and Miss Bryde too—my bonnie *bride* that is to be!'

~~~~~

## CHAPTER VII.

### THEY SET FORTH.

'May, sweet May, again has come,  
May that frees the land from gloom;  
She is in the greenwood shade,  
Where the nightingale hath made  
Every branch and every tree  
Ring with her sweet melody,  
Sing ye, join the chorus gay:  
Hail this merry month of May.'

*From the German.*

UNDER the sun of a lonely forenoon in May, the sea and land wore their brightest hues, when the Lord Dalquharn and his friend set

forth for Auldham, accompanied by Bailie Reuben Balcraftie, whose society they would rather have been without, and who—although he knew them simply as Captains Douglas and Mitchell—strongly suspected that they bore a higher rank. They were preceded by his half-starved clerk, who carried their mails and roque-laures.

The shrewd Bailie, who had a secret purpose of his own to serve, was not ill-pleased to have an excuse for visiting Auldham, where, as we shall shew ere long, he was *not* always a welcome visitor.

On this occasion, he proved a decided bore alike to Lord Dalquharn and Sir John Mitchell, neither of whom knew how, in his presence, to introduce themselves under their plain titles of Captains Douglas and Mitchell, to Sir Baldred Otterburn.

Noon was well advanced before they quitted the mansion of the magistrate, who was detained in his office adjudicating on a case of alleged witchcraft, though that crime had almost disappeared since the union.

Eight fisher boats had come into the harbour that morning from the herring ground; two of these had netted over one hundred crans of fish, the rest only averaging twelve crans among them. In consequence of this unequal fortune, an angry scene ensued, and the house of the pious and upright Bailie was beset by the less lucky fishermen and their families, who alleged that their rivals had succeeded by mere witchcraft, through the devilish spells of an old hag who dwelt at Aldbottle, opposite the Rock of Fidra, and that she had the power of driving the herrings into the nets of her friends, by placing in their boats certain little stones which she found in the ruined chapel of St. Nicholas, on the islet before her hut.\*

A general riot in the high street of the borough was the sequel. Such doings had not been known in the country side, the sufferers alleged, since the time when the Wise Woman of Keith, Agnes Simpson, the Gyre Carlin, or Mother Witch of all Scotland, had landed with two hundred of her compatriots in cives and riddles, and danced on the shore of North Berwick, prior to meeting the devil in the church of St. Andrew, where they opened the graves and desecrated the dead, committing many other enormities, all of which she confessed to King James in the winter of 1590.

The enraged fishermen assaulted the town-officer, broke his halbert and rent his livery, and the case against them having been aggravated by the circumstance that they had drank some ale at forbidden hours, they were all punished, some by being chained to the jouging-rod in the tolbooth, put in the stocks at the town-end, or whipped through the streets and expelled the burgh; and it was against the ale drinkers that our upright Bailie inveighed most bit-

\* Similar accusations were made by the fishermen of Ardersier against 'Cluaigh, the Witch of Petty,' in the September of 1866.—See *Scotsman and Dundee Advertiser*.

terly, as he drained a good stiff horn of brandy and water, and assumed his tie-wig, large cocked hat, and walking staff, which he termed 'a wand—a sma' wand, sirs, such as David had, when he went forth to warsle wi' Goliath the mighty.'

'Were you not somewhat severe on those poor fellows?' said Dalquharn, who had been reflecting that if ever he found himself in his place as a peer of the realm, such tyranny as this should be curbed.

'Severe, Captain Douglas?—ca' you justice severity?'

'No; but it may be harshly administered.'

'Sir,' replied the other, while shaking out his ruffles, erecting the forecock of his hat, and planting his cane emphatically on the causeway, 'I am a bailie and a justice o' the peace in our constabulary of Haddington; it beseems not, that I should be cowed by a vile mob o' fisher loons, and fear the face o' a feeble human creature, for the judgment delivered is the Lord's, and no mine. I should respect no persons in judgment, saith Deuteronomy, but hear the small as well as the great. As a bailie, I must act wi' honest intentions—even as onc in the sight o' the Omniscient, whose eyes beheld me, and whose eyelids try the children of men.'

These quotations he whined in an intoned voice, with his watery eyes half-closed, and a self-satisfied smirk on his coarse visage, while at every second step he struck the pavement firmly with his cane.

'And you actually whipped and banished from the burgh, those poor fellows, for drinking ale at the "Auldham Arms?"' exclaimed Sir John Mitchell, with surprise.

'Indubitably, Captain Mitchell; and what for no, sir,—but no chiefly for that. By our law once, no man durst be found in a tavern within a burgh, after the nine-hour bell had been rung, under pain o' the tolbooth; but that warning was given an hour later by desire o' the Regent Arran's countess, after whom it was named "the lady's bell;" but *now* people are punished according to their quality, for public drinking at untimorous hours. A nobleman payeth twenty pounds Scots, and sae on, down to a serving-man, who payeth twenty shillings *toties quoties*, one half o' ilk fine to go to the pious purposes o' the parish, and the other half to the informer.'

'And the poor toper, who hath spent his last penny on ale, and cannot pay your fine——'

'We punish in their person; and so, sirs, I whipped those loons forth the toun, when I might hae nailed their lugs to the cross.'

The appearance of the town piper (every burgh had one then, with a small allotment of land, still called the 'piper's croft') put a stop to the Bailie's monotonous talk, as the musician struck up 'The Braes of Yarrow,' and played before them through the streets so far as the Well-tower-mill, where he received a largesse from Dalquharn, and retired bonnet in hand.

There in the bright sunshine, was one of those features, which,



in those days, and until a very recent period, made every roadside horrible—a malefactor's corpse, half reduced to a skeleton, with the black crows wheeling around and alighting upon it.

'Gad a-mercy!' said Mitchell, 'here is a gibbet, to show that we are in a civilised land—a land where justice, or more probably law, is sternly administered.'

'A Border Egyptian loon,' said the Bailie, pointing to the corpse with his cane, 'hanged by the lords of justiciary, for hamesucken and burning a barn-yard at Dirlton. He asked for a cog of ale before he was turned off the ladder, and drank to the health o' the popish pretender, the black devil, and King George.'

'I don't think, egad, that the old country is much changed since I fought at the battle of Sheriff-Muir!'

'You have served, sir?' began the Bailie, turning sharply round.

'In the Scots' Grey Dragoons,' replied Mitchell, haughtily.

'Aye, sirs, the country is no much changed even since that bluidy day at Dunblane—verily, it is a vale fu' o' slime pits,' whined the Bailie, 'even as the vale o' Siddam was, when the Kings of Sodom and Gomorrah fled!'

The Bailie's voice ascended into a roar, as a beggar, one of the king's beadsmen, in his long blue weed, approached them silently, but bonnet in hand. Sir John Mitchell gave the poor man a small coin; in doing so, he did not throw it as some might have done, but handed it with politeness.

'This gentleman is in poverty,' thought the quick-witted magistrate; 'noue but those aikiu to beggary slip money sae deftly into a beggar's palm.'

Perhaps he was right, for the poor are usually the kindest to the poor.

Nearly a thousand feet above the road they traversed, rose the steep, vast, isolated, and volcanic cone of North Berwick, on whose summit many a beacon has glared in the war-like times of old. It was covered on every side with the richest verdure, and rose amid spacious fields where the young grain was sprouting, and the birds were swarming in the thick old hedgerows. The sky was clear, and the atmosphere light and balmy. High into mid-air ascended the smoke from many a moss-roofed cottage chimney, and many a snug farm-house, secluded among ancient timber, in all the leafy glory of summer.

Broad on their left stretched away for leagues, its waters mingling with the German Sea, the noble estuary of the Forth, with all its green and rocky isles, the chief of which, with all its myriad gannets wheeling in the sunshine, and whitening its cliffs, towered the stupendous cliffs of the 'storm-defying Bass,'—the giant fragment of a former world—the Bastile of the covenanters—with a little red standard, just barely discernible, fluttering on its western ramparts, for it was still garrisoned by a little party furnished yearly by the Scots Foot Guards.

In the offing the 'Fox' frigate was visible about four miles distant, standing across the estuary before a gentle breeze, but with all her canvas set, even to her royals, and, like a giant bird, with all its white pinions spread, she shone in a strong relief upon the expanse of blue. Farther off in distance the lug sails of a fleet of fisher-boats, marked the faint line where cloud and ocean met.

By referring frequently to the state of affairs on the continent, such as the armaments at Dunkirk, the siege of Fribourg, and investment of Tournay, the wily Bailie sought to learn the views, intentions, and politics of his companions; but they seemed on the alert, and generally contrived to appear much more interested in the local intelligence he could afford them: such as the Edinburgh mail-bags having been found in the Tyne at Hailes' Castle—the post-boy and his horse having perished when crossing the river at a treacherous ford; and then of a herd-laddie at Tynninghame, who had been sorely tormented by an evil spirit in the shape of a hoodie-crow, until released therefrom by the pious offices of the Reverend Mr. Carfuffle, the minister of Whitekirk. While the Bailie gabbled of these things, Sir John Mitchell had become silent and thoughtful, and solaced himself by smoking a handsome silver mounted tobacco pipe, which had been presented to him by His Grace the Duke of Berwick, whose aid-de-camp he had the honour to be till that fatal day when the duke was killed by a cannon-ball in the trenches at Philipsburg.

'When were you last at Auldhame, Captain Douglas?' asked the Bailie, still anxious to gratify his curiosity.

'Not since my boyhood, some years ago; and then but for a short time. Sir Baldred has a son—'

'He *had*.'

'You speak in the past tense, Mr. Baleraftie!'

'Sorry am I to do sae,' said the Bailie, in an altered voice.

'Dead—is the heir of Auldhame dead?' exclaimed Lord Dalquharn.

'Even sae, sir; he was shot through the head—assassinated, when riding home from the bank at Edinburgh some years ago. On that doleful night, the spectre drummer was heard and seen in the avenue of Auldhame by the Reverend Mr. Carfuffle, as you may see duly minuted in the records o' the Kirk Session; for whenever evil or fate are nigh the line of Otterburn, 'tis said they have their warning in that form.'

'This is most sad—I heard not of it, for I was far away in French Flanders,' said the young lord, in a tone of real sorrow; 'one stout hand—one gallant heart less in the coming fray, Sir John,' he whispered to his friend.

'He left a daughter.'

'True, Bailie; I remember the little girl, Bryde Otterburn—a flaxen haired romp—a genuine Scottish lassie, with a wealth of lint white locks.'

'Even sae, sir; but her locks are something between gold and chesnut now. She is the apple o' the auld Baronet's eye; but she hath sair, sair longings after the leaven o' Prelacy and Episcopacy, if not, as Mr. Carfuffle fears, after the Babylonian scarlet woman, despite a' that I, a usefu' friend o' the house, can say, though a hopefu' and a pardoned sinner.'

Indeed, this woman in scarlet was the pretended bugbear, the religious *bête-noir* of Reuben Balcraftie's life, as she has been of many a Scottish saint before and since.

After passing the ruins of Tantallon Castle on the left, they diverged from the bridle path they had hitherto pursued, into a foot-way through the fields, so narrow that they had, as Sir John said, 'to march in Indian file,' with the Bailie in front.

'How comes Sir Baldred, a man on whom *our friends* in exile, rely so much, to have dealings or acquaintance with such a scurvy fellow as this!' said Dalquharn in a low voice.

'Some money difficulty hath doubtless brought it to pass; the Bailie has hinted as much—perhaps wadsets to raise the wind, and lay some devil in the shape of a creditor. Zounds! I used to have enough of such things in my time, before I went out in '15. This fellow with the pale vicious eyes, seems a true blue cropear, as scurvy a patch, as if he had sold Montrose or King Charles—or had danced aneale deep in human blood at Philiphaugh or Dunavertie. I warrant him as genuine a Scottish whig as ever shared the compensation gold at the Union! A rare example of the liberal-minded Scot of the eighteenth century—Cromwell's curse on all such! It is odd, however, that such as *he*, should be our first acquaintance and guide hither, returning as we do, and on *such an errand*.'

Doubtless had Bailie Balcraftie adorned the present century instead of the last, he would have been an active Sabbatarian, a vehement opposer of Sunday trains, of bands, Botanic Gardens, and all rational amusements, even to walking in the sunny fields on 'the sabbath,' and would have put little boys in the stocks for daring on that day to whistle in the streets. He would have enforced the tyrannical 'Forbes Mackenzie act,' as rigidly as we have seen him do the nineteenth act of the first parliament of King Charles II., held at Edinburgh in 1661; he would have foisted up missions to the heathen; shone on the rostrum at revivals, and extorted money on all hands for the evangelization of Bokhara and the South Sea Islands, and been charitable only in printed lists, when his name appeared in full for the edification of his neighbour and the glorification of himself.

The fires of a hundred warlike tribes have been quenched in the glens; the Highlands are a wilderness from Lochness to Lochaber; but the great family of Balcraftie is still the most flourishing of the Scottish clans!

After a walk of somewhat less than three miles, Lord Dalquharn recognized the venerable mansion of Auldham rising before them

at the end of a long avenue, and situated at the edge of a steep green bank that sloped downwards to the sea.

On the south, north, and west, a species of barbican wall defended the house. The large gate in this enclosure was of hammered yettan iron, and the portal in which it hung, was surmounted by a kind of Palladian entablature with mouldings of the time of James VI. Several oval loopholes for musketry perforated this massive defence; but long unused for warlike purposes, they were now almost hidden by the luxuriant ivy, the elematis, and fragrant honeysuckle.

The sudden apparition of an infantry soldier, in his red undress jacket, very leisurely pipe-claying his belts in the sunshine, within the open grating of the iron gate, caused our friends to change colour visibly, and a deep smile to twinkle in the cunning and watchful eyes of the Bailie.

'Hey-day—what have we here—soldiers?' exclaimed Lord Dalquharn, starting back.

'Even sae, my gude sir,' replied Balcraftie; 'a party o' Howard's Foot are quartered at Auldhame and Tynninghame—'

'For what purpose?' asked Sir John Mitchell, with some asperity; and again the eyes of the Bailie twinkled.

'To aid the officers of excise in watching for smugglers, for many a keg o' brandy and Hollands, that never pay duty to King George, are hidden whiles, in the caves along shore, and even in that under the Bass; so Captain Wyvil and Lieutenant Egerton have been invited by Sir Baldred to reside here, where I warrant they find themselves in clover.'

In fact, the appearance of Captain Wyvil's grenadiers of the Kentish Buffs, marching down an avenue in their Prussian sugar-loaf caps and Ramillie wigs, a little drummer in front, rattling on the same drum with which he had beaten the 'Point of War,' a year or two before, at Dettingen and Fontenoy, had been a source of excitement at Auldhame, quite as great, as when my Lady Helen Hope, the Countess-Dowager of Haddington, came, as she was wont to do, once yearly, on a state visit, in a gilt coach, like a huge apple-pie, with six grey horses, with white roses in their ears, a page of the surname of Hamilton on each step, Sir John of Trabrown as her master of the horse, and six armed serving men, all of the name of Hamilton, with the dexter-hounds on their sleeves, riding round her.

Among the honeysuckle and ivy, which half shrouded the gate, could be seen, about five feet from the ground, the joughs,\* or iron collar, in which refractory vassals were wont to be confined, and above the entrance carved in stone, the arms of the family, three otter's heads, with a chevron between, and on a chief *azure*, a crescent *or*, the coat-armour of the old Otterburns of Redhall and Auld-

\* From *jugum*, a yoke.

hame. To these were added the arms of Nova Scotia, the Scottish baronetage having been founded to promote the colonization of that province.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### AN OLD SCOTTISH CAVALIER.

'I saw the Stuart race thrust out—nay more,  
I saw my country sold for English ore;  
Such desolations in my time have been,  
I have the end of all perfection seen!'

*Epitaph at Dunkeld, 1728.*

PAINFUL misgivings crossed the mind of Lord Dalquharn on learning that government troops were not only cantoned on the barony of Sir Baldred Otterburn, but that their officers were his guests, and had been, as the Bailie said, for a week past.

Why, or how was this?

Had Sir Baldred changed his political views and gone over to the interests of one, whom he had hitherto deemed and stigmatised as a foreign usurper; or was it mere kindness and hospitality that led him to offer Captain Wyvil and Lieutenant Egerton of the Kentish Buffs, better quarters than the thatched village hostelry could have afforded them?

If otherwise, Dalquharn's mission was a fruitless one, and he had only lured his friend Sir John Mitchell to his doom. For some moments a sickening palsy of the heart came over the young Lord. At Paris they had bade adieu to Prince Charles Edward Stuart, who had come thither from Rome, for the purpose of putting himself at the head of the Due de Roqueseuille's baffled expedition; he was then projecting, and had confided to them, his intended rising in the north, and they had resolved to precede him as a species of *avant-couriers* to certain of the loyal noblesse in the Lowlands, on whose adherence he could depend; and on old Sir Baldred Otterburn, a friend of his deceased father, the young Lord Dalquharn of the Holm, chiefly relied, for assistance and advice.

As for Sir John Mitchell, thirty years of exile had made him almost a stranger in the land of his birth. Those who were aged men in 1715, were now in their graves, and the friends and companions of his youth, had ceased to remember him in many instances; in others, were dead, or changed in thought and action. Apart from the painful doubts excited by the presence of red coats at Auldham, Dalquharn remembered the danger, that accrued to himself and his friend, should the officers suspect, or detect in them, two attainted, forfeited and outlawed men.

Mr. John Birniebousle, the elderly red-faced butler, who wore a suit of black broad cloth, with vast cut steel buttons on his sleeves

and pocket flaps, and who, like his betters, indulged himself in wearing an old-fashioned bag-wig, received them with many reverential bows, at the door of the mansion—a door that was studded with huge nails, as if it closed a prison, and was guarded, moreover, by many locks and bars and loop holes for musketry.

‘Sir Baldred was within, and would see them immediately,’ Mr. Birniebousle said, as he conducted them through the paved entrance hall, which was vaulted with solid stone.

There in an ambre, also formed of carved stone, and chained to the niche for security, stood an antique silver flagon, of rare and curious workmanship, from which King James VI., the Scottish royal pedant, had drunk a pint of burnt-sack, when in April, 1603, he passed by Auldham gate, on his way to the throne of England; and after shaking hands with the then Laird, an aged knight, who had served his royal mother well and valiantly on the field of Langside, passed on to the castle of Dunglass, the residence of my Lord Home, with all his retinue of five-hundred horse; and it is reported that as the king departed, the old Laird hid his face in his bonnet and wept, while repeating the ancient prophecy,

‘A French wyfes the sonne will be,  
Shall bruik all Britain round by sea.’

for now the time had come, and Scotland’s kings were to pass away.

His grandson, the present Baronet, to whom the reader is about to be introduced, was a fine example of an old Scottish gentleman of his time, one who lived on his own estate, and farmed his own lands, drinking beer and eating bread, that had been made under his own roof; proud of his ancient ancestry because their shield was stainless, and they had all been loyal and honourable men; quiet and loving to his people, gentle to the poor, and faithful *à la mort*, to a race of kings who were in exile, loving them for the heroic valour and patriotic virtues of their forefathers, rather than their own merits—a cavalier full of old and glorious memories, who loved his country not for what she was, but what she might have been: a devout and simple believer in the right divine of monarchs, yet sorely hopeless of ever seeing that fantasy triumphant.

Born in 1670, when prelacy with its reckless troopers rode rough shod over ‘a broken covenant and persecuted kirk,’ as a boy he had seen Claverhouse’s Life Guards flying from Drumclog, and the unfortunate and maddened Covenanters plant their flag in vain on Bothwell Bridge. But even as a boy his sympathies were with the oppressors rather than the oppressed, who sold their king, for he had been baptised by Archbishop Sharp, who was slain on Magus Moor in 1679, and by desire of his father, an old cavalier of the Montrose wars, he was named Baldred, after the apostle and patron saint of East Lothian. In infancy he had been dandled on the knees of the ‘bloody’ Duke of Lauderdale; in early years he had been the friend and fellow-student of Andrew Fletcher of Saltoun: thus

their sentiments were the same, and like the clerical acquaintance of Sir Walter Scott, who for fifty years was never known to preach a sermon, without having a 'fling at the vile incorporating union,' it was a fruitful source of complaint to our querulous old Scottish tory, who seldom omitted an opportunity of committing all its promoters to the infernal gods.

Of the three last Stuart kings, he could not in his heart approve, but still less could he approve of their foreign successors, and he was still willing to give the old race a trial again, for the sake of those who had fallen in many a battle for Scotland, and who lay in their graves in Dunfermline and Holyrood.

Tradition had rendered him more loyal to dead than to living royalty, and many have been so in Scotland since. 'Tis a wonder to any one who looks back at the Stuart family, to think how they kicked their crowns from them,' says the author of 'Esmond'; 'how they flung away chances after chances; what treasures of loyalty they dissipated, and how fatally they were bent on consummating their own ruin. If ever men had fidelity, 'twas they; if ever men squandered opportunity, 'twas they; and of all the enemies they had, they themselves were the most fatal.'

And most true this is of the Stuart Kings in England, or after the union of the crowns.

It is Sir Baldred Otterburn of whom we read a quaint anecdote in Wodrow's 'Analecta.' Chancing to ride through Jedburgh, when the whig magistrates were proclaiming the Orange Princee as 'King William the Second of Scotland and Third of England,' at the Market Cross, they asked him to drink his health.

'No, sirs,' replied the Baronet; 'but I will take a glass of wine with you nevertheless.'

So a little round glass was handed to him, as he sat on horseback, with his gold stamped gambadoes buckled to his girdle, his holster pistols before him, and a long rapier by his side.

'As surely, sirs, as this glass will break,' he exclaimed aloud, 'I drink confusion to William of Orange, and hail the restoration of our lawful King and his son!'

With these words he drained the wine and dashed the glass from him, but it rolled down the steps of the cross harmlessly and *unbroken!*

A baillie picked it up, impressed his seal upon it with wax; and as its escape was deemed a great Presbyterian miracle, it was sent, adds the Reverend Robert Wodrow, 'with an attested account to King William.'

Sir Baldred galloped off, followed by the jeers of all 'the prick-eared curs,' as he called them. The incident, alike singular and ominous, added fuel to the fire that burned within him; he joined the Lord Viscount Dundee in the Highlands, and served with him in the victorious, but useless campaign of Killycrankie.

Some there were who averred, that when the post boy—(a boy

by the way, in his fiftieth year)—was attacked on Hedderwick Muir, on the evening of the 16th August, 1696, by two mounted gentlemen, in black velvet masks, wearing, one a grey silk coat, with brown buttons, and the other disguised in 'a white English coat, with wrought silver thread buttons,' and with cocked pistols, carried off His Majesty's mails, which contained papers of importance for the Scottish Privy Council, and left the said post boy, tied by the heels to his own horse—some there were, we say, who averred, that although one was known to be a son of the Viscount Kingston, that the other was certainly the fiery young baronet of Auldham.

A leg broken when hunting on Luffness Muir, had luckily prevented him from joining the Earl of Mar in 1715, and so saved his estate and title ; but since the death of his only son and chief hope, he had become somewhat of a changed man, and invariably wore black velvet.

Sir Baldred's heir had been coming from the bank of Scotland, at Edinburgh, with a large sum in notes, which he carried in a maroquin or scarlet leather case, stamped with the Otterburn arms. He was accompanied by Bailie Balcraftie, and when riding in the twilight at a lonely part of the road, where it crossed Luffness Muir, then an open and desert waste, they were attacked by footpads. The Bailie narrowly escaped a bullet, as a hole in his beaver attested ; but young Otterburn was pistolled from *behind*, and dying on the spot, was robbed of all the money he carried.

The loss compelled Sir Baldred to raise a sum on a wadset (or bond) from Mr. Balcraftie, and it was a singular circumstance—a very singular one, indeed—that he paid it mostly in the notes of which the poor young gentleman had been plundered, and all of which had come into his hands in the way of business. Hence these murderous foot-pads were supposed to be in the neighbourhood ; but no one answering the description given of them by the indefatigable magistrate could ever be discovered.

On the night of this foul assassination, his widow, who did not long survive, declared that she heard the solemn sound of the spectre's warning drum in the avenue, while others declared that the noise was produced by the hollow roaring of the sea upon the rocks known as the Carr and St. Baldred's Boat.

Funeral expenses were then enormous, and when the heir of Auldham was buried by torchlight in the chapel of St. Baldred, near the seashore, there was given in the mansion a *dredgie*, which lasted a month ; cooks and pastrymen were brought from Edinburgh to provide for the guests, and all the pipers in the Three Lothians came and went at their pleasure, drinking claret, ale and usquebaugh, in such quantities, that John Birniebousle, the thrifty old butler, danced on his bobwig in sheer despair. On the night of interment, the funeral procession on foot and horseback was a mile in length. In those days, a chief mourner, who failed almost to ruin



himself, was voted a sorry fellow; for *then as now*, people lived for appearances.

And now this good old Scottish gentleman, the sole hope of whose existence was his charming grand-daughter, the orphan Bryde Otterburn, came forth to the door of the chamber-of-dais, holding back the old russet and green tapestry, out of which the moths were fluttering, and a fine subject for the pencil of Vandyke he would have formed, as the visitors saw him, then in his seventy-fifth year, his grave and handsome face furrowed alike by time and care, though his dark grey eyes were clear and bright. He wore a dark flowing cavalier wig; his long doublet and slops were of the days of the revolution—all of black velvet, faced, trimmed, and tied with purple ribbands, with knots of the same on each shoulder; a white lace cravat encircled his neck, with the ends drawn through his grandfather's thumbing.

A broad shoulder scarf of purple and black velvet sustained his steel-hilted rapier (for he was never unarmed, even at his own fireside), and his sturdy old legs were encased in black boots, square-toed, with high red heels, and furnished with large silver spurs; and a fine picture, we say, he formed, as he threw back the arras, and came forth, making three of those grand old bows peculiar to his time.

This costume of black velvet and purple satin was his general dress, though he varied it by wearing a crape scarf and black feather, on the anniversary of the abdication of King James VII., on which occasion, with somewhat childish loyalty, he would grind an orange under his heel, just as his exuberance led him to give a joyous dinner party, and drink a deep, deep stoup of prime old burgundy on the 10th of June, the birth of the old chevalier.

Sir Baldred bowed, and then held forth his hand, the flowing curls of his black cavalier wig, which he wore in direct opposition to the *white* perukes of the Georgian era, waving gracefully to and fro as he did so; and he managed them well, for, as a quaint writer says, '*how to wear a wig was then part of the education of a man of the world, and not to be learned in books.* Those who know what witchcraft there is in the handling of a fan, what dexterity in the nice conduct of a clouded cane, will imagine the wits and gentlemen of old did not suffer the wig to overshadow their temples; and many a country squire must have tried in vain to catch the right toss of the head; to sport a playful humour in those crisp curls; to acquire the lofty carriage of the fore-top, or the significant trifling with some obtrusive lock; and felt as awkward in his new wig as a tailor on horseback, or a fat alderman with a dress-sword dangling between his legs.'

## CHAPTER IX.

## DALQUHARN'S MISSION.

'You run, my lord, no hazard.  
 Your reputation shall still stand as fair'  
 In all good men's opinions as now :  
 For though I did contemn report myself  
 As a mere sound, I still will be so tender'  
 Of what concerns you, in all points of honour,  
 That the immaculate whiteness of your fame  
 Shall ne'er be sullied with one taint or spot.'

*New Way to pay old Debts.*

SIR BALDRED met them in a corridor hung with portraits. There might be seen Miss Bryde Otterburn's mamma, a shepherdess in powder, with hooped skirt, a crook with ribbons, and her lambs frisking about her; and near it was a full length of Sir Baldred's bride by Sir Peter Lely, as Diana with a crescent on her brow, a short cymar looped at the right knee, a bow bent in her hand, and a view of Auldham and the Bass Rock in the background.

The vulture eyes of the Bailie were now intently watching the meeting of the baronet and his visitors.

'Twa friends o' yours, most worthy Sir Baldred, whom I have had the high honour to guide hither,' said the Bailie, hat in hand, while perpetrating a series of obsequious bows that threatened, each time, to cast his cumbrous tiwig at the feet of the tall old cavalier, who made rather a chilling response. 'Captain Douglas and Captain Mitchell of the Scots Brigade in Holland, Sir Baldred.'

'They are welcome,' said the other, presenting his hand with sudden warmth to each: 'right heartily welcome to Auldham—your humble servant, sirs. But you must have been long absent from these parts, or have come from a distance surely, to require a guide.'

'Aye—mony ask the road they ken fu' well,' said the Bailie, rather sarcastically; but he cowered beneath an angry glance from Sir Baldred.

'We are from Dunkirk *last*, where we saw a dear and mutual friend, who commends himself unto you,' said Dalquharn, in a hurried whisper, as he pressed the hand of Sir Baldred, and they exchanged a quick glance full of intelligence; but quick though it was, it did not escape the vulture eyes, nor did the whisper elude the large, attentive aural appendages of Balcraftie, who knew too well that the mutual friend referred to, could be no other than Prince Charles Edward Stuart, the heir of these realms.

'We will speak of our *friend* anon, and when more at leisure,' said Sir Baldred, casting an unmistakably impatient glance at Balcraftie, who, lingering irresolute, and cringing in aspect, strove to light up his cold, malignant eyes, with a vapid smile.

'Captain Douglas is, I believe, an auld friend o' yours and o' the

house o' Auldhame,' said he, still sifting and watching. It was a fine thing, a fact soothing to his malevolent spirit, and promising future profit, to have two such gallant looking men as the strangers, and perhaps the proud old cavalier too, who seldom concealed the scorn he felt, in *his* power, so he resolved to be wary and watch closely.

'An old friend, Captain Douglas cannot be,' said Sir Baldred, smiling, 'for he is but a youth, and I am——'

'Like unto Isaac, "being old and full of days."'

'To speak in your own cant, Bailie, the years of my pilgrimage are verging on seventy-five now,' responded the other sharply.

'Yet, Sir Baldred,' said Dalquharn, in a low and mellow voice, 'I had the honour to be once before under your hospitable roof.'

'When?'

'At that memorable time when Parliament directed the demolition of the gates of Edinburgh, after the affair of the Porteous mob.'

'Just ten years ago come the next eighth o' September,' said the Bailie, braving another wrathful glare from Sir Baldred.

'In that year I was here with—my poor father and mother,' said Dalquharn, lowering his voice.

'And she, Captain Douglas,' said Sir Baldred, 'and she——'

'Was, as you may remember, nearly related to two unfortunate gentlemen—the Earl of Dumbarton and the Viscount Kenmure.'

'Great heaven, my—do I?—is it possible? Excuse me, Captain Douglas, but I remember me now,' said Sir Baldred hurriedly, and a sudden flush crossed his grave old visage, as he again took Dalquharn's hand—a flush of pleasure at the recognition, oddly mingled with anger, that one whom they dared not trust, stood by observant of all—'she and your noble father are both dead—I know that much.'

'Alas—yes.'

'You shall be my guests—you and your friend: Bailie, will you oblige me by seeing Mrs. Dorriel, the housekeeper, and also the butler? they would gladly confer with you anent several wants in cellar and buttery; we have other visitors just now, and a few kegs of French sherry and brandy—you understand—were welcome here. See to it at once, I pray you, and join us anon at dinner.'

With a deep smile on his inscrutable face, the Bailie, though he knew that he had failed to discover *who* 'Captain Douglas' really was, withdrew to dispatch, without delay, his business with Dame Dorriel Grahame, and Mr. Birniebousle, the butler, while Sir Baldred led his visitors into the chamber-of-dais, or great dining-room, and carefully closed the solid oak door, and draped over it the thick arras, which represented the slaughter of the famous wild boar of Gulane.

'Though young enough to be my grandson, you do me high honour, my Lord Dalquharn of the Holm, in visiting my poor house thus,' said the fine old courteous gentleman, as he almost embraced

the young peer. 'Begad! but thou'st grown a tall and proper fellow—dark and handsome, and like thy father, too! Welcome, and all the more welcome, as I guess the errand on which thou hast come—but I fear 'twill be a bootless one. And your friend——'

'Sir John Mitchell of Pitreavie and that ilk in Fifeshire; a baronetcy of the same year as your own.'

'Gadso! Sir John, your humble servant. I knew your good father well—stout old Sir William of Pitreavie, whilom Chamberlain of Fife and Captain of Burntisland. Many a jolly runlet of claret and sack we have drank together, to the confusion of the Union and all its abettors, in Hughie Blair's tavern in the Parliament Close. Many a constable we've bilked there, and many a tavern bully we've pinked and trounced together! You were in the army?'

'First, under her majesty, the good Queen Anne, of glorious memory, in the Scots' Greys, then commanded by John Earl of Stair. You are doubtless aware, Sir Baldred, that on the night after the battle of Malplacquet, I, when a mere boy in his teens, a cornet, rashly challenged the Duke of Marlborough to meet me with sword and pistol for coarsely reflecting on my country, while I delivered to him a dispatch from Prince Eugene of Savoy. That challenge wrought my ruin in the service! So my Lord Balmerino and I went out with the Earl of Mar, in 1715, and since the ill-fated battle of Sheriffmuir, I have been, like too many others, a broken and a landless man!'

'Landless and homeless,' said Sir Baldred bitterly: 'how many a noble peer and gentleman of that ilk have been so, since that fatal time when England first relinquished her unavailing sword, to insert a golden wedge in the foundations of our Scottish throne?'

The old baronet was now on his hobby, and might have ridden it for an hour, but Dalquharn said:—

'We are, I trust, the heralds of a brighter era. Ere long, Sir Baldred, his royal highness the Prince of Wales will land in the Highlands——'

'May the blessed God in heaven prosper him!' exclaimed the old man, while his eyes filled with tears, as he raised his trembling hands upward, and the deep earnest loyalty of those days, when the sword and the gibbet were its test, gushed up in his true old Scottish heart.

'In the north we can reckon upon the loyal clans to a man! Of the lowlands I am very doubtful. Of England—save the border counties and some friends in London—I am totally so.'

'Unless we strike a good blow first on Scottish ground,' said Sir Baldred, cheerfully.

• 'The affair of '15 has taught us some wise, but bitter lessons. Little is committed to writing. We carry on our tongues, and in our hearts, the instructions we are to communicate to you, the Earl

of Kilmarnock, old Lord Lovat, and all on whom His Majesty King James and the Prince of Wales can rely.'

'Call him Duke of Rothesay, I pray you, my lord.'

'One of the chief objects of this earlier mission of Sir John and myself is to see about the establishment of a cavalry force, France furnishing the arms, harness, and accoutrements, as we have been promised commissions in the Life Guards of James VIII., so soon as it has been formed by the Lord Elcho.'

'By what fatality, my lord, did our long expected Dunkirk expedition come to pass away? The accounts given us, in the "*Caledonian Mercury*," were most meagre.'

'Prince Charles Edward left Rome disguised as a courier, for everywhere the Elector had his hawks and spies abroad. Reaching Paris undiscovered, he had a long audience with King Louis——'

'Long, long have his family been the dupes of France! In all ages that nation hath deceived them!' exclaimed Sir Baldred, emphatically.

'France seemed serious then; fifteen thousand infantry were assembled at Dunkirk, under the immediate orders of His Royal Highness, while the Brest fleet, consisting of twenty-three sail, manned by more than ten thousand seamen, entered the Channel, under the flag of Admiral the Duc de Roquefeuille, to take them on board. Spies soon informed the ministry of these measures, and when off Dungeness the fleet of Admiral Norris was in sight. Sir John and I were on board "*Le Neptune*," of 74 guns, commanded by the Chef d'Escadre Monsieur de Carnilly, and saw the alarm and confusion of the French at the superior aspect of the British fleet.'

'In plain words, my lord, the Duc de Roquefeuille turned tail and fled?'

'We got under sail at sunset, and stood down the Channel. That night a dreadful storm came on, and we reached Brest in a sorely crippled condition, while many of our transports perished with all on board. So the scheme of a sudden descent under the superintendence of the Count de Saxe was completely frustrated.'

'All the better, sirs,' said Sir Baldred; 'I like not this French intervention in our affairs. If the House of Stuart is ever to be restored to the British throne, I vow that I should like to see it done by British hands.'

'And so thinks His Royal Highness!' said Sir John Mitchell; 'the fearless little boy, whom I, myself, have seen pursuing the cannon balls as they ricocheted past the tent of the Duke of Berwick, and who lately served in the campaign in Flanders, is now a tall and gallant gentleman, the model of a prince, and fortunately for those he hopes to govern, his temper and spirit have been taught moderation by exile, for he has learned many a stern lesson in adversity.'

'Ere winter be past, he has sworn to be in Holyrood, or in his

grave!" said Dalquharn, in a low but earnest voice; his banner, like that which Montrose unfurled at Invercarron, shall have a crown and a coffin, as symbols that he comes to seek one or the other.'

'Woe is me!' said Sir Baldred; 'I am old and poor; I can neither aid His Majesty's service or purpose by men or with my sword; but money he shall have, if that bloated miser Reuben Balcraftie hath it to give, even at fifty per cent. A cheque on our Scottish Treasury, may, one day, repay it all; if not, there was mair tint at Sheriffmuir—eh, Sir John? 'Tis a hard time for us this; I can scarcely get a penny of rent, in consequence of the terrible cattle plague, which during the last four years hath swept away all our herds. We have empty byres over all the barony, and in the house a half empty pantry, as Mrs. Dorriel the house-keeper will tell you. Bowie and Kirn are alike empty in all the farm-towns, and our poor cottar folk have sore times, sir—sore times; but the king is coming, and we shall have less taxes and no more German wars! Every man owes something to his lawful king and to the land that bore him; the talents of some; the industry, the gold, and the valour of others! But as the old song says—

'Cock up your beaver, and cock it fu' sprush,  
We'll over the Borders, and gi'e them a brush;  
The Southrons there shall learn better behaviour,  
And each true-hearted cavalier cock up his beaver!'

At that moment the arras was withdrawn, the door opened, and the Bailie entered, on which the three gentlemen affected to continue a very animated discussion on the appearance of the weather, and the prospect of rain, though the May-day sky was without a cloud.

'Soho! here come Bryde and her English cavaliers!' exclaimed Sir Baldred, looking from a window (which, like all the rest in Auldhame, was secured from intrusion by a basket grating), as a lovely fair-haired girl in a blue riding habit, with a white hat and long ostrich feather, dashed up the long shady avenue, on a splendid bay, attended by two grooms in the Otterburn livery, and accompanied by two officers—Captain Wyvil and Lieutenant Egerton of Howards—who, in their Ramillie wigs and Kerenkuller hats, square skirts and crimson sashes, worn in what was called the German fashion (round the waist), looked as stiff and odd as infantry officers usually do, even in the present day, when mounted.

'Ah! they have been so far as Spott. God be good to us! It seems like yesterday when I rode over to Spott-loan, on an October evening in the year 1705, with Sir William Mitchell of Pitreavie and my Lord Kingston, to see half a dozen poor old women burned in one huge fire—a pile of tar barrels—for witchcraft! We have put dinner back an hour for those loiterers; but John Birniebousle shall now ring the house-bell.'

To find that his father's venerable friend was still true to 'the

good old cause,' though certain redcoats were received as guests at Auldham, had lifted a great load of suspicion and anxiety from the heart of the young and enthusiastic Lord Dalquharn.

## CHAPTER X.

### THE HOUSE OF AULDHAME.

'Auldham! the wall-flower's scented bloom,  
Grows lovely on thy turrets grey,  
And, like the rose strewn on a tomb,  
A fragrance sheds around decay.  
No harps are murmuring in the hall;  
No armour glittering on the wall;  
For gone are knight and seneschal,—  
The voice of man is dumb!  
And nought but ghosts, so gannt and tall,  
At dreary midnight come.'—*St. Baldred of the Bass.*

THE Otterburns of Auldham were one of the oldest families in the constabulary of Haddington, though they took their name from a place which is now merely a farm at Longformacus in the Merse; but the race could trace themselves into the remoter ages of Scottish history; and Sir Baldred was fond of boasting over his flagon of Burgundy or pint of burnt-sack; that Allan Otterburn had been secretary to Murdoch, Duke of Albany, when James I. was crowned at Scone; and that, in the time of James II., Nicholas Otterburn of that ilk was 'Clericus Rotolorum Regni Nostri;' and he never failed to remember Sir Adam Otterburn of Auldham, who was one of the first fifteen senators of the College of Justice, and who, in 1544, was Provost of Edinburgh, which he valiantly defended against the English till it was in flames in eight places, repulsing them at the cannon's mouth; for he inherited all the valour of his father, who fell at Flodden.\*

Overlooking the surrounding sea from its steep green slopes, in view of picturesque and rugged Dunbar, the towering Bass and Tantallon on its precipitous cliffs, that rise like ribs of bronze from waves of snowy foam, Auldham, though not built for a long defence, unlike most of our old Scottish mansions, had never been assailed save once, when General Monk's cannoniers, on their way to attack the castle of Tantallon, fired a few twelve-pound shot at the barbican wall, in a spirit of mere mischief: and Sir Baldred had heard his mother tell, with mingled wrath and fun, 'how the crop-eared Puritans of England, in their steep-crowned hats and falling collar-bands, calves' leather boots and russet doublets, robbed the hen-roosts, and drained the cellars, and sung psalms with the kitchen wenches; but they did no more; for Cromwell's brave fellows—like himself—behaved very well while in Scotland.

Still more unlike our feudal mansions, the annals of Auldham

\* *Vide Haig and Brunton.*

were darkened by no memorial of violence, treachery, or crime. The family had never been wealthy enough, or sufficiently powerful to take much share in the great, desperate, and bloody game of political parties, which was for ever being played in Scotland, till the rapid progress of events, and the abolition of their hereditary jurisdictions, in 1747, saved the land from its chief curse, the intrigues of a degraded, envious, grasping, venal, and treacherous nobility; thus, no feud, or raid, or midnight foray, no deed of blood, except one in war, cast a shadow on the hospitable hearth of the Otterburns of Auldhame.

The family had a death-warning, so local gossips say, in the shape of a spectre-drummer, who beat round the house, up the long shady avenue, or along the solitary sea-shore at midnight, 'when fate was nigh the line of Otterburn; and this was alleged to have been the case, ever since Sir Nicholas, who fell at Flodden, slew in cold blood, three days before the battle, a drummer of the Lord Surrey's army.

The corbelled turrets at the angles of the walls were meant more for decoration or utility than resistance: yet each had an arrow-hole in its window-sill, and the steep roofs of grey slabbed stone were thickly spotted with green lichens, which gave a tone of venerable antiquity to the whole edifice.

With its gablets covered with scutcheons and initials, the old mansion formed a heraldic history of the alliances of its successive inmates, cut in solid stone, and in several places appeared the fess-cheque, for Lady Jean Stuart, daughter of John, third Earl of Athol, the wife of John Otterburn, who carried the king's banner at Solway Moss.

Many a family festival, kept as such festivals were only kept, in the hearty rough old times—many a Hallow eve, with its tales of witehes and glamour; many a frosty yule, with its green holly branches and red berries, and many a new year's feast, when the snow lay deep on the far stretching Lammermuirs, and the steep slopes of Duncpendar; many a marriage with its jollity; many a birth with all its hopes and tenderness, and many a death, with its noisy dredgie, and its long funeral torchlight procession, have those old walls witnessed.

Some little conspiracies too, as when John Otterburn was official of Lothian in 1477, and the ambassador of Pope Julius II. came to wheedle James IV. to send troops to the Italian wars; and in much more recent times, all Haddingtonshire knew, that there was a mighty burnishing up of old holster pistols and snap-lock muskets, and that many a blunted pikehead and notched broadsword were put on the whirring grindstone, on that memorable night in the March of 1708, when the Chevalier de Fourbin, the Marechal Duc de Matignon, King James VIII., with the gallant Irish brigade and French troops, to the number of fifteen thousand bayonets, were all off the Red Head of Angus, and half the money for which Scotland was sold, lay yet in the Castle of Edinburgh!



The quaint old garden, with its formal grass walks and high yew hedges, stone terraces, and leaden gods and goddesses, were stocked with herbs by the famous Holyrood seedsman, Millar of Craigan Tinnie, less because they were of the best Dutch kind, than because he, worthy Quaker, was hereditary master gardener to the King of Scotland; for Sir Baldred was loyal even to the carrots and turnips which garnished his platter of Bass-fed mutton; but Miss Bryde's flower parterres suffered sorely from the cold blasts of the east, or as the gardener was wont to stigmatise it, "the Hanoverian wind;" for Sir Baldred affirmed, that it had blown over the German sea, more keenly than ever, since the accession of the House of Guelph.

In defiance of the lord advocate, many engravings of "the king owre the water," and of his family, with all their royal titles below, were to be found in the rooms of Auldhame.

Westward of the ancient gate by which Lord Dalquharn and Sir John Mitchell approached the mansion, there was then a grove of giant trees, the remnant of one of those old forests wherein our hardy ancestors hunted, perhaps, before the world was redeemed, and when its shades formed the home of the Coille-doncean or men of the woods. Now, it was locally known as the Deil's Loan (Anglice, Devil's-lane), for there his satanic majesty was alleged to promenade on certain gloomy eveniugs, when the sky was black and lowering, and the sea-mews fled inland; and his terrible presence was always heralded by loud and angry gusts of wind, so stormy that they frequently laid flat some of the ancient trees, tore the thatch from the cottage roofs, rent the cabers from the walls, and hurled the waves in wild tumult against the ruins of the 'auld kirk' at North Berwick, at each recession, sucking the dead from their graves, to strew their bones upon the beach.

Then 'Auld Mahoun,' was known to be at his trysting-place, and more than one ill-favoured old woman, in the hamlets of Tyuing-hame and Auldhame, was averred to be waiting to receive him and to obey his commands to work mischief by land and sea.

The chamber-of-dais, or dining-room, wherein Sir Baldred now spent many an hour, telescope in hand, watching the passing ships (chiefly that cruising hawk of the Elector's the 'Fox' frigate), as he was too old for much out-of-door exercise, and had altogether relinquished hunting, was carpeted with rush-work; the recessed windows had velvet cushions on the stone seats, and these were covered with pretty needlework by Bryde's industrious little fingers. A large iron grate stood on a square stone block, within the wide fireplace, on each side of which were two caryatides of Egyptian aspect, with quiet, solemn and stupid faces, supporting a great lintel, inscribed,

**Sanct. Baldred blis zis Hobse,**

a legend which the Reverend Mr. Aminadab Carfuffle, of White-kirk, and Baillie Balcraftie, had more than once hinted the expe-

diency of obliterating, as savouring of popery and the scarlet woman ; but Sir Baldred had once sworn in his cups, that ' the loon who defaced a letter of it, should be nailed by the lugs to the outer gate !'

The ceilings were of that delicate white pargetted plaster work, so common in Scottish mansions which have been repaired during the time of James VI. ; and a cornice of alternate lions and unicorns *passant*, can still be traced on the time-worn walls.

There hung the suit of tempered plate armour, with the two-handed sword and barred helmet of Sir Adam Otterburn, who, as we have already stated, so stoutly defended the Scottish capital, when the warlike Earl of Hertford landed with the savage orders of his master, the Royal Blue-Beard, ' to utterly raze it, and to spare no living thing—nor woman nor youngling, nor even the household dogs ;' but who was driven down Leith Wynd, faster than he came up, leaving nearly all his culverins, sakers and other brass cannon, behind him ; and though he ultimately burned the city, these were long after shown in the castle of Edinburgh as trophies of the war of 1544.

Opposite the armour hung a full length of Sir Baldred, in the then uniform of the royal company of archers, a tartan coat faced with white, a white silk scarf, a blue bonnet, with a St. Andrew's cross above his black cavalier wig ; for he had, in latter years, been a crack shot among that remarkable body, into which none were admitted save known adherents of the House of Stuart, as their real object was to learn openly the use of arms without suspicion, and hence this chartered company of bowmen, was merely a secret school to educate officers for the Jacobite cause, though in the happier reign of Victoria, it figures as ' The Queen's Body Guard for Scotland.'

## CHAPTER XI.

### BYRDE OTTERBURN.

' How oft in musing mood my heart recalls,  
From grey-beard father Time's oblivious halls,  
The modes and maxims of my early day,  
Long in those dark recesses stow'd away ;  
Drags once more to the cheerful realms of light  
Those buckram fashions, long since lost in night,  
And makes, like Endor's witch, once more to rise  
My gorgeous grandames to my raptur'd eyes !'

*Salmagundi.*

WHILE the sunset of a bright May evening, streaming over the fertile fields and waving woodlands, came through the tall windows of Auldham, and lighted up gaily the picturesque old chamber-of-dais, dinner was served there, and with the last clang of the great copper bell that dangled from one of the gables without, Sir Bald-

red and his guests sat down to a sumptuous and varied feast, the presiding queen and goddess of which was his grand-daughter, Miss Bryde Otterburn, who had just arrived from a gallop with the two English visitors, and now appeared with her natural bloom and radiance, greatly enhanced by exercise.

When at Auldham ten years ago, as a mere lad (a time and visit concerning which the curious Bailie Balcraftie resolved to inquire in other quarters), Lord Dalquharn had left Bryde Otterburn a little flaxen-haired girl, who nursed a waxen doll, gathered flowers by the wayside, and shells on the sea-shore. Now he found her a full-grown belle of twenty. Ten years had made a wonderful difference in them both!

To please the deceased Lady Dalquharn, who was her mother's dearest friend, she had been called after St. Bryde, of Kildare, the ancient patron of the house of Douglas, hence her quaint name; and for this trifling circumstance, as well as certain traits of character, chiefly her gay and happy spirit, poor Bryde was rather—shall we call it 'tabooed'—by the more rigid ladies of East Lothian, her family having always had rather vague ideas of Presbyterianism, with decided leanings towards Prelacy.

Her eyes and hair were exactly of the same chesnut hue—the former very soft, but clear and deep: the latter very silky and ripply. Her manner was animated, and though her features were not regular, she possessed the 'best essence of beauty—expression,' for her clear hazel eyes were full of intelligence, always varying, but ever gentle, winning, and feminine.

From the colour of her eyes, and their long dark lashes, some might have called Bryde Otterburn a brown beauty, though she had a wonderful brilliance and fairness of complexion. Some there were who thought her laughing, good-humoured mouth a little too large for the rest of her soft features; but none could deny the cherry tint of her beautifully cut lips.

Bryde had been well educated, according to the ideas of the time in Scotland, having been boarded with Madam Straiton, a fashionable 'mistress of manners,' in the Canongate of Edinburgh, whose house adjoined that of His Grace of Queensberry, where she had shared the society of the Earl of Haddington's grand-daughters, the Ladies Rachel and Grizel, afterwards Countess of Stanhope; and where, with several other demoiselles of good family, she had been taught to dance the minuet and other measures, how to carry her vast hoop and long train, to sing the songs of Mr. Allan Ramsay's 'Tea Table Miscellany,' to play on the virginals or spinnet, to paint on satin, to make wax fruits, and filigree work of gilt paper; in addition to which accomplishments, she had also been taught spinning and cockery, and how to oversee the pantry and brewhouse, like the noble dame, her mother, before her.

In fact, it was to his darling grand-daughter Bryde, that the confiding old Laird of Auldham gave almost the entire charge of his

property in many instances; certainly the whole control of his household, the care of his tenants, and of the poor in the hamlet, so Bryde had her pretty little hands quite full, you may be assured; and a lively time she and old Dorriel Grahame, the housekeeper, had of it, when the kain (or tribute) was collected from the tenants, such as a score of meadow geese on old Michaelmas day, and as many fat hens on Fastern's Even, before Shrove Tuesday.

On this day at dinner, Bryde's beautiful soft hair was unpowdered, and in all its natural glory, fell rippling over her shoulders, from under one of those tiny lace mob-caps, which were then in fashion. A black satin apron, with a ruche of white ribband round it, and round the pocket-holes, formed an important portion of her attire; but even the long stomacher and enormous hoop fardingale under her blue silk dress (the breast and flounces of which were covered by innumerable little knots of white ribband) were unable to spoil the grace and beauty of her form.

Among the men of those days the hoop was objected to, quite as much as the crinoline of more recent times; but it also had its defenders, and among others the gentle Allan Ramsay, who says:—

'If Nelly's hoop be twice as wide,  
As her two pretty legs can stride;  
What then? will any man of sense  
Take umbrage or the least offence?

'Do not the handsome of our city,  
The pious, chaste, the kind and witty,  
Who can afford it, great and small,  
Regard a well-shaped fardingale?'

A very housewife-like bunch of keys hung at her chatelane, and with them a silver pomander ball, perforated by small holes to let out the scent. All her ornaments were chiefly valued because they had been her mother's: an etui and a little round, embossed gold watch, a cut-steel set of mosaics, necklet, bracelets, and girdle of the time of Louis Quatorze.

Sir John, simply known as yet by all save his host and hostess as Captain Mitchell, handed her to dinner, and sat by her side. Dalquharn sat near Sir Baldred, and the other seats were occupied by Bailie Balcraftie and the two English officers, who were both handsome, pleasant, and gentlemanly men, though the Jacobite emissaries could very well have dispensed with their presence.

Captain Marmaduke Wyril, the senior in years and rank, was the *beau ideal* of a suave, polished, and good-humoured English officer. He had seen much of the world, and was the eldest son of Squire Wyril, of Hurstmonceaux, in the county of Salop. He had a slight halt in his gait, having been wounded at Fontenoy in the preceding year.

Talbot Egerton, his subaltern, was a Londoner, somewhat *etourdi* in his bearing, not liking the Scots much—in fact, perhaps, hating them, like every 'true-born Englishman' of his time; but he was

well enough bred to keep his opinions entirely to himself, moreover the national acrimony of future years had not been developed by Wilkes, the *North Briton*, and the scurrility of Churchill's provincial pastorals.

They wore their uniform (which then no military man ever went without, even when on half-pay), the ample, flowing, and richly laced coats of the Kentish Buffs, with flap waistcoats, and knee-breeches, both of buff-coloured silk. Their white and well-powdered wigs were of the regimental pattern; and to these gentlemen of the sword, Sir Baldred had simply introduced his secret visitors as 'Captains Mitchell and Douglas—friends of mine, fresh from Holland, after vanquishing the French and the buxom toasts and beauties of Haarlem and Amsterdam.'

Captain Wyvil and Sir John soon fraternised as old soldiers, who had tasted salt water and smelled gunpowder, and they courteously exchanged snuff-boxes; but Egerton, who affected to be somewhat of a beau, or blood, the 'fast man' of a very slow age, eyed Dalquharn distrustfully and coldly, and doubtless he had good reason.

For the entire past week in Auldham he had been the favoured cavalier of Miss Bryde Otterburn, and had her society all to himself; but now this stranger in the green frock, with his fair hair queued back by a blue ribband—this Captain Douglas, who had dropped suddenly among them, as if from the clouds, engrossed all, or nearly all her attention; and to make matters worse, they seemed quite old friends, with ample and mutual recollections of a former intimacy.

Though the conversation of this little dinner party was general, the Bailie was reserved and watchful, with his pale watery eyes usually fixed on Miss Otterburn and Dalquharn, while his host eyed him grimly, and thought—

'Egad! in my young days, such a earle as Reuben Balcraftie must have drunk his thin ale out of a pewter stoup below the salt; now, sink him! he drinks claret and sherry out of well cut crystal, at the same board with his betters.'

Sir Baldred asked a blessing; he was afraid to let the Bailie (or 'Swivel-eyes,' as Mr. Egerton called him) do so, lest the viands should be cold, ere he had relieved, by a long out-pouring, his thankful spirit; and then the meal proceeded briskly, old Birniebousle, the butler, in his bob wig, and several powdered liverymen, being in attendance. Mr. Birniebousle, who wore hodden grey in general, was attired in his holiday suit of black broadcloth.

Sir Walter Scott was quizzed by an English critic, for 'always feeding his heroes well,' but it must be borne in mind that dinners *à la Russe*, and of kickshaws, were unknown a century ago in Scotland and in England too.

Before Bryde towered a great pasty of venison stalked in Binning Wood, and at the lower eud, was a gallant grey salmon from

the Tyne : on one side a capon with pease-pottage ; on the other, a steak pie of dainty mutton, esteemed all the more for being fed on the Island of the Bass ; then the second course consisted of fried sweet-breads, a platter of roasted powts, or young muir fowl, a jugged hare and fricasseed rabbits, with custard pies and puddings ; while sherry, port, claret, and brandy were all going round the table pell mell : and there was present *one* small dish which excited universal comment—potatoes—a strange root introduced from Ireland into East Lothian, only four years before, by Hay, of Aberlady, as a garden rarity, and sent as a present from him to Auldhamme himself !

‘ Salmon are unco’ scarce in the Tyne, Auldhamme,’ observed the Bailie.

‘ Everything hath been so, since the Union,’ said Sir Baldred ; ‘ but anent the salmon, the seals have been swimming about the river mouth, and that is the chief reason. ’ Odsheart ! I know the Tyne well, and have fished every foot of it, from the Firth up to Middleton Muir, Bailie, thirty good Scottish miles ; but these days are over with me now. I’ve twinges of rheumatism in the leg which I broke in the year ’15, when rushing my horse at a fealdyke. ’ Sdeath ! I protest, I don’t think that dour auld carle, Andrew Brown of Dolphington, though a great medicinar in his time, set that same leg right. He bled me like a sheep, I can remember, and gave me a powder, pulverised from the moss that grew on a human skull in his library ! His lodging was then opposite the mint, in the Cowgate, a genteel, but rather busy thoroughfare. Ugh ! how I wearied of my sojourn there, till I came home by easy stages in my Lady Haddington’s glass coach. Pass round the wine, John—Captain Wyvil’s glass is quite empty.’

While the dinner proceeded, Dalquharn and Bryde were talking of old times, or rather their younger days, and of some of his adventures since, all of which were full of interest to her ; so poor Mr. Egerton found that he quite failed to attract her by an anecdote about ‘ Sparkish and Sir Timothy Tawdry of ours, who in an eating-house at Charing Cross, met with two subalterns of Barrel’s regiment, who had just come home after Fontenoy ; that a quarrel ensued about kissing the barmaid—a rosy-cheeked wench, and it all ended in a game of sharps—yes, begad, madam—by the rule of steel, at the back of Montague House, and in both those bucks of Barrel’s, being pinked and taken home on shutters by the watch ! and so forth.

Wyvil and Mitchell were fighting Malplaquet over again, and snuffing prodigiously over their reminiscences ; so Egerton was reduced to endure the conversation of Bailie Balcraffie, whom he only half understood, and wholly detested, and who bored him by elaborate details of the great rinderpest which was then destroying the cattle in all parts of Britain, and which he called ‘ a plague

sent by the Lord to carry awa' the bestial of Jew and Gentile alike.\*

Talbot Egerton, like other young men of his position in society, had made the 'grand tour,' between the time of leaving Cambridge and joining the Kentish Buffs in the Balearic Isles; he was fond of gaiety, and he who had been sick of service in Scotland—as sick as any of Cæsar's Legionaries were long ago—and who had longed for London, with its bustle and society, its coffee-houses, Drury Lane, and Covent Garden and the Mall—to be beating the watch and scouring St. Giles with other young bloods of fire and good-breeding—longing, too, for cocking matches at Chelsey, and other matches at Hockley-in-the-Hole, had suddenly become quite reconciled to his country quarters, under the influence of Bryde Otterburn's society for a week, and had said much less to Wyvil about odious mountain scenery, Scotch mists, cheek bones, oat-meal, and brimstone; and now to make amends for her inattention, she began to rally him upon permitting the smugglers to escape last night.

On this, he proceeded to inform Lord Dalquharn, with considerable minuteness, that he and Captain Wyvil, had undergone great annoyance, and no small amount of personal peril, when patrolling the dangerous coast between Tantallou and the rocks known as St. Baldred's Cradle, amid a dense mist, as a run of smuggled goods was expected to be made, by a Drunkirk lugger, which Mr. Gage was unable to board, as all the fisher-boats were at sea, and his own, with her swivel gun, had been scuttled and destroyed by some of the smuggler's confederates on shore.

Dalquharn and Mitchell covertly smiled at each other, and the uneasiness of the Bailie was only too discernible to them both.

'Talking of that affair,' said Captain Wyvil, setting down his glass of Burgundy, and playing with his ruffles, 'I row, Miss Otterburn, that I am almost glad the Sanders Scupperplug (or whatever is his name) escaped us.'

'Why, Captain Wyvil?' asked Bryde, laughing at the odd name.

'I can forgive the old fellow anything, as one of the five brave British seamen who took the little fort of Puerto-de-la-Plata, and burned the town.'

'But from all I have heard, he must have some confederates in the neighbourhood, and bold ones too, Captain Wyvil.'

'He has, Miss Otterburn, and I'd give a month's pay to find 'em out,' exclaimed Mr. Egerton.

'Because you are tired of this secluded place and of us,' suggested Bryde, 'and long to change your quarters.'

\* This cattle plague was equally fatal on the Continent in 1745-6. In September of the latter year, the London papers state that 'in Essex alone, upwards of 6000 cattle died of it before the 1st of June last,' and that 60,000 perished in Denmark before the middle of December.

'Ah, don't say so, I pray you, madam,' implored Mr. Egerton, actually blushing nearly as red as his coat, while the Bailie's face during this little colloquy was an amusing picture to those who, like Dalquharn and Sir John Mitchell, could read it. They smiled to each other again, and the latter took a pinch of rappee from a Sevres box, presented to him by the Duke of Berwick.

'Scupperplug is no doubt a *nom de guerre*, and egad, it is a droll one!' said Egerton, who having made 'the grand tour' in charge of a bear-leader (as travelling tutors were named) had picked up a little French, a language then very properly despised, as Mr. Wilkes might have told us, by all loyal and true-born Britons, as being fitted only for frog-eaters, dancing-masters, barbers, and cat-gut-scrapers, who wore wooden shoes and adhered to the Pope, the devil, and the Pretender. 'The whole district hereabout,' resumed the Lieutenant, 'is deeply interested in the smuggling business, so that I fear we shall have to make short and sharp work with all who fall into our hands and come to the cold iron, without reference to riot acts and so forth.'

'Riot acts—man alive! don't talk of them,' exclaimed Sir Baldrred, with sudden irritation. 'In Scotland, in my time, in the pursuit of a lawful feud or family quarrel, we could keep the crown of the causeway with sword and pistol, if we so wished, against all comers—sack a farm-town, burn a grange, or blow up a tower; make a tulzie at kirk or market, on the highway, or in burgh, and there was no more about it; but now since the accession of this House of Hanover, we have had a riot act passed by the united parliament, expressly to prevent what they termed the disorders, which might be occasioned by that accession, the proclamation of which, in Edinburgh, I well remember, for it was made to the people under the cannon's mouth, every gun in the castle being double-shotted and turned on the city, while the Lyon King and his heralds were at the cross! and so, now a Douglas sits down at the same table with a Hamilton, a Scot with a Kerr, and have no occasion to leave their swords with the butler or tapster, for they cut their coats peaceably now according to the English fashion.'

Captain Wyvil laughed good humouredly at this odd view of matters taken by the baronet, whose boyhood went back to the days of King Charles the Second, and certainly of all the many grievances of which he complained, the restrictions of good government were the most singular; but after Miss Otterburn had retired amid the low bows of all present, and after the removal of the cloth, Mr. Birniebousle brought in long clay pipes for tobacco, and the soothing Nicotian weed became the order of the evening, while the pretty heiress of Auldham sighed alone over her tea-board and its best equipage in the drawing-room.

Fresh decanters and jugs of wine were brought with certain curious old drinking glasses, massive and dwarfish, each with a small gold coin of Francis and Mary, King and Queen of France and



Scotland, blown into the stem. The butler also, as a matter of custom, placed a tankard of pure water at his master's right hand.

'Fill your glasses, gentlemen—a bumper to the king!' said Sir Baldred, passing his glass *over the water*, and thus, with a clear conscience and a loyal heart, drinking mentally to his lawful king, who was in France beyond the sea.

'This loyal toast is the first always drunk at my good father's table,' said Captain Wyvil, who thought he detected something doubtful in the mode Dalquharn drank it. 'The old squire was wont to ride once yearly, from Hurstmonecaux to London, for the sole purpose of kissing the hand of King William.'

'Ah—the late Prince of Orange,' said Dalquharn.

'He was originally Prince of Orange,' replied Captain Wyvil, still smiling, for he was quite a man of the world.

'Yes, when he lurked behind a shutter at the Hague, and saw the assassination of the De Witts, Cornelius, and John the pensionary of Holland,' said Sir Baldred, with great bitterness, 'and when he beheld the rascal mob, as the History of the United Provinces\* tells us, "drag their naked bodies to the common gibbet, where they hung them by the feet and cut off their noses, ears, and fingers, which were sold in the eireunjacent parts. Nay, some of the populace cut large pieces of their flesh, which they broiled and eat." When those fine doings went on at the Hague, he was Prince of Orange; but he was the "pious, glorious, and immortal King William," when he massacred the Clan Donald in cold blood at Glencoe, and sent a warrant here, to torture in the steel boots, and nigh unto death, the poor Englishman, Neville Payne; and when he betrayed our Scottish colonists of New Caledonia to the murdering and merciless Spaniards, he was king assuredly *Dei Gratia*, and Defender of the Faith!'

Captain Wyvil, who was used to these little outbursts on the part of his old host, again smiled with that imperturbable good humour which is peculiarly English.

'We shall drop King William,' said Captain Wyvil. 'We English, less loyal than you Scots, taught the House of Stuart the bitter lesson, that kings were made for their subjects, not subjects for their kings; but I think you must admit that this new war with France is most just?' he added, to change the topic.

'Of course,' said his lieutenant; 'egad, a war with France must always be so.'

'Especially when waged, like this, in defence of our beloved Electorate of Hanover,' said Lord Dalquharn, unguardedly.

'Nay, Captain Douglas,' replied Wyvil, eying him sharply; 'I think His Majesty, King George, was quite right to declare war after King Louis's notorious breach of all treaties by building the new forts at Dunkirk, by hostilities committed against our fleets in the Mediterranean, and that most insolent affront, by receiving at

\* London, 1705,

his court of Versailles, the son of the Popish Pretender—under favour, gentlemen Scots—I shall call him the young chevalier, for I bear the king's commission, and can say no more,' added the Captain, on seeing the angry flush that crossed three of the faces present, while even the old butler knit his brows and paused, napkin in hand, looking very much as if he would have liked to punch the captain's head. 'Then there was the embarkation actually made, of a body of troops, with the Lords Middleton, Dalquharu, and other attainted Scots, at that same devilish place, Dunkirk, to fight for the so-called James VIII. of Scotland, and—but zounds! but I am getting quite warm on the subject,' said the Englishman, checking himself with a little good-humoured laugh, when he saw how the colour came and went in the cheek of old Sir Baldred, whom he was too polite and amiable to offend.

So there was an awkward pause here, which the Bailie sought to fill up, by stupidly remarking that every day brought fresh tidings of a projected landing 'among the Highland Ishmaelites, by that infatuated young gentleman, the Chevalier (he dared not call him Pretender in the presence of Sir Baldred, and feared to say Priuce in the hearing of two king's officers, so he steered the middle course, like many equally cautious and better men), but believed that he would be, like his father, the victim of Jesuit priests, of artful women and hot-headed Irishmen. And only three days ago, when in Edinburgh,' he added, 'I saw Sir Hector Maclean and Mr. Bleau, of Castlehill, apprehended by the town guard in the Canuogate, and sent in chains to London in a king's yacht, by order of the Lord Advocate.'

'And for what?' asked Lord Dalquharn, whose brow lowered angrily.

'Suspicion of being in the French service,' said the other, slowly, and watching the effect of his words, 'and of enlisting idle loons for the Pret—Chevalier. Wae is me, that men should meddle wae' siecan affairs, for "better is he that ruleth his spirit, than he that taketh a city!"'

'Twill come to the unsket erelong, I fear,' said Captain Wyvil, shaking his head sorrowfully; 'the Highlands are all unchanged since that flash in the pan at Sheriff Muir.'

'Pass the wine, Bailie,' said Sir Baldred, impatiently.

'Gude French claret, this,' said the Bailie, whose bad breeding appeared pretty often; 'twa shillings the bottle, I suppose—thin bodied, though—I'll try the white wine, Sir Baldred. I'se warrant,' he added, smacking his thin wicked lips, 'ye pay a shilling the mutchkin for that, John Birniebousle?'

'Drink, Bailie, and welcome; what my butler pays, or does not pay, can matter little to my guests,' said Sir Baldred haughtily.

'In the outer hall we've a butt o't on tap, Bailie, ready for all comers, when sic folks as the Scougals o' that ilk, keep but a barrel o' twopenny ale,' said the old butler with commendable pride.

'Sneer not at Scougal, John,' said his master angrily; 'he lost much in that d—nable Revolution of '88.'

'And now, sirs,' said Sir John Mitchell, rising, 'shall we join Miss Otterburn at a dish of tea?'

On this, Lord Dalquharn and Mr. Egerton, whose thoughts had been in the withdrawing-room, for some time past, rose with equal alacrity, and hastened towards the door, the arras of which was withdrawn by the butler, and though heavy drinking was then the fashion—and more so among the Jacobites than the more cautious whigs—I am glad to record that not one of the six gentlemen were in a state to make pretty Bryde blush, or tremble for the safety of her tea equipage, though their clothes and periwigs smelt most odiously of tobacco.

## CHAPTER XII.

### THE WITHDRAWING-ROOM.

'Even as I muse, my former life returns,  
And youth's first ardour in my bosom burns,  
Like music melting in a lover's dream,  
I hear the murmuring song of Teviot's stream.  
The crisping rays that on the waters lie,  
Depict a paler moon, a fainter sky;  
While, through the inverted alder boughs below,  
The twinkling stars with greener lustre glow.'—*John Leyden.*

ACQUAINTED by her grandfather, of *who* Captain Douglas and Captain Mitchell really were, and of what was their ultimate object in visiting Auldham, the poor little heart of Bryde Otterburn was sadly fluttered. Like nearly all the Scottish ladies of the period, she was enthusiastically loyal, for the Stuarts had their most active and devoted adherents among the fair sex. When Prince Charles was at Holyrood, four months after this time, so great was the crush of fine ladies at his levee in the Gallery of the Kings, that they broke the staff of the royal standard, which the veterans of his Highland guard considered a bad omen of the future. So Bryde looked to the coming time of battle and peril, with mingled joy and apprehension. The young Lord Dalquharn now filled her thoughts to an extent, that our new acquaintance, Beau Egerton of the Kentish Buffs, could not have suspected or relished.

She remembered him, not as the lord, but the master of Dalquharn, a handsome boy, when she was but a girl of ten, and prior to her being boarded with Madame Straiton, that most prim and discreet 'mistress of manners.' He it was who had often led her pony so gallantly along the edge of the beetling cliffs; who fearlessly slung himself over them at a rope's-end, to gather the eggs of the gannet and puffin; the brave companion with whom she had many a time explored the vast chambers of Tantallan, reaping its

lofty towers with grim and mail-clad warriors like Bell-the-cat, and proud imperious dames, like Agnes, the Black Countess of Dunbar, who mocked the warlike Salisbury, when he retired 'foiled by a woman's hand, before a shattered wall.'

And there were the ruins, too, of St. Baldred's chapel, where all their kindred lay; and there were the deep recesses of the Druid's cave at Seacliff; the woody shades of the Deil's Loan, and many other places they had explored together, came back with all their incidents, to memory now, and she still thought with terror of the day when she must have perished, on a boating expedition to the Bass, had he not borne her up bravely, and kissed her, and besought her not to be afraid!

The handsome boy who had trussed and plumed her hawks, and trained her long-eared and pug-nosed Bologna spaniel to play a score of pretty tricks; behind whom she had often ridden on a pillion to hear Mr. Carfuffle preach in Whitekirk, and once to Edinburgh to see the Tolbooth, after it had been attacked by the Porteous mob; and for whom she had wept herself to sleep on the bosom of old Dame Dorriel, many a night, after he went far away to France, beyond the sea, had come to visit them again, a tall, winning, and—she must acknowledge it—an extremely well-favoured man, with a gravity of carriage, a somewhat sad expression of eye, but with a studious politeness and calm reserve beyond his years; but all the result of an early life of peril, of political intrigue, of exile, and, perhaps, of—poverty.

It seemed to her like some of the fairy stories or romances she had read—this unexpected visit. She thought of Amadis de Gaul, of Gloriana, and of Urganda the Unknown, and the heroes and heroines of other works, which had been lent to her in secret, by my Lady Haddington, as they both feared Mr. Carfuffle, who hated a romance, because the name was nearly akin to Romanism.

Glancing at the mirror (and seldom did it reflect a more winning face or more lovely figure), she smoothed her bright brown hair, and shook out her hoop, which, Heaven knows, was ample enough. She opened and shut her fan impatiently, and arranged and rearranged the tiny cups of Dresden china upon the mahogany tea-board, which stood on a large buhl gueridon, or tripod table. The water hissed in the silver urn. On one massive silver salver was a pile of currant 'scones,' or cakes, the work of Bryde's own hands, and on another rose a pyramid of *petits-gâtelles-gâteaux*—a species of short-cake, still called by the Scots, in homely fashion, 'petticoat tails.'

And now, as the voices of Sir Baldred and his guests were heard in the corridor, Bryde gave a last glance round the drawing-room, the chairs of which were covered with blue Flanders damask, the walls being tapestried at each end and wainscotted elsewhere; the wax-lights in the pale brouze chandelier were burning brightly, and all her peculiar domain looked elegant and cheerful, as the

gentlemen entered, with the usual apologies for lingering over the bottle; and a charming picture the little heiress of Otterburn made, as she sat in an antique chair, her feet in tiny white slippers with high red heels, resting on a velvet tabourette, and the rich damask curtains festooned as a background, while she dispensed from the gueridon table, the beverage called tea, in the smallest of cups and saucers.

Tea was still somewhat of a rarity in Scotland, and had first been brought into that country towards the close of the preceding century by Sir Andrew Kennedy, who was Lord Conservator of the Scottish Privileges at Campvere, and had received a small parcel of it, as a present from the Dutch East India Company.

'I am assured that Miss Otterburn must have thought us very ungallant in leaving her so long alone,' said Mr. Egerton, with his most insinuating smile, as he placed himself at once, by her side.

'But we were talking of politics, Miss Otterburn,' added Dalquharn, 'and they grow more interesting every day.'

'Especially to us,' she replied by an arch glance.

'Yes—to us, indeed,' said Dalquharn, with a smile.

'And you were drinking toasts, doubtless, Mr. Egerton, amid loyal and hickupping cheers—oh, I understand.'

'No, indeed, we were not,' he replied, earnestly.

'Then I must give you one,' said she, lowering her voice and stooping towards Egerton, who had humbly seated himself on a tabourette similar to that on which her little feet were resting.

'You, madam?'

'Yes—I; do you think it droll?'

'And your toast is, prythee—'

'Long live King James VIII.,' whispered the pretty rogue, almost into the side curls of Egerton's wig, half-closing her merry brown eyes, and half-stooping towards him; and as she held aloft a little Dresden cup, displaying a round and taper arm of marvellous whiteness and beauty, bare, save its bracelet, to the dimpled elbow, which emerged from a short sleeve edged by a long fall of lace of Malines, she looked beautiful, brilliant and droll! 'Dost hear me, sir? Ah that I were a man, and wore a sword and perriwig, instead of this mob-cap and fardingale! Long live King James VIII., the brother of the good Queen Anne!'

'I dare not, Miss Otterburn—I protest to you—I dare not drink it, even in this stuff called tea,' urged poor Egerton, colouring, and glancing nervously towards Captain Wyvil.

'Well, I cry for mercy, sir, and crave pardon.'

'Pardon of me,' said he, looking quite radiant.

'Yes; it is wrong and ungenerous of me to think of putting you in a false position, even in jest.'

'*A la santé de la bonne cause!*' said Egerton, draining his cup, and laughing; 'I think that hath the true ring of the Court of St. Germain—ch?'

Good Captain Wyvil looked smilingly towards them, and shook his large wig, while saying, 'Egad, don't seek to seduce my subaltern from his allegiance, Miss Otterburn, though I fear many a more loyal man than he hath figured in St. Giles round-house before now. Come, Talbot, though a sprightly spark, don't forget that your father was a grave whig, a leading member in the Calves'-head Club, and figured sword in hand in the famous riot that was dispersed by the Foot Guards and the King's Musketeers.'

'Another cup of tea my—Captain Douglas?' Bryde hesitated and blushed, she had almost addressed him by his title.

'I thank you, yes,' said Dalquharn, his sword tilting up, as he made a low bow.

'My—my what? *her* Captain Douglas!' thought Egerton and the Bailie too, as their eyes met by chance.

'A rare and beautiful China this!' observed Dalquharn.

'Oh, sir, 'tis very poor, be assured,' said Bryde, colouring; 'and yet it was my mother's marriage gift from the exile Earl Marishal.'

'I have seen a set that looked less beautiful, and for which a king gave a regiment of horse,' said Sir John Mitchell to Captain Wyvil.

'Yes; I too have seen it at Dresden, in the Neustadt; it was given to the Elector Augustus II., by Frederick I. of Prussia, in exchange for a regiment of Cuirassiers fully equipped. He was then founding the military force of his kingdom, and so was parting even with his beloved China.'

And now Bryde, when she saw the two attainted Jacobites and the two red-coated officers all so blithe and pleasant together, wondered if the time would really come, and she trembled for it, when they might be cutting each other's throats on the battle-field!

A volume of the 'Orpheus Caledonius' of Allan Ramsay, presented by him to her mother, and dedicated by the poet to the Princess of Wales, Wilhelmina Caroline, of Brandenburg-Anspach (Sir Baldred had torn out *that* leaf) stood open on the music-stand.

Our simple grandmothers—aye, and even our mothers too in England, but still more in Scotland, knew no other songs than those of their native island; and had neither the 'snobbery,' nor the bad taste to imitate foreign *artistes* by attempting opera, or to impose bad German or worse Italian, on an audience which knew, perhaps, not a word of either. Such high accomplishment, or vagaries were all unknown at Madame Straiton's establishment, 'opposite His Grace of Queensberry's lodgings in the Canongate;' so now Bryde Otterburn ran her white fingers over the keys of the wiry-sounding spinnet (an instrument sorely inferior to one of Collard's grand tri-cord pianos), and sang the march of the Viscount Kenmure, just as her mother had taught her—she to whom the handsome cavalier, so young and gay, had waived a farewell with his plumed hat, as he rode forth with his troop of two hundred

gallant Galwegian yeomen for England, to return no more, for he sealed his loyalty with his blood on Tower-hill, after the memorable rising of 1715.

'O Kenmure is on the awa, Willie,  
O Kenmure is on the awa!  
And Kenmure's Lord is the bravest Lord,  
That ever Galloway saw!'

We are sorry to admit that this song being a national one, would only be sung now in the kitchen of Bryde's descendants; but it was not so then, and the hearts of the two returned exiles were stirred within them, by a deep and earnest emotion, while the lively girl sang, and especially at the last verse—

'Here's to him that's far awa, Willie,  
Here's victory owre his foes;  
And here's a flower that I lo'e best,  
The Rose, the snow white Rose!'

As she sang, the Bailie, into whose huge but meanly moulded brain, the good wines he had imbibed were mounting, hovered near the spinnet, with his hands vulgarly thrust under his square, buckram-stiffened coat-tails, and with a strange, half-tipsy and half-gloating expression in his pale, cunning eyes, while he regarded the bright, laughing girl, who, without waiting either for applause or invitation, dashed at once into the 'Bonnie briar bush,' another high cavalier song, in which its snowy blossoms are likened to the white cockades of the loyalists; and he seemed to see two lovely heads, each crowned by a waggish mob-cap, and four white arms, with gemmed hands, running swiftly over the keys.

'Well, Bailie,' said Lord Dalquharn, who had been eyeing him narrowly; 'how like you the song? think you not that in our national music Miss Otterburn excels?'

'Excels!' repeated the Bailie, somewhat startled by Dalquharn's cool, but lofty manner; 'excels—O—O—O!' he exclaimed with one of those prolonged howls, peculiar to a certain class of canterers when quoting Scripture, "Many daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all," Bryde Otterburn, and weel may the words o' the Proverbs be applied to you.'

Bryde, who did not 'see' the application, smiled so proudly and disdainfully, that the vulture eyes shut and opened, while their proprietor drew back a little way.

The lofty bearing of the two passengers, who had come so mysteriously, and to his great annoyance by the 'Etoile de la mer,' puzzled him; his brain was not in its clearest state at that moment, but he felt convinced that they were something more than mere captains in the Dutch service—in fact, that they were, according to the phraseology of the time, 'persons of quality,' *gens de marque*, or men of condition. Bryde's glance to Dalquharn at the line about 'the snow white rose' conveyed a volume, a clue if one were wanting, and he would follow it up!

'A fearless little Jacobite it is!' said Captain Wyvil, smiling, as he presented his gold snuff box to Sir Baldred, who sat in his easy chair, beating time on the hilt of his sword, and a bright expression lighting up his old wrinkled face.

But now the party was to separate for the night. Dalquharn and Mitchell both looked weary, and a stirrup cup of mulled port was ordered, then another and another followed; and it is with some shame we have to record that on this night the poor old baronet got rather disreputably tipsy, proposed 'the health of his sacred Majesty Charles II., now reigning,' and insisted on singing some very rebellious songs to Captain Wyvil who laughed, good humoured, as he and the butler helped him to bed, where he dozed off to sleep, singing, in a quavering voice—

'To wanton me, to wanton me,  
Oh, ken ye what maist would wanton me?  
To see King James at Edinburgh Cross,  
Wi' fifty thousand foot and horse;  
Oh, that is what maist would wanton me!'

Dalquharn was not without fears that he and his companion might be unwittingly betrayed. To drink deep was one of the sins of that time, when 'a man of fashion (to quote a great writer) often passed a quarter of his day at cards, and another quarter at drink. I have known many a pretty fellow, who was a wit too, ready of *reparté*, and possessed of a thousand graces, who would be puzzled if he had to write more than his own name.'

The two English officers took their swords, and set forth to visit the village of Auldham, and ascertain whether their men were all in quarters, if not abed, and the Bailie took his departure, staff in hand, to return to North Berwick, a three miles' walk, in the moonlight.

We have said, that this most wily and watchful personage could drink without ever getting quite inebriated; on this occasion, however, it was apparent to Mr. Birniebousle, as he somewhat contemptuously slammed the iron barbican-gate on ushering him out, that the magistrate and elder set forth on his pilgrimage, to what he termed 'his tents and his flesh pots of Egypt,' with his tie perriwig, very much over his eyes, and that he seemed to be sorely troubled by the breadth, rather than by the length of the road, for even saints and patriarchs 'have had their weak moments, long since Father Noah toppled over after discovering the vine.'

'Gin ye tyne the gate and gae owre Tantallan Craigs into the sea, 'twere but a sma' misfortune to the country side,' thought the old Butler with a saturnine grin, as the Bailie, whom he liked as little as his master, went unsteadily down the avenue, with a mind full of vague ideas that he had a great Jacobite plot to discover—ideas sharpened by avarice, covetousness, and jealousy.

Yes, strange as it may appear, this earthly worm felt a scorching



jealousy alike of Dalquharn and Egerton, whom he had left, too evidently as rivals, in possession of the fair fortress at Auld-hame !

### CHAPTER XIII.

#### IN VINO VERITAS.

'Davy.—Shame, sir ! He's a soldier, a man of pleasure. — A wife would be too heavy luggage for him to carry about with him.'

*The Highland Fair, an opera, 1731.*

SAFE in the dwelling of a friend, although that dwelling also received two persons who might soon be mortal foes, Lord Dalquharn of the Holm, and Sir John Mitchell, had no need to look to the charges of their pistols on this night.

Mrs. Dorriel Grahame the housekeeper, with a wax candle in each hand, conducted his Lordship, whom she did not recognise, though he remembered her well of old, with her Flemish coif, its long lappets and black silk band, her grey stuff gown and large white neckerchief, her motherly kindness, and her quaint garrulity.

He remembered the room perfectly too, with its gilt leather hangings, manufactured some fifty years before by the celebrated Bailie Brand of Edinburgh, and its antique pillard oak bed, placed on three steps and canopied like a tomb, the curtains being, as Dame Dorriel told him, 'shewit wi' pearlying on cramozie by the bonnie white hands o' her ain doo Miss Bryde,' which no doubt greatly enhanced their interest in his eyes : 'it was a feather bed, mairowre, wi' double Scottish blankets, forebye twelve others in the house,' she added, with laudable pride : 'but nane she feared were cosy or soft enough, for the twa English captains, deevil hyde them !'

Dalquharn looked earnestly at the old woman, and smiled, as one in a dream. It seemed but yesterday since he last heard her voice and beheld her hale old face, which had not one wrinkle more. She trembled at the idea of ghosts and warlocks, yet wore on one of her fingers a ring made of a coffin hinge as a spell against cramp, and had been cured of a tumour by nine strokes of a dead man's hand at sunrise—the hand of the poor wretch who hung in chains at the town-end of North Berwick ; and had at her bed head a hag-stone, or perforated pebble, slung on a red thread, to prevent night-mare by evil spirits sitting on her stomach.

She saw that the stranger was a comely and handsome young man, and so, surveying him kindly, bade him good night, hoped he would sleep sound, and backed out of the chamber with a low, old fashioned courtesy.

How well Dalquharn remembered this apartment, for it had been that of his father and mother, with its walls stamped over with

alternate thistles and fleurs-de-lys, in heavy gilding, and the deep stone fireplace with its elliptical arch and massive Scottish mouldings, the keystone being a shield, charged with the three otters' heads of Otterburn.

In that room, they had slept for months, those beloved parents, and on those pillows, where his own was to lie, their revered heads had reposed—heads lying low enough now, beneath the pavement of the royal chapel at St. Germain, and as he looked around, their figures seemed to rise before him. Nothing here was changed save himself, for many years more than were his, seemed to have passed since then—years of stirring action, hot hate, and passion, deep intrigue and care—years of wandering and hope, battle and disaster!

'I shall dream of bright, laughing Bryde Otterburn,' thought he, as he laid his head on the pillow, 'and think only how lovely my little friend of other times has grown.'

Meanwhile Bryde, who was reposing in her pretty bed, and thinking perhaps of Dalquharn, could little know that she was the subject of a lively conversation elsewhere.

The new moon was shining high, sharp and clearly, in the blue sky, its pale light mingling with the last red flush of the May sunset, which still lingered beyond the Fifeshire hills; for the hour was not yet ten; but people were usually early abed in those days, especially in the country. Captain Wyvil and Lieutenant Egerton were returning from the village and home-farm of Auldham (a quaint, old, picturesque house is the latter, and still remarkable for its square and massive chimneys), after having seen Colour-Sergeant Tony Teesdale, and found all their gallant Buffs in quarters; and now as they proceeded homeward, Captain Wyvil discovered that his subaltern was a little in liquor, and very much in love.

Egerton had drunk quite enough at dinner, and of the stirrup cup after, to have his tongue loosed, and his steps made a little unsteady, on issuing into the open air. At some distance they passed Bailie Balcraftie, as he quitted the avenue and stumbled along the highway towards Castleton, on his way home.

'There goes old Swivel-eyes,' said Egerton; 'let us avoid him, and strike through the fields to reach home. I hate that sly Scot; and, gad, I feel somehow that he hates me—yes, rot him, hates me! But to return to what we were saying. Well, Marmaduke Wyvil, what think you of our little Scots beauty here?

'How uow, what mean you? Think?'

'Yes.'

'I think she hath smitten you, friend Talbot.'

'Egad, I vow, I protest, that I am quite astonished! Steady—eyes front!' stammered Egerton, making a lurch against the captain, and nearly tearing one of his epaulettes off. 'As for the people of this country, I hate 'em, as every true-born Englishman should.'

'Well?' said Wyvil, a little impatiently.

'I came here with some of our old English traditions and family notions in my head. You know that my mother is a grand-daughter of Sir Anthony Weld, who writ a pleasant book of travels in Scotland, which he described to be a wild and mountainous country, infested, however, "by no monsters, except women?" Well, when I heard that the old "laird of that ilk," as the people here call him (whatever the devil it may mean), had a pretty granddaughter, I thought she might solace me during our banishment in this land of bondage and brimstone, smugglers and psalm-singers. I fancied her a freckled, red-headed Scots wench, in neat's leather shoes, and yarn stockings of her own spinning, a linsey-woolsey petticoat, with a calimanco and high wooded pattens for wet weather; but, begad, sir! surprised I was indeed to find her in laced slippers, with high French red heels and fine silk socks; a hoop like Queen Anne's, some six yards wide at least; and her hair, at times, done over a toupee—all as fine, forsooth, as any lady of quality in Piccadilly, who drinks tea and takes snuff "à la Pompadour."'

'Nay, nay, snuffs she none, my friend; but I repeat that you are too evidently smitten in that quarter,' said Wyvil, taking the young fellow's arm to steady him.

'Smitten? Well, perhaps I am.'

'And with a little Scots girl.'

'What a joke! I can fancy the dismay at our house in Piccadilly. My father, mother, and sisters, fancy that we are among cannibals here; and yet for fashion and bearing this girl might vie with any woman in town.'

'So you have surrendered to this Caledonian Sacharissa, this Lindamira, who bakes, brews, and spins; who is great in the manufacture of scented waters and elder-flower wine; who is as gay and as waggish as any noble shepherdess at the Court of Louis XV.; and, by Jove, she looks very like one, when she wears powder!'

'Surrendered! Not quite yet; nor have I even brought her to the point. I have often tried to do so, during the short time we have been here; but we have so many disputes on politics, and then I think she only tolerates me. Tolerates *me*, forsooth! And, egad! Wyvil, I can't help thinking that if things progress as they are doing, between Lowlander and Highlander, we Englishmen here may ere long find ourselves between the hawk and the buzzard. Concerning his nationality, our old friend the Squire of Auldham is as mad as a March hare.'

'Not more mad than you are, Egerton. You cannot expect him to turn Englishman and adopt *your* views, which are quite as provincial as his own. You judge of him harshly, too: he is but a man of the old school, and such a school has existed in all ages. Perhaps the first Briton who begirt his netherman with a sheepskin, and built him a wigwam, was despised as effeminate by some

noble savage of the old school, who contented him with a coat of blue paint, and a cheap residence in the root of a tree.'

'A queer old cock it is!' continued Egerton, who, being tipsy, was irate, jealous, and droll by turns. 'He actually swore and was indignant because I gave vails to his servants, and they were offended too!'

'And yet we deem these Scots avaricious and poor, though 'tis a land where all men work and all disdain to beg.'

'Then who is this Captain Douglas? Some poor devil of a Scot, with all his income on his back, or in the plated hilt of his hanger. Gad! I wonder if he knoweth *carte* and *tierce*, and can handle that same hanger?'

'To judge by the lack of lace on his frock, I fear me that Douglas is poor,' said Captain Wyvil, gently.

'Poor! I should think so,' resumed Egerton, waxing more wroth with the conviction that Bryde on this evening had considerably slighted himself; 'all his demmed countrymen are; but there is mischief brewing among them here; I could see it even in the brown eyes of that girl to-night. The devil!—a proud, prinked-up baggage it is, and, for all I know, perhaps as slippery in the tail as handsome!'

'Talbot!' exclaimed Captain Wyvil, 'beware of letting your jealousy run riot thus.'

'When I first came here,' continued the ill-used Mr. Egerton, 'I thought to kiss and slop the maids as we do elsewhere; but, by Jove, sir, I had my face slapped and a good Ramillie wig torn by a cheek-boned cockatrice, who threatened me with the minister and the "Kirk Session," whatever that may be: and then, when I said to the Squire, "demme, old boy, that maid of Miss Bryde's is decidedly pretty—I rather like her," he reddened like a turkeycock, and laid a hand on the old-fashioned rapier that is never from his side—I fancy he sleeps with it—and then begged pardon with a Frenchified bow, saying, that he should not forget I was his guest. But Miss Otterburn is charming!' added the Lieutenant, relapsing into the maudlin state. 'You know, as Defoe says, "we are forbidden at Highgate to kiss the maid when we may kiss the mistress;" and when I see her hanging about her old grand-dad's neck and kissing *him*——'

'A very pretty sight. Her filial love quite enchants me,' said honest Wyvil.

'It doth me too, Marmaduke—it doth me too! but I can tell you it sets my heart on fire, and I should like to share some of those filial kisses. Yet, if I do but take her hand, she turns from me with such a touch-me-not cock of her pretty nose, looks superb, and sweeps away with her hoop inflated, till she will-nigh shows her garters.'

'A sight which, I suppose, makes the matter worse,' said Wyvil, laughing outright at the aggrieved tone of his friend and brother

officer ; ' but harkee, Beau Egerton—take care that our brown-eyed Scots girl don't make a Jacobite of thee.'

' In which case——'

' You may lose your head as well as your heart. The best recruiting serjeants of the Pretender are the fair sex ; every woman seems to think she hath an order to beat up in his cause, here in Scotland at least. Be warned by me. I have been in many a garrison-town, my friend, in Flanders, and at home in England beyond the Border, so my heart is not likely to catch fire here in Scotland,' said Wyvil, with less gallantry than he would have exhibited in Bryde's presence. ' Suppose the girl would marry you, could you settle down here ?'

Egerton steadied himself and took a tipsy survey of the fields that stretched far away westward in the clear cold moonlight, the dense woodlands, and the old house, whose quaint turrets rose above them.

' Here—demme, no ! I might hunt my harriers, and lead a kind of respectable jogtrot life like a turnspit-dog, or a squirrel in a cage, till the old boy died ; then I should sell off the whole place—house, lands, everything, and invest in England, in Surrey, somewhere near London—go into parliament, perhaps—who can say what I might do ; but as for a living death in this region of pride and hypocrisy, sour-visaged sabbatarians, oatmeal, and brimstone, it ain't to be thought of ! The very idea of the thing makes me long for London, with its gaieties, its pretty bar-keepers in the taverns and chocolate houses at Covent Garden and Whitehall. Fancy this old tory Put, Sir Baldred, having such a couple of rake-hells in his house !'

' Talbot, you speak for yourself,' said Wyvil, seriously.

' Nay, I speak for you too, slyboots !' exclaimed Egerton, giving Wyvil a most vigorous poke in the ribs, as they passed through the barbican gate ; ' but I must bring matters to an issue—I shall propose to my little Scots charmer on the first opportunity—by Jove, I shall !'

## CHAPTER XIV.

### BRYDE'S FOUR LOVERS.

' Oh, lady, lady ! that dear place,  
Though poor of soil, and scant in space,  
Where she we love, the girl whose grace  
Has with sweet bondage blessed the breast.  
That spot, where she in pomp doth hide,  
However mean, o'er all beside,  
Empires of power, and lands of pride,  
Is sweetest, richest, fairest, best.'

*Tennant's Poems.*

THE opportunity so coveted by Mr. Talbot Egerton, of the Kentish Buffs, did not, however, come very readily.

The acquaintance of Bryde with her early friend Lord Dalquharn, now rapidly ripened into friendship, and from friendship it expanded on both sides to a growing—love!

Three days in each other's society sufficed to achieve this, and already Dalquharn felt that Bryde Otterburn was to be his *fate*. When a man of five-and-twenty, good looking, handsome, courageous, and experienced, makes up his mind thus, matters are pretty sure to progress rapidly.

Yet knowing the deadly game he had to play—the perilous errand on which he had come, Dalquharn was not without painful doubts, fears, and compunction, about revealing his growing passion to Bryde Otterburn.

There were actually times, when he almost made up his mind to leave her and Auldham, and return no more, until the intended rising in the North had been decided for weal or for woe, and until his own destiny was known, for he trembled to involve poor Bryde and the good old enthusiast, her grandfather, in the ruin which too surely fell on all who adhered to the unhappy House of Stuart.

Thus, many times did this brave and generous young noble struggle with his heart and resolve to go, but the charm, the infatuation of his love for Bryde, was too sweet, too powerful; and a word, a smile, a touch of her fairy hand, dissipated his greatest resolutions. Daily he said, 'I shall leave her!' and day after day found him still lingering at Auldham.

The arrival of the two friends, from abroad, too, was an event of the first magnitude, in the usually dull life led by Bryde Otterburn. Books there were few then published in Edinburgh; dull romances were imported from England and read in secret; duller books of devotion were read in public, a little ostentatiously, perhaps. There were few journals to give an account of affairs at home or abroad, and the 'Scots Magazine,' under its coarse blue cover, was not very lively with its 'summary of public affairs—proceedings of the political club—and domestic history.' Still less lively were the columns of that dingy little quarto, the 'Caledonian Mercury,' which the riding postboy, or the carrier, brought to Auldham, every second or third day after its publication, and to which Sir Baldred adhered faithfully, because it was always in the interest of the good old cause, and had been so since the restoration.

Unless in exile, France was forbidden ground to the Scottish gentry now, and a residence at home within the narrow circle of their mountains and glens, contracted their minds and filled them with strange, morose and gloomy prejudices, unknown to their forefathers a few generations back, when the gay ambassadors of France, Spain, and Austria, had their hotels in that fashionable region, the Cowgate of Edinburgh!

Poor Bryde saw only the world at Church, and what a dismal little world it was! Yet weekly, it was something to look forward to—the ride to Whitekirk—in all weathers, to hear the Reverend

Aminadab Carfuffle expound in nasal tones on the glories of Judea, and the terrors of a certain place with a warmer climate, for two hours by the pulpit sand glass.

With her grandfather's prelatical instincts, named as he had been, Baldred, after the patron saint of the district and of his race, and named as *she* had been, Bryde, by Dalquharn's mother (who was a catholic of the House of Kenmure), the gentle girl, though stunned and bewildered by the harsh and stormy theology of Mr. Carfuffle, and the expostulations of the Bailie, could never be thought to think much evil of the ancient creed, as the mass of her countrymen did, when she remembered how many good and pure, true and loyal men and women had died in the faith of their Christian forefathers. In that faith did William Wallace die, and Robert Bruce bequeath his heart to the Holy Sepulchre.

The family always went mounted to church; the baronet and two grooms wearing their swords with holster pistols, while Bryde rode her favourite pad. She would have disdained alike as too effeminate, the use either of a sedan, like the Lady Haddington, or of a glass coach, like the Laird of Newbyth; and as for her grandfather, he would as soon have thought of going in a palanquin or an air balloon (had he ever heard of them) as in either of those conveyances, while he had a good nag in his stable; and when she went thus abroad, as veils were not then worn, Bryde had her charming face concealed by a little velvet masque.

When she first appeared at church, escorted by Dalquharn, who looked so handsome and distinguished, he quite divided the attention of the congregation, with my Lady Haddington's little blackamoor in a Spanish dress, with a silver collar round his neck—a creature she had bought at Glasgow market, to attend her at service and in her walks abroad; to carry her muff, fan, or Bible; to feed her marmoset and parrot, and comb out the breed of spaniels given to her mother by Charles II.

Withal, Bryde was a happy and busy creature, and in working at her spinning-wheel, in colouring satin, making wax flowers and embroidery, or tambour-work, in playing on her spinnet (one of Fenton's best), when she picked up a new song by Mr. Allan Ramsay, she had always employment enough.

Egerton, who, like most well-bred men of those days, played pretty fairly upon the violin and flute, frequently accompanied her at the spinnet; and with all his secret and ill-concealed dislike of Scotland and the Scots, he had soon found the impossibility of not striving to please a beautiful young girl; and, as she knew no other airs than those of her own country, he was compelled to make, what he deemed, a merit of necessity, and acquire them, which he did very readily.

After the arrival of Lord Dalquharn, there was a change in all this, for save in the evening, and when the iron gates were closed for the night, the spinnet was rarely opened. Between the brown-

eyed heiress and the young attainted lord, there was a mutual bond of national and political sympathy, which the young English officer could not comprehend—a secret intelligence of which he could make nothing, save that it piqued his pride, wounded his somewhat inordinate self-esteem, and, while it confirmed his passion for Bryde, also filled him with a jealous fury.

Egerton presented her with a silver-mounted flageolet, and in the gallantry of the day, the mouth-piece was obstructed by a piece of paper, on examining which, she found it contained a copy of verses addressed, as it were, by the happy instrument to her coral lips and slender fingers. These had been copied, we are sorry to say, wholesale by Egerton from the 'London Magazine,' wherein a poetical strephon had sighed them forth, to his real or imaginary Chloe or Lindamira. Innocent Bryde never doubted that they were the rogue's own production, and declared them to be 'vastly pretty!'

But when Dalquharn presented her with a bronze medal, which but two months before, he had received from a certain royal hand, that gift she prized much more, and kissed with the devotion of a pilgrim, who beholds the reliques he has trod a thousand miles to see.

It bore the effigy of 'Charles Prince of Wales, 1745,' and on the reverse, 'AMOR ET SPES,' around a figure of Britannia standing erect, with a fleet in the background.

All the purposes and hopes of the royal exiles, the intentions of himself and Sir John Mitchell, he had to narrate to her again and again. He had also to describe the king, the young Prince of Wales, and his brother Henry, the Duke of York and Albany (they were studious in giving every title, those sturdy Jacobites), also Her Majesty the Queen, Maria-Clementina, whom he had often seen, the mother of that 'bonnie Prince Charlie,' who was yet to be embalmed in the hearts and the songs of the people, daughter of Prince James Sobieski, and granddaughter of the Liberator. Their appearance, their sayings, their eyes, their hair, &c., all he had to describe and relate, for Bryde was never weary of the theme, and listened to him with her loyal heart beating high, the colour in her soft cheek deepened and her brown eyes sparkling; and all these things had to be spoken of, when they were alone, or at least when Wyvil and Egerton were *not* present, so between the two young visitors there was now a most decided, though as yet unacknowledged, rivalry.

Talbot Egerton had become even more than usually careful of his hitherto scrupulous toilet; a greater slave to his mirror, to puffing his regimental wig with powder, to the arrangement of his ruffles, his choice of sleeve-links, kneebuckles and brooch, his fall of point-d'Espane; and nearly drove his valet, a stolid Yorkshire grenadier, crazy, by the adjustment of his side curls and the black silk bag or flash, that hung between his shoulders; but poor



Egerton arrayed himself in vain for conquest now, as Dalquharn, in his somewhat faded green suit, with his own fair hair simply queued by a ribband (like the young Prince Charles, whom he was fond of thinking he resembled), his soft and tender, but manly eyes, his bearing so gallant, earnest, and at times pre-occupied and sad, seemed to Bryde the beau-ideal of all she had read or heard of, that a hero or prince should be—the magnificent young princes of those dear old fairy tales, which have charmed so many generations of boys and girls, and whose authors are scarcely known.

Egerton's quotations from Ovid, or from the rapid 'Poetical Essays' of the London Magazine, then published at 'the three Flower-de-luces, in St. Paul's Churchyard,' or from the poems of Mr. Edmund Waller, whose works he greatly admired, were not always either apt or happy, and his citations from the latter, by frequently exciting her laughter, greatly annoyed him, for he deemed the author of 'The Gentle Shepherd' not worthy to tie the shoe string of him, who sang of Sacharissa.

When Egerton would quote—

"While in the park I sing, the listening deer  
Attend my passion, and forget to fear;  
When to the beeches I report my flame,  
They bow their heads, as if they felt the same:  
To gods appealing, when I reach their bowers,  
With loud complaints they answer me in showers.  
To thee a wild and cruel soul is given,  
More deaf than trees, and prouder than the heaven!"

Bryde would laugh merrily at the poor poet being rained on, and at that overstrained hyperbole, which seemed to the amorous Lieutenant of the Buffs, a singular combination of grandeur and tenderness. Then, as no lover likes to be laughed at, he would leave her in a pet, or by blundering or committing mistakes, by talking of the Pretender and the rebels (ever a sad error in Scotland), he would irritate the girl he was most desirous of pleasing.

'This young gentleman hath served a popgun campaign or so, in Flanders; but he will never be a hero,' he once remarked, chiefly to pique 'Captain Douglas,' who stood near them.

'A hero, perhaps not,' said Bryde, who saw the sudden and painful flush that crossed the cheek of the attainted lord: 'had he a heart that knew neither genuine love or honest hatred, he might be like your adored Prince of Orange; pity nor fear, he might equal the greatest of your regicides, Cromwell; and if he were without regret or remorse, he might be greater than either; but being a brave young gentleman of five-and-twenty, pretending to nothing—'

'Save as a Catholic to the crown of these Protestant realms, my dear madam.'

'Enough, sir; let us talk no more of this,' Bryde would say, filled with sudden anger, planting her high heel on the floor, and

ruffling out her flounces, as she turned away in wrath from the laughing Englishman, who really cared not a rush for the matter, till he saw that he was only widening the breach between them.

'On my honour—on my knees, if you prefer it, I crave your pardon, Miss Otterburn,' the good-natured fellow would exclaim; 'it is indeed most difficult for an Englishman to speak about anything in Scotland, without giving offence to some one.'

'How so, sir?'

'It is a land of—such devilish whim-whams.'

'What hath made it so?' said Bryde, opening and shutting her fan vigorously.

'May I die if I can ever tell you.'

'Then I shall—your southern interference, open and secret for centuries, alike with church and state, have split, severed and divided the people; but a time shall come anon, when these things shall be amended,' the fiery little Jacobite would add.

Then with the air of a tragedy queen, she would give Egerton her ungloved hand to kiss, and he would bow his head over it, like a courtly young gentleman, as he certainly was, at times, and for a little space he would be gay and hopeful again.

A few days passed away thus, quietly, rapidly, and pleasantly at the secluded old manor house of Auldham.

Egerton, who was extremely anxious to please, played picquet, cribbage, back-gammon, and the knightly game of chess with Sir Baldred, to whom he talked much of the new game of billiards, which had not as yet crossed the Tweed. He delighted most, however, in a quiet game of *primero*, at a little side gueridon, with Bryde. This was a game of Spanish origin, played by two, one shilling stake, and three for rest—i.e., pool—and the cards used were longer and narrower than those of the present day; but in this pleasure he was seldom indulged, and on each occasion had been interrupted by the appearance of the odious Bailie Balcraftie, with his stealthy eyes and cat-like step, or by the sour Mr. Carfuffle, and had to relinquish the game in haste, as both minister and elder were in duty bound to rebuke such a sinful waste of time, with a reference to the notorious Colonel Charteris, the gambler and warlock.

But the reader may imagine with what astonishment and dismay Bryde, in her simple ideas of propriety, heard Captain Wyvil mention that he had frequently lost large sums to General Wade, at cards, in public, at the gaming-tables of the Countesses of Mordington and Cassilis, in London, and that he had been present when these noble dames resisted the intrusive peace officers in the preceding year, claiming the privilege of peerage for doing so, a claim, however, refused by the House of Lords.

'A Douglas of Mordington—a Countess of Cassilis!' exclaimed Miss Otterburn, in actual dismay, at such a prostitution of rank and position.

'My dear, wee lassie,' her grandfather said cynically; 'the wives of those who sold their country, may surely add to their ill-gotten gains, by cheating a little at cards.'

Long absent as he had been from his native land, and accustomed to the sallow women of France, it was impossible for Sir John Mitchell to be long insensible to the blooming beauty of Bryde Otterburn, or not to be charmed as an enthusiastic Scotsman and true-hearted cavalier by her rebellious *abandon*, her blunt, open, and fearless loyalty, for she claimed all the dangerous privilege of her sex to say whatever she thought; and, moreover, it was impossible for him not to be stirred by her native songs, which she sang with great sweetness and power.

Though more than twice her age, poor Mitchell would soon have learned to love her more truly, and tenderly than the thoughtless Egerton, whose love, perhaps, began in *ennui*; but he saw that she was the secret object of Dalquharn's heart, and strove to crush the rising flame, that he might prove the more useful subject and soldier to his exiled king.

So Bryde had actually *four lovers* in her little household circle, and almost unknown to herself.

---

## CHAPTER XV.

### BALCRAFTIE ON THE SCENT.

'The fair Matilda dear he loved,

A maid of beauty rare;

Even Margaret on the Scottish throne,

Was never half so fair!

'Lang had he woo'd, lang she refused.

With seeming scorn and pride;

Yet oft her eyes confessed the love,

Her fearful words denied.'—*Sir James the Rose.*

No softer emotions lessened the deep and fervent zeal of Sir John Mitchell. Every horse he passed afield or on the highway, he examined with critical eye, that he might ascertain whether it was fitted for mounting cavalry, dragging light artillery, the siege-train, or the heavy haggage, services the owner had never reckoned it should perform. Every feature of the landscape, and every turn of the road suggested a position to be attacked or defended.

'Among those green whin bushes,' he would say, 'the line of skirmishers would lurk unseen; on yonder grassy knolls would be the field-pieces, unlimbered and loaded; along the ridge between, would be the first line of infantry, with colours flying; and in the hollow beyond would be the reserve and the cavalry, ready to advance at a moment's notice; while yonder bog would cover the right flank, and the bridge of the Tyne, if blown up, would secure the other.'

But Sir Baldred would wince at this suggestion, as he had built, at his own expense, the bridge referred to.

Mitchell loved merry Bryde, but her bright, laughing eyes never lured him to forget, even for a moment, the great mission he had come upon. He had already paid several visits to influential Jacobites in Edinburgh and its vicinity, absenting himself studiously from the spells of the little enchantress at Auldham, and, as the sequel proved, happy would it have been for the young Lord Dalquharn had he done so too.

Sir John with Sir Baldred's horses freely and frequently rode more than forty miles a day on the king's service, each time returning to Auldham with a ruddied cheek, a bright eye, and a brave heart, that beat gaily and anxiously with loyal hope and joy, for he had cheerful tidings to communicate.

Archibald Stewart, Lord Provost of Edinburgh, and some of the magistrates (though they were mounting new cannon on the walls and increasing the city guard), Lieutenant-General Joshua Guest, the new English governor of the Castle, sent specially to supersede old General Preston, because the latter was a Scot, and could not be trusted (though he proved the true Hanoverian in the end), some of the officers of his garrison, Lieutenant-General Peregrine Lascelles' regiment (47th), these and many others in and around the capital were all, as their future conduct evinced, in the interest of the House of Stuart, and who could doubt of success?

Like the Scots of all classes, Sir Baldred grumbled incessantly at his share of the English taxes, consequent to the union. Prior to that event, Scotland, though she had borne her share in the wars of Flanders and the Spanish succession, had no national debt. That millstone, round the neck of England, dated from a much earlier period than 1707. Of the fourteen years of the reign of William of Orange, ten were years of uninterrupted war, waged chiefly for the defence of Holland. Of the thirteen years of Anne, twelve were years of a war that ended only by the disgraceful treaty of Utrecht; and next, the house of Hanover led us into disastrous wars on behalf of that pitiful Electorate. William, a king totally reckless of posterity, spent more than forty-four millions in war; and after all the blood and treasure expended, his ambition and revenge remained unsatisfied, and the ostensible object of the war, the curbing the ambition of Louis XIV., unattained.\*

Smollet says of the strife which ended at the treaty of Ryswick, 'Such was the issue of a long and bloody war, which had drained England of her wealth and people, almost entirely ruined her commerce, debauched her morals, by encouraging venality and corruption, and entailed upon her the curse of foreign connections, as well as a national debt, which was gradually increasing to an intolerable burthen.'

Sir Baldred abhorred the heavy taxation and restrictions those

\* The Extraordinary Black Book.

foreign strifes imposed—taxation for which the equivalent paid by England to Scotland at the union was no recompense, when the total ruin of the east coast trade is considered ; and he looked forward to an imaginary time, when once again, the Otterburns of Auldhame, and other gentlemen along the sea-border, might import their own damask, taffeta, and ironwork from Flanders, and their claret and brandy from France, without the obnoxious interference of a custom-house officer, or a king's cruiser.

'Sir John,' said he, after a long visit the latter had paid to Edinburgh, 'are you equally well assured that London swarms with those who are true to the good cause?'

'Yes—with Jacobites, known and secret, who wait but the prince's advance with a Scottish force ; we have them in the navy—the Lord Muskerry for one we can rely on—and in the army, some, 'tis said, in all regiments, but chiefly among our Irish and National corps, the Greys, the Scots Guards, the Fusileers, and Edinburgh regiment—aye, even among Semples canting Cameronians. We have them among the merchant princes of London, the privy council, and the officers of state,' continued poor Sir John, for on such delusive hopes did the few unfortunate loyalists in Scotland rely, undeterred by the bitter experiences of 1715. 'Here we may count upon the dukes of Douglas, Athole, and Hamilton—I would to heaven we could add Argyle ; but that may never be ; the feud between the Campbells and the Stuarts, is too deeply rooted. Let the prince but land, as his father's regent, and the nation, long weary of German wars and Hanoverian subsidies, will rise as one man, and long ere the snows of Yule are on the mountains, the bells of Holyrood shall have rung for a coronation, and the Elector with his hideous mistresses, may be smoking the pipe of peace, over a mug of beer in Herrenhausen.'

'Pray heaven, this may be so, and no tale of a tub,' said Sir Baldred, earnestly.

'Something is certainly afoot among the people,' said Captain Wyvil, one day, soon after this conversation ; 'and I hope it hath no reference to the rash young gentleman, who aspires so highly.'

'How so, sir—mean you the young Chevalier?' asked Sir Baldred, wheeling his easy chair half round, and fronting the Englishman, whose face wore a somewhat grave expression.

'Yes, good Sir Baldred ; Tony Teesdale, my serjeant, was at the smith's shop in the hamlet, getting the head of his halbert riveted anew, and there in a corner he espied—what think you ? A goodly bundle of sword blades, some long Scots pistols, and so forth.'

'In my young days, 'twas nothing uncommon to see the iron graith of war in a Scot's smithy ; but *now*, Captain——'

'What now?'

'This vile incorporating union hath taken alike the honey from the bee, and the sting from the wasp.'

'I am a loyal man,' replied Wyvil, 'and cannot help beholding the indications of the time, with emotions of sadness and alarm.'

'Sir, you are loyal to those who are on the throne, and I think you not the less a man of honour. I am loyal to the distant and the dead—to kings in exile and kings in the grave, and whilk think you is the most unselfish loyalty of the two?'

'Yours, of course,' said Wyvil, smiling; 'but I pray you, most worthy friend, to let this matter drop, and——'

'We shall have a pint—a Scot's pint—of claret on the head of it!'

In his secret heart, or that ingenious piece of mechanism, which an anatomist would term so—Bailie Reuben Balcraftie far from regretted, he even rejoiced that his acquaintance (he presumed not to term him friend), Sir Baldred, was compromised, as he felt morally certain he was, by the presence of two Jacobite emissaries in his house. Balcraftie liked to have people in his power, no matter whom or how; they might be turned to profit in some way, so he determined to wait and watch well.

Too old to take the field himself, and unable to send men, Sir Baldred resolved to raise some money for the prince's service, and asked the money-lender to accommodate him with five hundred pounds, a sum equal to thrice its present value, or more.

'Money again, Auldham?' said the Bailie, whose curiosity was at once roused.

'Yes, money.'

'But how in the name o' misfortune cometh it to pass, that I find you again like the unthrifty virgins, who had nae oil in their lamps? And in what wild Darien scheme, or South Sea bubble are you proposing to sink the money?'

'You ask too many questions, Mr. Balcraftie,' replied Sir Baldred, sternly. 'You can give me the money, I suppose, or a wadset, over the land of Halfongbarns?'

'True,' said the other, twisting his tiewig about; 'but the sum is an unco large one—and what want you wi' the siller, for sae sure as I am a pardoned——'

'What is it to thee, fellow, if I require the wretched dross, and pay you a usurious interest for it?'

'Your son's funeral, puir fellow, cost enough, I mind, to ruin a barony,' said the Bailie, still 'angling' to discover the baronet's purpose.

'My son's funeral!' retorted the other, with flashing eyes; 'what is that to thee, either, wretch? *Thy* lyke wake will cost less, I warrant. I remember the funeral of Scougal of Whitekirk; there were the Lords of Council and Session, the advocates and clerks to the Signet, and the macers with crape-covered maces, all in mourning, on foot or on horseback, present, and dost think I would give my murdered boy a lesser cortege than his?'

The Bailie changed colour, and his cunning eyes quailed beneath the fiery glance of the old gentleman, yet he ventured to remark,

'This money would outrig a troop of horse.'

'Perhaps,' said the other, drily; 'but if you have not the money, I must apply to old Johnny Screwdriver, the clerk to the Signet, in Craig's Close, and he, I warrant——'

'Ye shall hae the money, Auldhame, ye shall hae the money,' said the other, hastily; 'I've just had that identical sum repaid me by Colonel Gardiner, of Bankton, that pious and Christian soldier, who pores daily over that wonderfu' book, "Heaven taken by Storm."'

'He must have a lively time of it,' said Sir Baldred, who had a great contempt for the gallant officer in question.

'False Carle!' thought the Bailie, as he withdrew, 'thy pride shall hae a sorrowfu' fa', or my name is no Reuben Balcraftie!'

The heavy wadset or bond which he already held over a portion of the Auldhame estate, and which has already been referred to, as consequent to the assassination and robbery of Bryde's father, gave him a certain hold, or influence over the worthy old baronet, otherwise he, Reuben Balcraftie, though Bailie of North Berwick, and elder of St. Andrew's church, had never been tolerated beyond the corridor or housekeeper's room, by the proud Laird of Auldhame, who was now, somehow, constrained to receive him as an occasional guest at his own table.

How such a creature as Balcraftie, a man in his fiftieth year at least, a smuggler, hypocrite, and usurer, a cringing slave to the rich, a grinding tyrant to the poor; a canting, whining, coarse, and burly fellow, with his sleek bearing, his bushy eyebrows, and dull pale watery eyes, thin lips, huge feet and hands, his massive stooping shoulders and stealthy gait, could ever hope to win even one favourable glance from such a girl as Bryde Otterburn; or how he dared to imagine that she could ever view him otherwise than with simple aversion, it is difficult to conceive. So is it hard to comprehend the confidence that made him think of putting himself in competition with two handsome young men like Talbot Egerton and the Lord Dalquharn; one he knew to be of a good old English family, and the other having all the bearing of what he shrewdly suspected him to be, the scion of some noble Scottish house. Yet those there are and have been, whose incongruities or idiosyncrasies of character have led them to nurse schemes, or visions, as wild and desperate.

Balcraftie's jealous hate alternated between the two: as for Sir John Mitchell, he never thought of him as a competitor, as he seldom saw him in Bryde's society, either at home or abroad. Having heard 'Captain Douglas' state that he had been at Auldhame ten years ago, the Bailie had a perilous clue to his identity, he followed it up like a snake and soon discovered him.

'So, so,' said he, depositing his tie-wig on a wig-block in his office, and proceeding to polish his bald pate vigorously with a

yellow bandanna (one of a bale that had come by the 'Etoile de la Mer'), 'Henry Douglas, Master of Dalquharn, was here ten years syne, wi' the lord and lady his parents, at the very time Jock Porteus was hung on the Dyer's tree. Ho, ho, my Lord Dalquharn, umquhile of the Holme, I have you fast, my brave man, I have you fast! I hope, ere long, to see the black hoodie-craws flapping their wings owre the horse banes and harn-pans o' you and a' sic popish traitors—ilk ane spiked on a yettlan jagg!' he added, grinding his sharp fangs. Then a smile stole over his coarse visage—a leer of avarice, and something of lasciviousness—and he muttered, while rubbing his huge hands together with nervous glee: 'Tak' patience, Reuben, "Better is he who ruleth his spirit, than him who taketh a city." Patience yet a while, and a' shall be thine, their tents and their flesh-pots, their gold and their spoils, Auldhame main and farm, lee and woodland—and what is better, the bonnie bird Bryde hersel'!'

## CHAPTER XVI.

### 'YOURS ONLY AND EVER!'

'A promise in the oriel won,  
To crown my glowing bliss;  
A drooping head, a circled waist,  
And such a binding kiss!  
Oh, happy time! oh, happy time!  
It never has its fellow—  
The one green leaf that hangs among  
So many sere and yellow.

THOUGH I have but to tell 'the old, old story' of a true love, the course of which was neither so smooth as glass, or so swift as an express train (for we could never have a story worth telling without the element of love) the events to be recorded, happened long ago, and have in them points which are decidedly strange and startling.

Bryde and Lord Dalquharn had all their old haunts to revisit; she had no mother to direct or control her actions, and thus they could steal away by a little postern gate, and pass down the glen towards the sea, unknown to all, even to the jealous Egerton, for jealous he was becoming decidedly now!

They visited the ewe-bughts, where they had been wont to see Bryde's ewes milked for the making of cheese, and those bughts are the pleasant theme of many a Scottish song. The Deil's Loan, with its sombre old trees, the avenue with its gloomy story of the Spectre Drummer, the old tower of Scougal, of which, but a fragment now remains; St. Baldred's Well near Tantallon, his cradle, as a deep fissure in the rocks near Whitberry Point is named, and his boat, now a rock at the mouth of Auldhame Bay, asserted by tradition to have been once a dangerous obstruction far at sea—these were each and all, visited in turn.



'The blessed Baldred,' (according to the History of the Caldees, a hermit who died amid the solitude of the Bass Rock, on the 6th March, 607, when Ewen IV was King of the Scots,) 'moved with pity by the number of wrecks and disasters, occasioned by this rock, ordered that he should be placed upon it. This being done, at his nod the rock was immediately lifted up, and like a ship driven by a favourable breeze, proceeded to the nearest shore, and henceforth remained in the same place as a memorial of this miracle,' at the mouth of Auldham Bay, where in rough weather, the fanciful assert still that it is rocked by the waves and winds. These, and many other legends of East Lothian, well calculated to

'Deepen the murmur of the falling floods,  
And shed a browner horror o'er the woods,'

were all well known to Bryde Otterburn, and thus beyond even the charms of her person and manner, Dalquharn found her a delightful companion. Many a volume of poetry they conned together, as they walked through the ripening fields, where Bryde's quick eye espied the prettiest wild-flowers, with which she would make such charming posies, as few others could have done.

Many of these walks had been taken, but deterred by the trammels of his personal and political circumstances, Dalquharn had not as yet made known his love to Bryde.

She led him to many a fairy ring, long since obliterated by plough and forgotten, but where divers persons in those days of simplicity and old belief in the marvellous, averred the little fairies, or gude neighbours in green, danced on the eve of St. John, while the murmur of their tiny harps and voices softly attuned, in the silence of the place and time, mingled sweetly with the gurgle of the mountain burn, that wound under the leafy gorse and flourishing broom towards the sea.

At St. Baldred's Well she shewed him the place where Monk's cannon had breached the ramparts of Tantallon, and when the most of his soldiers, who perished in the attack, had fallen.

'Many a poor wounded and dying Englishman must have lain here on the green brae side, my lord,' said Bryde, as her tender eyes filled with emotion at the ideas her vivid fancy suggested. 'Ah, I hope that the golden broom-bells and the wild guelder roses grew here then, just as they do now!'

'Why, Miss Otterburn?'

'That their beauty and their sweet perfume, may have soothed the last hours of those whose spirits passed away.'

'They were sour and morose Puritans, Miss Otterburn,' replied Dalquharn, 'and doubtless cared but little for such tranquilising influences in their parting moments.'

A day had been set apart at Dalquharn's earnest wish, for a visit to the old chapel of St. Baldred, and the very evening of this day, Egerton had made up his mind to address Miss Otterburn, if he

had an eligible opportunity, and if none offered, to seek a formal interview.

She was just quitting her ivory-mounted spinning-wheel, which usually stood in one of the drawing-room windows, as Egerton entered, after having made a most careful toilet, and was about to speak, all unaware that Dalquharn, who had been superintending the spinning, was half hidden by the drapery of a little oriel.

Bowing low and reverentially, Egerton touched her hand lightly, and something in the action and the expression of the young man's face, gave her an intuitive dread of what he was about to say, for she said hurriedly to her companion :—

‘Captain Douglas, have you—have you forgotten our proposed pilgrimage?’

‘To the old Chapel?—how could I forget it?’ replied Dalquharn, suddenly appearing to Talbot Egerton’s intense chagrin.

‘I have but to get my gloves, fan, and capauchin—they are in the library, and then I shall show you the tomb of him who won the old chalice of St. Baldred from the fairies,’ said Bryde, laughing and looking very like a bright fairy herself. ‘You must know,’ she continued with some precipitation and confusion, ‘that long, long ago, a castle stood by the lonely and rugged shore near North Berwick, on the summit of the great green knoll near the mouth of the mill-burn, and therein, below the ruins, the fishermen allege, that Anlaf the Dane, who burned and plundered all the country hereabout, stored up his treasure, which was equal in value to the ransom of three crowned kings.

‘The first Otterburn of Auldham was riding thence homewards on St. John’s Eve, after dining with the Goodman of North Berwick, and in the moonlight he saw a multitude of grotesque little dwarfs, and beautiful fairies with long golden hair, dancing hand in hand among the heaps of treasure that were visible through an opening in the side of the ruined castle hill.

‘Being a stout and brave-hearted fellow, he reined in his horse, and shouted to them lustily. On this there came forth a quaint, stunted, and bandy-legged little elf, about only eighteen inches in height. He wore a conical red cap, a short red mantle, and bore a large silver cup, under the weight of which he seemed to totter.

“‘Sir Knight,” quoth he, “drink with us a stirrup cup ere ye go?”

‘Otterburn courageously took the cup; its weight was ponderous, for it seemed as if full of molten gold, so dense and thick was the yellow liquid which gleamed and bubbled within it—a liquid but little to the liking of the horseman. Firmly he grasped the cup, and dashing the contents full into the eyes of the fairy man, he clapped spurs to his horse, and with an invocation of “God and St. Baldred!” on his lips, galloped away.

‘With what manner of liquor the cup was filled no man could say, but the few drops that fell on the knight’s horse, burned into the bone, through flesh and skin. With shrill shouts and elfish outcries,

all the fairies rushed from a thousand holes in the hillside, in hot pursuit; but as the fugitive leaped his maddened horse over the mill-burn, the running water stopped their course, as no evil thing can cross a flowing stream, and he bore home the cup, which proved to be the beaker of Aulaf the Rover, and which he gifted to the chapel of St. Baldred, where it remained to the Reformation. After that event it was brought hither, and is now chained to the stone ambre in the hall, where you may still see it, but none have drank from it since King James VI. passed here on his way to England. I know you don't care much for such stories, my dear Mr. Egerton; thus our ramble would have no charm for you; but after tea, we shall have some of our usual music—shall we not?

Egerton gave a sickly smile and bowed in silence, for it was perhaps unwise, if not a little provoking in Bryde, to hint thus broadly that he was *not* required to accompany them; but indeed, the young man had not the slightest intention of offering to do so.

On getting her walking gear, she thrust the masses of her fair hair between her soft cheek and her black velvet capuchin or little hood which was lined with pale blue satin; drew her tight kid gloves on her small and well-shaped hands, and went forth with a bow and a bright smile that sank deep in Egerton's heart and filled him with jealous fury, as the lovers retired together.

He had come to make a declaration of love, and was left as if turned to stone, without a word having passed his lips, though he smiled as they left him—smiled to cloak the chagrin, the bitterness and wounded pride that galled him, and the fury that made him nearly tear the silver knot from his sword hilt.

She was gone, and with another, but her voice yet lingered in his ear!

'I may have some chance yet,' thought the infatuated young fellow; 'Douglas and she may not speak of love. He may be, as I half suspect, a Jacobite plotter, and women, like Jesuits, are ever the favourite agents of that party; and then, perhaps, egad, the man may be married already!'

Thoughts like these, gave him false hopes and delusive courage, and he became, for a time, a little more composed; but still resolved, that come what might, he would yet have his interview with Bryde, and from her own lips learn the secret of his fate, not that we fear, however, Mr. Egerton's heart would have been broken in the least by a rejection of his suit.

On this evening, as on a score of others, the secret of *his* love, was hovering on the lips of Dalquharn; but a sentiment of generosity to Bryde, and a fear lest he might involve her, and perhaps her family, in his most unmerited poverty and political ruin, sealed them up and filled his heart with mingled emotions of love for her and bitterness at fate! and yet they spoke of the expected landing of the Prince, an event which Dalquharn, who shared that vast and vital

secret, knew was drawing nearer and nearer every day. Speaking of his own present poverty :—

‘I am rich,’ said he, ‘only in love of country and in loyalty to our rightful king. Deprived of these inspirations and incentives to a glorious future, I should be poor indeed! But if I fall, I shall do so without dishonour,’ and he continued bitterly, ‘at times I feel so weary even of my young life, that, as a change, I would almost welcome death!’

‘On Towerhill, where the noble Derwentwater and your kinsman, the brave Kenmure, died—or at the gates of Carlisle?’

‘Nay, on neither place, Miss Otterburn—but on the field of battle.’

‘Woe is me, my dear friend, talk not thus!’

‘Where else,’ he exclaimed proudly, ‘should a Douglas die? I shall leave few, none perhaps, to lament me, for I am the last of my race—the old line of the Douglasses of the Holm, and as Orlando says in the play, in departing, I shall “do the world no injury, for in it I have nothing; only in the world I fill up a place, which may be better supplied, when I have made it empty!”’

‘Then, if you speak thus bitterly, let me add with Rosalind, “the little strength I have, I would it were with you,” that you might wrestle the better with your fate,’ said Bryde, with one of her loveliest smiles, as she caressingly patted the arm on which she leaned; ‘you see that I have read the book of the great English dramatist as well as you, my lord.’

As they walked on, Egerton’s presence in the house they had quitted, even his very existence, was forgotten by Bryde and her lover. They passed through the shrubberies and close-clipped hedgerows, and proceeded towards the venerable fane of Auldham, which had been built, no man knows when, upon the Seacliff that overhangs the waves of the Firth, but it was old, even in the days of the gracious Duncan, who gifted it to God and St. Cuthbert of Lindisfarne.

Dalquharn was silent, for his heart and his eyes were full of love as he gazed from time to time, on his alluring and confiding companion.

It was an evening of June, and a lovely one! The purity of the air, the breeze from the far expanse of blue sea that stretched away towards the dark bluff of St. Abb; the bright sunshine and the odour of the fresh meadows; the birds that carolled aloft or twittered in the old green hedgerows, and the gay wild flowers that grew by the wayside, all conduced to soothe the hearts of Dalquharn and the young girl, and fill them with a sense of joy and lightness.

Within the ruined chapel on the Seacliff, they lingered long.

Impressed, perhaps, by the solemnity of the place, they went hand in hand now, when decyphering the epitaphs and other inscriptions, which the stern hand of time, the storms from the sea, and the hammers of the gloomy iconoclasts of 1559 had spared. The walls were

time-worn, and covered in some places by emerald green moss ; in others by luxuriant masses of ivy.

Though the vaulted roof yet remained, in some parts the pavement beneath it was sunk and irregular, as if the graves below had fallen in, and the rank grass, the dock and nettle, grew up between the slabs, which were covered by quaint Saxon letters, and bore incised marks, where shields and crosses of monumental brass had been torn away by gipsies and peasants for the mere value of the metal.

Under an arched vault, profusely decorated with otters' heads, lay the effigy of a knight (with his mailed feet resting on an otter crouching) since the days of the Reformation, minus his helmetted head, clasped hands and sword hilt ; but an inscription, still traceable, requested the visitor to pray for the soul of ' Sir Nicholas Otterburn, umquhile of Auldham, slayne in battel be ye Inglis, anno 1513,' for it was he who had brought the calamity of the Spectre Drummer upon his posterity.

A new rail surrounded this tomb, and Bryde, in a voice which grew low and tremulous, informed Dalquharn, that therein her mother and her murdered father lay. Her head drooped sadly on one side as she spoke, and somehow, the young lord's arm went caressingly, in sympathy around her, while his heart rose to his lips.

' Miss Otterburn—Bryde, dear, dear, Bryde,' said he, ' I have a solemn thing to say to you, and what place so fitting as this ?' He paused, and she trembled, for too well she knew what was about to come. ' I love you—I, homeless, houseless, landless and attainted, am, I know, most guilty in telling you this ; but I do love you tenderly, Bryde—and—you are the first and only woman, to whom I have ever said so.'

Bryde was silent, very pale, and trembling violently. A shower of tears would have been a great relief, but no tears came.

' Speak, Bryde—dearest, speak ?' he urged.

' Oh, my lord !' she began, and instead of withdrawing her hand from his, their clasp seemed to tighten mutually, as if she sought support.

' Lord me not, Bryde Otterburn—call me Henry Douglas, as ten years ago, in this very place, you were wont to do,' said he, tenderly.

' In—in my heart I have long called you so.'

' May I hope that you—you love me then !' he exclaimed, in a transport of joy.

' Hush,' said she, glancing hastily around, as if even the dead might hear her, and blushing painfully : ' you know that I do—would I have come here with you else—and alone ?'

Her voice was barely audible.

One kiss now, and overcome by the excess of long pent-up emotion, they tottered as if intoxicated, towards a fragment of the ruined wall, when he seated her beside him. Her face was crimsoned by one continued blush ; but it was hidden in Dalquharn's breast. His

cheek rested on the tresses of her soft brown hair, for her hood had fallen back, and his strong, sustaining arm was round her.

Then he took her fair head caressingly between his hands, and again turned the sweet face upwards to his—and—somehow, their lips met again, and they trembled in the very excess of their newborn joy, as they looked into each other's swimming eyes, and it might be, into each other's hearts too.

They were long silent and bewildered now, for words no longer came.

The green leaves rustled pleasantly in the midsummer breeze, that passed through the open mullions and tracery of the ruined windows; the merry birds flew in and out, as they sang and twittered among the wild roses and sweet-briar that grew in masses over all the chancel arch, and where of old the altar stood; the sound of the sea was heard as its white waves climbed the volcanic rocks of the adjacent shore, and the lovers sat long in silence, while time seemed to pause, though, in reality, with them it went swifter than ever.

Words come anon, and then confessions were made, and mental impressions related; coincidences of thought and wishes—coincidences that seemed truly miraculous! How and why had their spirits been apart so long? How long they had sighed for and thought of each other! Their strange dreams, their moments of doubt, of sorrow and of sadness; their former, almost childish days of joyous companionship, with all their dim foreshadowings of the present time of ecstasy, were re-called and compared with all their minutæ, as indicating the hour that had come; and never were the pure illusions of youthful life and love more brilliant to the poor attainted loyalist, than at this time, when Bryde Otterburn, in the full flush of her blooming beauty, her girlhood and her passion, reclined her head on his breast, and acknowledged that she loved him, though he had only—sorry we are to confess it—his entire estate, a few Louis d'ors in his pocket!

'And now it is, that I tremble for you, my own beloved Bryde, whose fate is linked with such a man as an attainted Jacobite—an outlaw whom any man may kill, without the commission of a crime.'

'And I tremble for you, dear Henry, and my poor old grandfather, who lives so completely in the past. Alas, Henry! you know me to be loyal—loyal unto death; but is not the cause of the Elector too strong for King James to subvert it? oh, if you should—if you should—;' she failed to conclude the sentence, for tears choked her utterance.

'Fear not for me,' said he, with assumed gaiety; 'I could deny you nothing, but my loyalty to the king, beloved Bryde—Bryde in name and purpose—is it not so?'

Could poor Egerton have seen them then!

It was almost sunset (and the June evenings are long) when they left the ruined chapel and returned towards the house, hand

in hand, in silence and full of happiness, and then Bryde, anxious for solitude, and to enjoy a quiet flood of tears, rushed away to her own room.

On her engaged finger she had a strange ring, which was inscribed

*Yours only and Ever.*

It had been the betrothal ring given by Dalquharn's father to his mother, blue-eyed Jessie Gordon, of the loyal House of Kenmure, and could a Scottish cavalier desire a better golden hoop to place on the finger of his affianced bride?

On the morrow, Dalquharn would inform Sir Baldred of what had occurred, and crave pardon for abusing his hospitality by seeking to rob him of his grand-daughter.

Alas! he little knew the terrible events which a few short hours would bring to pass!

## CHAPTER XVII.

### MR. EGERTON PROPOSES.

'Chloe! my precious! why so coy!  
Thou dear provoking jewel!  
Why wilt thou still suspend my joy,  
And still continue cruel?

'Thus armed with snuff-box, cane, and ring,  
And twenty pretty fancies,  
Glib nonsense from my tongue shall spring,  
In *a-la-mode* advances.

'However, if these methods fail,  
And have no power to win ye,  
I'll only turn about my tail,  
And think the devil's in ye!"

*Scot's Magazine, 1739.*

NEITHER Captain Wyvil nor Mr. Egerton graced her tea-board by their presence in the drawing-room on this evening. Mr. John Gage, the English exciseman, had come hurriedly to Auldham, announcing that there were rumours of the black lugger having been seen outside the Isle of May, and patrols under Sergeant Teesdale were required at certain points, as the 'Fox' frigate had run up the river to St. Margaret's Hope, for repairs. Sir John Mitchell, into whose custody Sir Baldred had placed the five hundred pounds obtained from Balcraftie, was in Edinburgh, on what errand need scarcely be explained.

Bryde, when tea was over, found that she was left alone. Dalquharn had swiftly stolen one sweet salute and retired to the library, having to write letters, which he meant to dispatch in person, at a quiet post-house, about two miles distant. They were for the Lords Elcho and Balmerino, and were in cypher, the addresses being 'Mr.

David Wemyss' and 'Captain Arthur Elphinstone,' to the care of the Conservator of Scottish Privileges at Campvere.

Sir Baldred had fallen asleep in his wide easy chair, with his black wig and sword-belt hung on the knobs thereof, and he wore a purple silk cap pulled over his eyes; so she kissed the good old man, kindly and tenderly, and issued into the garden, which, in the style of those days was a labyrinth of close walks and yew-hedges; and which, though it covered but four acres or so, would have taken a stranger at least two hours to perambulate and explore.

Her mind and step were buoyant with happiness. Her thoughts were turned inward, and she mentally rehearsed again and again the visit to the ruined chapel, with all its delightful details, while seated on a stone sofa, with her drooping head resting on her left hand, her brown hair falling in bright masses over it, all golden in the light that yet lingered in the west. Her right hand toyed unconsciously with her fan; there was a bright smile playing about her parted lips; and she was all unconscious that Egerton stood by, surveying her with admiration and a passion that did not require wine to inflame it.

He little knew of what had passed, or of what was then in her heart; but pique, and the wine, of which he had been partaking too freely, gave him a false courage, and a bearing that by turns was jaunty, gay, maudlin, sad, and bitter; so when he did ultimately attract Bryde's attention and address her, she had but one idea, that he—bored her.

Poor Egerton had been at Lucky Scougal's change-house in Auld-hame, where some of the farmers, or yeomen of the Lord Haddington, would insist on sharing with him more than one bottle of good wine, as they were jolly fellows, and simply because he was an English soldier.

'Many people in East Lothian at that time were Jacobites, and they were most forward to mix with the soldiers,' says Carlyle of Inveresk, in his co-temporaneous autobiography. 'The commons in general, as well as two-thirds of the gentry, had no aversion to the family of Stuart; and could their religion have been secured, would have been very glad to see them on the throne again.'

'Drinking smuggled wine! 'Twas smuggled, no doubt, in a rascally Scot's change-house, when, this very night twelvemonth, I was at a ridotta in the Haymarket, with more than fifteen hundred fashionables, after seeing Mr. Pritchard, Mrs. Clive, and Macklin, at the play. Demme, how the world wags!' He was muttering this, when he suddenly came upon the young lady seated in the garden, and immersed in happy thoughts as she has just been described—the flush of delight that thrills in the heart of a young and romantic girl on first being assured that an ardent and handsome lover is hers, and hers only!

Jealousy, pride, and confidence, now prompted Egerton to test



his future fate—to put all upon the hazard of the die; so he at once seated himself by the side of Miss Otterburn, who would gladly have avoided him at such a time and in such a private place, lest Dalquharn might come forth in search of her, and suspect her of coquetry.

‘Has Wyvil told you, Miss Otterburn, that—that in three days only, we in all probability march from this, on our return to headquarters?’ he asked.

‘I have not seen Captain Wyvil all day,’ she replied, rather coldly, and in no way moved by the tidings of their approaching departure, to Egerton’s intense chagrin.

‘Ah! I forgot; he has been sending three corporals, with patrols, along the coast, to assist the officers of excise in their search for smugglers; but, most probably, in three days, your amiability and hospitality will be no longer taxed by our presence.’

‘Taxed—dear Mr. Egerton? Pray do not talk so. If we have served in any way to lessen the too evident tedium of Scottish quarters to you and good Captain Wyvil, we shall only consider ourselves too happy.’

‘Won’t you be sorry, though, when we are all gone?’ asked Egerton, adjusting his wig and hat, which, sooth to say, were both somewhat awry, so much so, that Bryde’s merry eyes were laughing at him mischievously over her fan. Though her sweet mouth was hidden, he knew that he was the object of her merriment, and said, with pique in his tone,

‘Egad, madam, you are very cruel!’

‘Cruel! How so, sir?’

‘Ah! don’t say, *sir*.’

‘You called me *madam*.’

‘But your expression chills me,’ he continued, twirling his sword knot.

‘Well—and I am cruel—a veritable cockatrice perhaps; but in what way?’

‘To dally—to trifle thus, with one who you—you know too well, loves you.’

‘Sir!’ exclaimed Bryde, in an unmistakeable flutter, shutting her great green fan, and re-opening it.

‘Sir, again! Pray call me friend—chum—what you will: surely my words merit some kindness.’

‘Well, my friend,’ said Bryde, whose recent and much more momentous interview with Lord Dalquharn had given her more decision of manner and independence of spirit than she would otherwise have possessed at such a crisis as this, ‘what *do* you mean, Mr. Egerton?’

‘Bryde—Miss Otterburn, I mean—will you pardon me; but, egad, there is something I *must* say to you before I go, and—and you shall hear me now.’

Egerton took her left hand between his own, and she was so

much agitated that she could not withdraw it, though a heavy, yet stealthy, step was heard on the gravel of an adjacent walk.

'In three days we shall march, as I said, too probably, and I shall never be here again—unless—unless—'

'What, sir? Oh, speak quickly, pray!'

'You should wish me.'

'I—?'

'You, Bryde; for into your hands I commit my heart, my fate, my future existence! Bryde Otterburn, I am a straightforward fellow: do you think that you could love—could like me—well enough to marry me. There, egad, the words are out at last!'

Bryde was flushed, breathless, and silent. Egerton mistook these for symptoms of yielding, and became more vehement while the cavedropper drew nearer.

'You have but *one* word of three little letters to say, Bryde!'

'Oh, Mr. Egerton, I pray—I pray—'

'Or say you will try to like me—or learn to like me, well enough to be my wife; or that you would have me wait a little until you considered it—a day, a week if you will; but say something to give me a little hope, however slender?'

Stunned and bewildered now, Bryde knew not what to say; but as Egerton's disengaged hand was menacing her waist, she started up and withdrew a pace or two, trembling with agitation; for it is not often that a young lady, even one so charming as our Bryde Otterburn, receives two such offers in one day.

'Pardon me if I give you pain, my dear sir,' said she, looking down while she spoke: 'but I can never love you—can never marry you, nor, if you knew all, any man who wears a scarlet uniform,' she added, to take away the sting of rejection on political grounds.

'Of course,' replied Egerton, with a sudden tinge of bitterness in his manner; 'the colour is not popular here I know; yet it was worn by all your regiments and guards, horse and foot, long before this Union, which we find a pill so bitter here that I marvel Sawney ever swallowed it, though that same pill was pretty well gilded by John Bull for the purpose.'

It was now Bryde's turn to be piqued by this suddenly-assumed banter.

'Why should an English gentleman wear the colours of the German-Elector like you?' she asked.

'Tis His Majesty's will and pleasure, madam, that the uniform of the Kentish Buffs be scarlet, laced with silver and faced with buff,' said Egerton, in whose head the wine mounted at times, and made him quaint and absurd; 'but, egad, madam, I am independent of the service. My old grandad—God bless him!—left me two thousand a year clear, from good land in Cheshire. I shall resign, quit, sell out, to please you, Miss Otterburn. Bryde, dearest Bryde! do you hear me? though I know my mother and sisters

will all take to hysterics and Hungary water on hearing of my marriage with a Scots girl ——

'Poor gentlewomen!' said Bryde, laughing, when she had him half-melted by his earnestness; 'I should be *so* sorry to offend their fine feelings. But you address me in vain, Mr. Egerton; my heart is not my own, nor, perhaps, my hand either, if Sir Baldred is consulted on the subject.'

'Then, I have no hope,' said the blunderer, sadly.

'None; but yet let us be friends, my dear Mr. Egerton.'

'Friends, oh yes, for ever and whatever may happen,' he exclaimed, and raising his hat, he knelt down and kissed her proffered hand, with great tenderness.

It was at this very juncture, that the steps which had been crashing among the gravel, approached the end of the walk, where the stone sofa stood between the hedgerows, and then, at an arch cut through the dense old yews, Bryde saw the mischievous visage of Bailie Balcraftie appear for a moment.

'Enough,' said she; 'rise, Mr. Egerton, and let this matter be recurred to no more.'

She hurriedly withdrew her hand, and with a glance of scorn and anger at the intruder—a glance which Egerton mistook as being meant for *him*—sailed away, fanning herself vigorously, with her hooped train sweeping the gravel behind her.

'Aye—aye, Mr. Egerton, and you, my fine madam!' muttered the Bailie, as he shunk away; 'sets the wind in that quarter? Sae, sae, it is you—you, Mr. Egerton, in the king's livery, the red coat and cocked hat, I maun beware o', and no the sae called Captain Douglas! But I'll mar your game, I'll mar your game, or my name is no Reuben Balcraftie!'

He continued to mutter thus, while striding away, a fierce gleam passing over his vile visage in the starlight. His hands were clutching convulsively the square skirts of his coat unconsciously, as it were, for jealousy, stung and disappointed, maddened him.

Between an opening in the walk, Bryde, when just about to enter the house, could see Egerton still kneeling by the garden seat, like one bewildered. She sighed and feared that she might unwittingly have pained the poor fellow, who had been such a pleasant inmate of Auldhame, her friend and companion too, now for several weeks; and it was well that she had those gentle thoughts of pity, even for a moment, as she was fated *never again* to hear the pleasant voice of Talbot Egerton.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

## THE QUARREL.

‘He is quick!  
His point and eye do go together! Scarce  
You are marked, you’re hit! his sword is part of him,  
Grows to his hand, sir, as his hand to his wrist;  
The very moment that your weapons touch,  
He is here, and there, and in! his lounge, a shot  
You see not till ’tis home!’—*Woman’s Wit.*

THE mistaken glance of Miss Otterburn roused all Egerton’s pique, pride, and jealousy. He started to his feet, and thrust his silver-laced Kevenhuller hat firmly down upon his curly regimental wig, nearly tearing away its upright feather and black cockade in doing so.

‘Oh!’ he exclaimed in mingled sorrow and anger; ‘’tis very well, madam, demme! You Scots have the pride of Lucifer! What has a plain English squire, like Talbot Egerton, to hope for, when such a spruce Scottish jockey as this Captain Douglas comes into the field? He will have a pedigree beyond the flood, no doubt, for whether a pedlar, with his pack, or a peer of the realm, every Scot hath *that* by right of inheritance. But I’d have you to know, Miss Otterburn, that the Egertons were Lords of Malpas and Egerton, when your James I. was twangling on his glittern in the Tower of Windsor, and that was not yesterday! And she can treat me so! Ah,’ he added after a pause, ‘if I had been a great man with a star on my coat, or a handle of any kind to my name—even a laird of some black rocks and red heather, and “of that ilk” (instead of my fertile acres in Cheshire), more than all, if I were a rebel, a Jacobite, a Jesuit’s toady, an outlaw, a Scots cattle stealing thief, perhaps—’

‘What on earth means this farrago, Talbot?’ asked Captain Wyvil, who, at that moment, came upon his comrade soliloquizing angrily in the garden: ‘is this a comedy you are rehearsing?’

‘A comedy, ’sdeath! no—’tis more like to prove a tragedy,’ replied the other, greatly ruffled, especially at having been surprised in this state of irritation.

‘Prythee, man, what is the matter—you have been taking too much wine; is it not so?’ asked the good humoured Wyvil.

‘Like Jack Freelove, in the “Spectator,” who was “murdered by Melissa, in her hair,” this fair Scottish lass, in her unpowdered locks, hath fairly murdered me!’

‘Come, come, Talbot, rouse thee, man,’ said the Captain, taking his arm, for Egerton’s steps were now becoming unsteady; ‘don’t be a moonstruck fool. We shall, too soon, I fear, have *other* work cut out for us among the misty, Scottish mountains, than falling in love, and sighing like furnaces; and other work even than searching a wild and rocky shore, and by rugged roads in Indian file, for smugglers’ secret haunts and hoards.’

'Captain Douglas—a pretty fellow, no doubt!' muttered Egerton, talking to himself; 'I'll have him out to a game of sharps, though—I'll have him with sword and pistol!'

'Aha, I see how it is,' said Wyvil; 'our new friend from Holland has turned your flank, my poor beau, Egerton.'

The latter replied only by an incoherent expletive.

'Well, Talbot, after being, as I and all our mess have known you to be, madly in love with sundry queens, princesses, and fairies of Covent Garden and Old Drury, carrying even their sedans at night, and after parading Sir Timothy Tawdry and others of ours at the back of Montague House about them, I do marvel that even the blooming freshness of this Scots heather belle hath dazzled you; but—'

'This way! down the avenue—come with me,' said Egerton, hurriedly; 'I'll have it out with him—I tell you, Marmaduke, I'll have it out with him,' he threatened for the fourth time, as he saw Dalquharn approaching, with his head bent on his breast, and apparently full of thought. He was walking quickly, being in haste, to post the letters he had just penned to two of the leading men of his party.

He was evidently in deep reverie, as one might well be, whose mind saw in the future, crumbling thrones and the strife of kings, bloody fields, and all the horrors of a civil war, the flames of which his own hand was seeking or aiding to kindle. He saw neither Wyvil nor Egerton, against whom he stumbled, or by whom he was roughly jostled, for both started and surveyed each other with considerable irritation.

'You will apologise, Captain Douglas, *if* Captain Douglas you are indced?' said Egerton, with undisguised hauteur.

'I apologise! most assuredly not *now*; but I demand an *amende honorable* from you, Mr. Egerton, for your offensive bearing and direct insinuation.'

'Good, demme!' said Egerton, fiercely, cocking his hat over his right eye; 'you demand satisfaction, do you?'

'This to me?' said Dalquharn, greatly ruffled, as he came forward a pace.

'To you, or any other man!'

'Zounds, sirrah!—'

'And I say zounds, my pretty Scot, as the player says, "I shall tickle your catastrophe!" You are welcome to a tune on your own Caledonian cremona, and demme, if I don't make you dance to it. On guard!' cried Egerton, who now seemed mad with fury, and to become intoxicated by his own words, as he drew his sword, and smoothed his long lace ruffles back from the wrist of his right hand.

'Have the goodness to lend me your hanger, Captain Wyvil!' said Dalquharn, 'I have nothing, as you see, but a riding rod.'

'Talbot—Talbot Egerton, are you mad?' exclaimed Wyvil; 'is this bearing courteous—this rashness seemly?'

'I care not what they are, so that they suit my humour. On guard, I say! lend him your sword, Marmaduke, or I'll split him like a spring chicken.'

'Never shall my sword be drawn in quarrels such as this—so put up yours,' said Wyvil, angrily.

It was fortunate that Dalquharn was unarmed, for every vein tingled, and every nerve quivered with rage.

'Gentlemen, gentlemen,' exclaimed Bailie Balcraftie, now hurrying forward, and no doubt extremely glad to see those men—the two who stood exactly in the path of his intended plans against Bryde—ready to tilt at each other's throats; 'keep the king's peace! would ye draw in the avenue o' Auldham, and close to the very door o' your friend and host, Sir Baldred? A bonnie fray it is, and beseeeming, too!'

'As a magistrate, aid me, Mr. Balcraftie—you are an alderman——'

'A Bailie, sir!' said the other, perking up his head and planting his cane on the ground.

'Well, Bailie, aid me to keep the peace here,' said Captain Wyvil.

'Beware, ye sirs,' said the Bailie, thus urged; 'for if one person assaults another wi' a lethal weapon, either in design to slay, or in heedlessness o' the bluidy result, the act is held as felony and murder by our Scottish law.'

'Chut! out upon your Scots law; what is it to me? I am a free-born Englishman, and don't value your Scots law a brass farthing—not even a tester!'

'But the Lord Advocate may teach you to your cost, my gay spark, what forethocht-felony is,' said the Bailie, shaking his stick; 'and know ye not, that they who live by the sword, shall perish by the sword? Mairoure, it is weel nigh hamesücken to draw blades here!'

'I draw mine whenever, and wherever I am insulted,' said Egerton, still standing on his defence.

'I have no blade to draw,' said Dalquharn, with growing rage, 'or this hour would be a dear one for thee, mad fool! However, my friend Captain Mitchell——'

'A Scots rebel like yourself, I doubt not,' thundered Egerton, injuriously, and still blindly bent on quarrel and bloodshed.

'Nay, sir—a man of the most unspotted honour!'

'Well—and your Captain Mitchell!'

'He, on the morrow, shall arrange a fitting time and place for our meeting. Enough of this, Mr. Egerton. You must see, Captain Wyvil, that he is quite beside himself to-night, and I should encounter him, even in the starlight, to his decided disadvantage.'

Egerton laughed scornfully.

'Be assured that, when next we meet, there shall be none to separate us, till one lies stiff on his mother earth!'

With these impressive words, which were regretfully remembered at another time, Dalquharn lifted his hat, bowed with great loftiness of bearing, and hastily quitted the avenue, while Balcraftie followed stealthily a few paces, to learn which way he had gone.

Dalquharn's heart was burning with rage, and agitated by alarm, for a duel or brawl might lead to his discovery, arrest, and the total destruction of all his hopes, and those of others at this great political juncture. But he knew that he must fight now, and that his honour required it.

'If I fall on the morrow,' thought he, 'I shall die as plain Captain Douglas, and shall compromise no one; but if I had been killed to-night, with the letters and cyphers of Elcho and Balmerino upon me, how fatal to the cause of the king!'

'Sdeath, and the devil!' exclaimed Egerton; 'I'll after that fellow, and send him home with his ears in his pocket.'

'To-morrow, my rash friend, this matter shall be settled, but in presence of selected witnesses,' said Captain Wyvil, sternly, 'I for one, though very opposite to duels; but one more word of this matter to-night, Talbot, and you will make *me* your enemy.'

'My old buck, Marmaduke, to-morrow then be it,' replied Egerton, who was now completely sobered, and shook the captain's hand; 'I shall then give our Scottish friend a lesson in *carte* and *terce*, that will serve him for the remainder of his life.'

'A deuced unpleasant thing it is, however, so have a fracas with Sir Baldred's most favoured guest, and, apparently, his most particular friend,' said Wyvil, 'and to run that friend through the body, is but a poor return for the old man's kindness during our long visit here. What the devil possessed thee to-night, Talbot? Other three days had seen us on the march to head-quarters.'

'I am a perfect swordsman——'

'Few better in England, as I know well.'

'And I shall kill him and every man who stands between me and Bryde Otterburn, now that my hand is in for the game!'

'Hush, for heaven's sake, and don't let that cool-headed fellow, Balcraftie, hear you—see, he comes this way,' whispered Wyvil; but the Bailie *did* hear the melo-dramatic threat, which seemed to confirm the scene he had witnessed at the garden seat, and it made his craven heart wince, for he both feared and hated the bold and reckless young Englishman, who now said hurriedly,

'Good night, Wyvil—zounds! I can't stay here. Why is it that my heart is always strangely stirred, and that my very flesh creeps, whenever the cold fishy eyes of that canting Scotsman fall upon me! Good night, friend Marmaduke, and remember—to-morrow.'

'To-morrow!'

Egerton hurried away. Wyvil and the Bailie thought that he

had gone through the garden hedge-rows to the mansion of Auld-hame; but the acute magistrate soon discovered that he had returned to the change-house of Lucky Scougal, in the hamlet, to assuage his wrath by one bottle more of her good smuggled Spanish wine.

When the gardener came a few minutes after, to secure the garden gate, he found one of his best spades missing. It was a new one, fresh from Edinburgh, by the cart of the Dunbar carrier; he searched everywhere among his flower-beds: but a thief had evidently been there, for his new implement of husbandry could nowhere be found.

## CHAPTER XIX.

### MYSTERY

'The afternoon grows dark betimes;  
The night winds ere the night are blowing;  
And cold grey mists from out the sea,  
Along the forest moor are going:  
And now she paces through the room;—  
And "he will come anon," she sayeth;  
And then she stirs the sleeping fire,  
Sore marvelling why he thus delayeth.'—*The Hunter's Linn.*

NEXT morning, when the little party assembled at breakfast, in the chamber-of-dais, or dining-room, Bryde Otterburn was absent, but sent a message to the effect that her presence must be excused, as she found herself too ill on that morning to leave bed, and her dotting grandfather, who became seriously alarmed about the nervous and hysterical state in which he found her, despatched a servant on horseback, with a led horse, for the barber-surgeon of North Berwick, who bled, blistered, and drew teeth, as well as shaved, curled perriwigs, and dressed toupees, as his striped pole and gilt bason served to inform all who passed through the High Street.

Mr. Birniebousle officiated at the tea and coffee board; Captain Wyvil presided over the ham, fowl, and other edibles: and now it was found that another seat was vacant—that of Mr. Egerton.

Could he be so silly as to sulk, and not to appear purposely? thought Wyvil.

The meal proceeded rapidly, but silently; Bryde with her smiling, brown eyes, quick small hands, and pretty morning dress, with its frills all plaited (as if by the fingers of the Brownie), was not there to shed radiance over all.

Wyvil's idea was soon dissipated by the butler, who announced with some astonishment, that Mr. Egerton was not in the house, that he had not been abed, nor had he been seen since last night! Captain Mitchell had not yet returned from Edinburgh. Wyvil glanced enquiringly at Dalquharn, and was astonished by the



change in his face, and appearance generally, since last night. He was paler and actually older looking; his dark blue eyes were blood-shot, and he seemed to have passed a sleepless night. He drank little and ate less. He was feverish and nervous, and to the observant eyes of Wyvil, he seemed to have an intense difficulty in commanding or fixing his ideas. In short, his once strong, but keen nervous system, seemed completely unstrung, like one who was recovering from a long and deep debauch.

Can this young man be afraid of Egerton, and of the proposed hostile meeting? thought the captain next, and with some contempt in his tone, he again asked if Captain Mitchell had returned.

Dalquharn, in a voice that was barely audible, replied, that he had not. Sir Baldred was fidgety and alarmed, but knew not why. 'Egad,' he muttered, 'I shall have two patients on my hands apparently. Any word of Mr. Egerton yet?' he asked, as the butler returned from making fresh enquiries.

He had been last seen with Captain Wyvil in the garden and avenue; thieves were supposed to have been about last night, as the gardener had one of his best shovels stolen, and there were marks of strange feet among the tulip-beds.

Wyvil now became seriously alarmed. He remembered that he had heard his grandfather (an old colonel of the Ironsides) relate many a time at Hurstmonceaux, how Cromwell's men in Scotland, during the first two or three years of their service there, had been slain like reptiles by the peasantry. His blood boiled up; he stuck his loaded pistols in his girdle, and went forth to urge the scrutiny in person.

The day passed slowly on; Mitchell returned in the evening, and joined in the search with Dalquharn and others; the sun drew westward, but still no trace was found of the missing man.

Woodlands and highways, corn-fields and hedgerows, were searched and examined; every flight of crows was deemed ominous that he was lying in the spot towards which they winged their way. Could he have fallen over the rocks into the sea, or otherwise have committed suicide? Wyvil loudly asserted that he was not the man to be guilty either of such folly or such wickedness. Had he been waylaid by Egyptians (as the gipsies are named in Scotland), by footpads, for the value of his watch and rings, or by revengeful smugglers, for Scupperplug's sable craft was alleged to have been seen in the offing?

Sergeant Tony Teesdale, who, with all the grenadiers of the detachment, made a close and vigorous pursuit, averred that he had not seen him at Auldham hamlet; and Lucky Scougal asserted that he had quitted her house about half-past nine, or in the early part of the gloaming, and that he was then not quite sober, but was flushed with wine and excitement.

Suspicious of the worst kind seemed verified when Sergeant Teesdale and the drummer arrived at the house about nightfall, with a

lace sleeve ruffle and golden link, and with the buff-faced cuff of a uniform coat, having thereon six flat buttons of plain silver. Though regimental buttons bore no number or device until 1767, it was at once recognised as Egerton's and seemed to have been rent away by violence, like the ruffle, which was spotted with blood!

It was taken to Bryde, who shuddered and wept over it, for she knew the ruffle only too well, by some stitches she had put in it a day or so past, at the request of the wearer, who was then in a gay and flirting mood. These relics had been found on the highway, near the avenue gate, but this might not indicate the scene of violence, as they seemed to have been blown hither and thither by the last night's wind.

Their discovery added greatly to the growing excitement; the search was resumed with greater vigour, and even Bailie Balcraftie, who arrived with the Esculapian shaver from North Berwick, took part therein.

'My brave young friend must have been the victim of some foul treachery,' exclaimed Captain Wyvil; 'he was one of the best swordsmen in all London!'

'Alake the day!' moaned the Bailie; 'I aye feared that English lad would come to an evil end!'

'Wherefore thought you so, sir?' asked Captain Wyvil, sternly; 'there was not a more harmless fellow in the Buffs, or in all the king's service.'

'May be sae, but I warrant he never knelt to the blessed book, and as the song says,

"He downie sing at the Psalm  
: For spoiling his mim mim mou;  
And the lips that sing na to God  
Should never a maiden woo."

'Excuse me, sir—but d——n your song!' said Wyvil, fiercely, as he adjusted his sleeve ruffles.

'And then he was sorely addicted to card-playing, to twangling on the vial, to dancing and blowing on the flute—vain snares o' the man o' sin, and in nae way suiting the man o' God.'

Wyvil could not speak; he only gave the magistrate a withering glance of silent and profound scorn.

'Gude forgive me, a weak and erring creature, if I misjudge the youth, Captain,' continued the Bailie; and then lifting up his face, and closing his pale and cunning eyes, he crossed his hands meekly on his walking cane, and whined out, "Oh, judge not, lest ye be judg—ed" and, "oh cease ye from man, whose breath is in his nostrils, for wherein is he to be accounted of?"'

Another day passed, and still there came no tidings of Egerton.

The spinnet stood open in the drawing room, with some leaves of Scottish music on the stand, and there lay the poor fellow's flute, with which, but two or three days ago, he had been accompanying Bryde, and striving hard to please that beautiful and wilful young

lady, by attempting a Jacobite air, 'The auld Stuarts back again,' which would have cost him his commission, and more perhaps, if those in authority had heard him. And now Wyvil looked sadly at the instrument, and at the tiny flageolet, which had been the player's gift to Miss Otterburu in a happier hour; and the honest and true hearted captain sighed, for he loved his young subaltern sincerely, and in Scotland, Englishmen still felt as if they were somewhat in a foreign country.

'Can she have loved him after all—and what means all this horrible mystery?' exclaimed the captain, who on hearing that the young lady was still unwell and abed, craved that he might have an interview with her for a few moments; but Mrs. Dorriel Grahame assured him in language, which to Wyvil was barely intelligible, that she was far too ill to see any one.

She had been recovered with difficulty from a succession of fainting fits, by burnt feathers being placed under her nostrils, and by having poured between her lips the distillation known as Hungary water, being wine flavored with rosemary, after the recipe written about 1659 by Elizabeth, queen of Hungary.

She was now pale, speechless, and did nothing but moan, weep, and refuse all food. It may be added, that the ring, which bore the significant motto,

*Yours only and ever,*

the ring placed upon her finger in that delicious hour at St. Baldred's chapel by Dalquharu, was already withdrawn from her hand.

Why was this?

An inexplicable change had also come over the bearing of Lord Dalquharn. Was it the result of the unavenged insults and defiance hurled at him on that eventful evening, or was it the anxiety for the fate of his foe, which caused this too apparent alteration. He had now a wistful expression of eye and did not exert himself much in the search, so thought the sharp-sighted and now suspicious Wyvil—or he did so in a hopeless and mechanical way, as if the inquiry would have no result.

To Sir Baldred it always seemed as if there was something which the young lord wished to say, but lacked the heart or energy to do so; or he was always interrupted by the inopportune arrival or presence of Balcraftie, of Wyvil, and of inquiring country friends, who poured from all quarters into Auldhamc, to eat and drink, condole, suggest, and speculate upon the mystery.

There were times when Dalquharn thought himself unobserved, or when Balcraftie was present, and when the cold but vulture-like eyes of that individual were upon him, that his pallor—how very pale now—increased, when a spasm would pass over his handsome features, and even an uncontrollable convulsive shudder shake his frame.

Once he was seen gnawing his lips, with a glare in his blood-shot eyes; he frequently sighed heavily, and, strange to say, those indi-

cations of violent emotion were also exhibited by Sir John Mitchell (that usually jovial and equable guest of Sir Baldred), with whom Lord Dalquharn was now almost hourly in conversation and earnest consultation, apart from the rest of the household.

By orders from Sir John Cope, the Lieutenant-General commanding in Scotland, Captain Wyvil delayed marching his detachment to head quarters, till more stringent inquiries were made concerning the missing officer; but these, like the rest, were all urged in vain.

Old Dorriel Grahame was never weary now of discanting on the many good qualities possessed by 'puir Maister Aigerton,' as she named him, and made Bryde more feverish and wretched by her noisy lamentations for his supposed death, on which she dilated with all the morbid *minutiae* of her class.

'That pawky auld kimmer, Lucky Scougal, should ken something o' this black business,' said the Bailie, sententiously.

'Why so?' asked Captain Wyvil.

'She may have cast her evil eye upon the puir lad, for the carlin hath but a bad repute in the parish.'

Wyvil knew not what this meant; but it was averred in the district that the keeper of the change-house Egertou had last quitted, was one of those who practised witchcraft in secret, and who levied a species of black mail upon the peasantry, in the shape of meal, barley, and cheese, to shield them from the power of the evil eye, or, as the phrase is still in the country, to make her *een look kindly*.

'We must seek aid o' the sheriff, the Procurator-Fiscal, and the Lord Advocate,' said Balcraftie, who was apparently unremitting in his efforts, and certainly suffered all the sorrow of—a mute at a funeral.

'Malediction on the Lord Advocate!' said Sir Baldred; 'I have seen the loon at Edinburgh cross, flaunting it with an orange cockade in his hat. Woe is me!' he added, sadly; 'the winter rime of many years hath whitened my auld pow'r, but never to a guest of mine did such a calamity as this occur before, and no such hour of evil, save when my dear and only son died by the haud of a black and unknown traitor! 'Tis strange,' continued the old baronet, musingly, 'that the greatest calamities usually occur between night and morning, especially if the wind be high.'

According to the superstitions of the good folks in and about Auldham, the mystery involving the fate of Talbot Egerton was heralded or accompanied by as many omens of evil as might have presaged the fate of a more important personage, than a heedless and half-tipsy young subaltern of the Kentish Buffs; but then, the Scots of those days doted dearly on the marvellous.

In the gloaming, the bittern, now no longer an inhabitant of the wilds and marshes of the lonely Laumeruirs, had been heard—

'to sound its drum  
Booming from the sedgy fallow;

The voice of 'the hedge-pig' had been heard at times near the close-clipped yew fences of the home farm, and been taken for the moaning of a disturbed spirit; and about midnight there came a storm of wind, accompanied by such a roaring and bellowing noise in the Firth, as had not been heard, Sir Baldred affirmed, 'since the night the union was signed, when more than fifty whales came up, madly careering and plunging with the tide, which, at its ebbing, left more than thirty of these monsters stranded and rolling on the flat sands of Kirkaldy and Tynninghame next morning—that morning when not a cock in all Scotland had been heard to crow!'

'The whales were no bad omen of the future, surely?' said Captain Wyvil, smiling.

A description of Egerton's personal appearance and dress, fairly written in round text by Maister Scouterdoup, parochial schoolmaster and precentor of St. Andrew's kirk, was displayed at the market-cross of North Berwick, besides Bailie Balcraftie's notice of a preachment thereupon; and, by the voice of the town-drummer, a reward of fifty guineas (to which the Bailie added ten) was offered for information concerning him, but all in vain; and his wonderful disappearance formed the staple subject of a great discourse, delivered with singular fluency by the Bailie on Midsummer eve, to a great multitude, on the Links, near the sea; and there he failed not to inveigh against the scarlet woman of Babylon (who was then as great a bugbear to the children of Scotland, as the Boo-man and Napoleon Bonaparte in later times), then came prelacy, episcopacy, and all the backslidings of the times, after which he gave thanks to heaven that *he* was not as other men are, and the multitude dispersed.

In the sweet long evenings of June, at the song-trystes, when some twenty or thirty lads and lassies met by agreement at some farm or cot-house, for song-singing and merriment, as was the custom, and at the milking of the ewes, Egerton's dark tragedy formed the subject of many a sad ballad and quaint speculation, in which our old friends the fairies figured, for there were not a few of the sturdy plough-lads and shepherd-lassies at the ewe bughts of Auld-hame and Tynninghame, and Whitekirk too, who thought that the elves might have spirited away the handsome Englishman, as all the world knows they did our gallant King James, and the great King Arthur.

But a short time elapsed before the occurrence of other events of a more startling nature, committed the brief story of Talbot Egerton to oblivion.

## CHAPTER XX.

## THE DEIL'S LOAN.

'Is't guilt alone convicted that keeps silence?  
 Guilt, saucy guilt, that dares to break the law  
 Of God and man? Remember you no case  
 Where innocence accused hath all at once  
 Been stricken dumb? Appalled to undergo  
 The charge of sin, that never could endure  
 The thought of sin?'

' *Sheridan Knowles.*

How was it that, crushed in spirit, and subdued in bearing, the once proud and lofty Dalquharn had now almost a terror of Reuben Balcraftie, when before he had only disgust and contempt? Why was it that he and Bryde were so suddenly changed, and that, although he knew it not, his ring was no longer worn by her; and what was the cause or origin of that grievous and mysterious illness which had so suddenly prostrated her in body and mind, and which baffled alike the skill of the poor excited barber-surgeon of North Berwick, and the deeper wit and greater dexterity of the most learned of the physicians of Edinburgh, whose Royal College was then situated at the foot of the Fountain Close?

On the night that Egerton disappeared, Bryde by an appointment was to meet Dalquharn at the end of the avenue, as he returned from despatching his letters at the post-house near Castleton. Luckily for the lovers, all in Auldham had retired early to rest; the gloaming of the June evening was clear and beautiful; the air ambient and calm. She tied her capuchin lightly over her soft, brown hair; locked up her spaniel lest his barking might betray her; and issued forth from the private gate, with a flushed cheek, a sparkling eye, a light step, and a joyous heart; for never had the innocent young girl kept a lover's tryste before.

She looked at her tiny gold watch by the light of the clear, cold, crescent moon, which was now high in the deep blue sky, above the flood of amber that still steeped the western clouds. She was almost too late! Already Dalquharn must be at the trysting-place, and awaiting her, she thought, and hurriedly she traversed the walk that led outside the garden wall to the long and dark avenue, an umbrageous and leafy tunnel, at the western end of which, and apparently at a vast distance (though but a few miles off), the acute cone of Berwick Law rose in dark and opaque outline against the lighted sky.

Dalquharn was not at the gate, each pillar whereof was surmounted by a stone otter, the paws of which rested on a quaint, old-fashioned shield. She looked out upon the highway; its far extent, stretching away in dim perspective, between hedge-rows, showed no sign of any living thing, save, perhaps, an occasional rabbit or hare flitting across from field to field. The summer night

was intensely calm and still, and not a sound was heard now, save an occasional drop of dew, as it fell heavily, from a yielding and overcharged leaf, on the thick green sward below.

On her left lay the deep, dark shadows of the Deil's Loan. She turned her back upon it with a kind of tremor, for it had ever possessed a species of superstitious terror for her since infancy, as memories of the old Druid days and their rites of blood had come down in the shape of calcined bones found in strange clay urns under a mossy cairn, adders' heads and elf-arrows, with strange ornaments of bronze and ivory, that told of other races of men and of other times; and there too, in rank luxuriance, grew the large yellow witchgowan, the stalk of which is filled with a pernicious sap, which, when placed on the eye-lids, was supposed to cause instant blindness.

Again she looked at her watch; more than half an hour had elapsed since Dalquharn should have been at the gate, and why did he not come? Was it lover-like to tarry?

She knew that the errand on which he had returned to Scotland was indeed a perilous one, and that if discovered or betrayed, he was a lost man! She also knew that he was brave, proud, and high-spirited—even reckless; and she now remembered with a thrill of alarm that he had gone forth without arms, without pistols, or even his walking sword; for she had seen him to the door, and bade him a tender adieu.

Just as this recollection occurred to her, she seemed to hear his voice on the still air, and it came to her ear in tones of anger.

From whence? She listened again; but the quick beating of her anxious little heart, and the tingling of her ears, though she drew back her hood and her thick, heavy hair, scarcely permitted her to hear.

Again his voice, and louder still!

It came—too surely it came, from that unhallowed spot the Deil's Loan! She remembered that her dress was dark, and that the moonlight was but faint, and thus, without a moment's hesitation—for, though gentle as a lamb, she was a brave and high-spirited girl—she crept along under the shadow of the hawthorn hedge, till she found herself close to the gloomy and sombre grove of ancient trees.

She could distinguish figures as well as voices now; but she felt her blood alternately glow in a fever heat, and then become icy with apprehension, while a nameless horror, a vague and irresistible perception that something was wrong, grew strong in her heart.

She drew nearer, and shrunk almost down on her knees as she peeped through the hedge, and saw between her and the pale moonlight a figure which she knew to be that of Dalquharn, and with his the form of another man, bearing a third person between them—a person dead—a person whom she instantly knew to be Talbot Egerton, by his sword and sash, and by his costume, particularly

his pale buff waistcoat, which was covered with black stains ; but his face she could not see, as his head had fallen back, and was trailed heavily along the grass !

For one moment she remained as if spell-bound, gazing on this horrible vision. The next beheld her flying along the avenue, overcome by a terror that gave wings to her speed, and yet caused her many times to stumble, to fall, and creep breathlessly on her tender hands and knees.

Had some fierce national quarrel or political duel ensued, or was it a vile and vulgar murder under cloud of night ?

How she reached home, and secured the postern gate, how she ascended to her own room, and got to bed, she never knew ; for she was as if in a dream—till the winds of a stormy midnight shook the tall chimneys and turrets of the house, and roared sullenly among the old woodlands, when a fever seized her, and ere the stars paled out, and the dawn came in, she was delirious.

Already was the light bubble burst, already was the cup of happiness dashed from her lips, and already was the sunshine of her young love overclouded in its dawn, and long ere it reached the maturity of noon !

Bryde's illness was naturally enough coupled by her friends with Egerton's disappearance, and added to the excitement of that sequestered locality. My Lady Haddington, in her two-wheeled Italian chaise, preceded by two outriders ; the Scougals of that ilk, in their lumbering coach, drawn by four black Flemish mares ; and Mr. Carfuffle of Whitekirk, on his nag-tailed cob, and many more, came dutifully to offer their kind aid and advice ; but Bryde obstinately refused to see any one but her old nurse Dorriel Grahame.

When sense returned, and the fever passed away, she could not speak of the events of the night without inculpating Lord Dalquharn and another whom she knew not ; and as her lover could not visit her room, in the severely decorous ideas of the times, they could have no mutual explanation of that terrible mystery.

' Could it be a dream ? ' she often asked of herself ; but she remembered how the wind blew, and how the pale grey dawn replaced the short twilight of the June night : ' a dream !—impossible ; for I never slept ! '

Then Egerton's disappearance was a dreadful corroboration of the episode she had witnessed. Was there indeed blood on the hands of her loved Henry Douglas ? and who was that *other*, by whom the body of the victim was borne ? He was too short in stature to be Sir John Mitchell, and too sturdy in figure to be—another dreadful thought—her aged grandfather ; for a duel, the result of some political dispute, was ever hovering before her.

Three days the poor girl fevered and raved, and at times seemed on the eve of losing her senses ; and now, leaving her for a time, with affectionate old Sir Baldred wringing his withered hands, and



worthy nurse Dorriel weeping over her, let us follow the movements of Lord Dalquharn on the night in question—that night so fruitful in events.

~~~~~  
CHAPTER XXI.

THE DEATH SHOT.

'A falcon towering in his pride of place,
Was by a mousing owl hawked at and killed!'

Macbeth.

It was, as already related, the twilight of a glorious evening in June. The lark had gone to its nest in the woodlands, and the stag was in his lair among the long green feathery ferns in Binning Wood; the dew was falling softly, and so gentle was the wind that it would scarcely have stirred the downy beard of the wild thistle by the wayside. The stars were coming out clear and bright, and in the streams the grey salmon and the bull trout were leaving their deep, dark pools for the shallower places.

It was indeed an evening for two lovers to meet, and Dalquharn as he hastened on his secret errand, with those letters which he could entrust to no other hand, though still ruffled by his recent angry interview with Egerton, and deeply regretting the hostile contingency of the morrow, felt his own happiness in the love of Bryde so much, that he trembled for the perils that might menace it; or was this tremor but a dim foreshadowing of the future? Perhaps so, for there is no emotion that is so sensitive as true affection.

He felt all the luxurious joy of being a successful lover, and trembled lest he should be wakened roughly from his delicious dream.

With a prayer almost on his lips for the success of the great matter in hand, he left the enigmatical letters for the two Jacobite lords at the post-house, and hurried back to meet Bryde as he expected, at the gate which had the two heraldic otters' heads.

When passing the skirts of the old thicket known as the Deil's Loan, the dark trees of which stood up like masses of bronze against the amber-coloured sky, he suddenly heard a shot, and almost immediately afterwards, a pistol, as if hurled towards him by an unseen hand, fell at his feet. He picked it up, and the barrel was still warm with the recent discharge. It was a rough weapon, of common aspect, with a brass butt, and seemed to be of that kind usually called a ship-pistol, as the ramrod was secured to the stock by a lanyard of tarry twine.

All was still after this, and never did Dalquharn more deeply regret the thoughtlessness, which, on this occasion, brought him forth unarmed; but he was naturally too brave to pass on without ascertaining what was the meaning of a shot fired in such a time

and place, and clubbing the pistol as a weapon for defence, he forced a passage through the hedge, and went boldly towards the spot from whence the report had come.

He had not proceeded twenty yards through the fern, gorse and thick grass which grew under the old trees, when he came upon the body of a man, in a scarlet coat, lying on his face, quite dead.

It was Talbot Egerton, weltering in his blood—killed by a shot through the head!

Horror and astonishment were the first emotions of Dalquharn; sorrow and alarm were the next—sorrow for the fate, so untimely and sudden, of this young and gallant Englishman, and alarm lest he might personally be compromised by the event or its discovery. He was not left long in doubt as to the latter, for the sound of footsteps was heard, and Bailie Balcraftie appeared, armed with a *spade*.

‘In the name of heaven, Mr. Balcraftie,’ exclaimed Dalquharn, ‘who has done this foul act!’

The other started, raised the spade as if to defend himself, but recovering from his emotion, whatever it was, he replied very calmly—

‘It ill becomes *you, sir*, to ask sic a question, seeing that you stand by his side, and armed mairoure by the very weapon that has cost the puir young gentleman his life, as sure as I’m a pardoned sinner!’

‘Bailie Balcraftie!’

‘O, waes me, puir Mr. Egerton! truly, truly in the midst o’ life we are in death, and as for man, his days, as the blessed Psalmist saith, are as grass—yea, as a flower o’ the field so he perisheth.’

‘Canting villain!’ exclaimed Dalquharn, hurling the empty pistol with such violence at the Bailie’s head, that had he not eluded it by adroitly ducking, he had assuredly been stretched by the side of the dead man; ‘villain, I repeat, dare you attempt to fix your odious crime on me?’

‘My odious crime!’ chuckled the other, with an obnoxious grin; ‘weel, weel, you are a bold man to say this to me, a merchant o’ substance, a magistrate and elder, senior Bailie, nae less o’ the royal burgh o’ North Berwick! Ken you the worth o’ your head, or the length o’ your neck, that you daur to breathe a word o’ sic an aspersion?’

‘Then who has done it?’ said Dalquharn, almost staggered by the Bailie’s self-possession; ‘you heard the shot, I presume?’

‘I am coming through the wood, I hear the explosion o’ fire-arms; I come further on, and find—what, sir? Mr. Egerton dead, and the so-called Captain Douglas bending over him wi’ a pistol in his hand! Yea, I beheld him,’ whined Balcraftie, lifting up his eyes and hands, ‘as if “I beheld Satan as lightning fa’ frae heaven;” wae’s me! and then I bethink me of the bitter and deadly words uttered in the hearing o’ the worthy Captain Wyvil,

no two hours sin syne, that you and Mr. Egerton would, "*meet when there would be none to separate you, until one lay stiff on his mother earth!*" Ye have met, and behold the awful end!"

'Silence, fellow—silence, lest I strangle thee!' said Dalquharn, who felt his flesh creep, while a clamorous fluttering came about his bold heart, at the apprehension these words and this mysterious crime aroused.

'Do you daur again to threaten a Bailie—a magistrate, an elder o' the kirk, sir?'

'Reuben Balcraftie, there is no greater villain than thee under the canopy of heaven or the keystone of hell! What diabolical motive has induced you to commit this crime, I know not; but I can laugh to scorn your wicked attempt to inculpate me with a deed so dark and bloody. Moreover, sirrah, I know that this is not the first crime of which you have been guilty.'

Dalquharn referred merely to the smuggling and to his appearance in disguise on board the lugger; but the poet tells us that—

'Many a shaft at random sent,
Finds mark the archer never meant,'

so these words had a wonderful effect on Balcraftie, whose visage grew pale and became suffused with beads of perspiration which almost glittered in the moonlight, as it streamed between the still and drooping foliage of the wood. His eyes wore a startled expression of rage and alarm, and he raised the spade, as if he meant to cleave the speaker down.

'Attempt to strike, at your peril,' said Dalquharn; 'stand off, fellow—you know not whom you speak to!'

'I ken owe weel, may be,' replied the other, taking off his hat and making a mock bow, with the most profound insolence; 'a cavalier, a Jacobite in disguise, a popish plotter against kirk and law, as is most likely.'

'Oh, that I had my sword!' exclaimed Dalquharn, in a low voice of concentrated passion; and then losing all sense of caution, 'Back, dog!' he thundered out, 'I am Henry Douglas, Lord Dalquharn of the Holm!'

'I kenned as muckle three weeks ago,' replied the Bailie, changing his bearing entirely, relinquishing his sanctimonious whine, and adopting a bearing which somewhat reminded Dalquharn of that of Scupperplug, or of the Dutch mate, Vander Pierboom. 'Noo stand ye there, my Lord Dalquharn o' the Holm, in the Stewartry of Kirkcudbright, and obey me, lest I denounce ye—obey me, I say!' he added, assuming an air of ferocious authority, as he tore open his coat, and showed that he had beneath it a pair of double-barrelled pistols, in a broad leathern girdle. 'It will be a hard thing for you, I doubt not, if just on the eve o' a rising whilk you hope may be successful, you lose your head, your title, and, for a' that I ken, your braw leman at the Loan-end, Bryde Otterburn, and a' by a word frae my mouth—eh?'

Dalquharn clenched his hand and groaned, for he felt himself more and more in the power or the toils of this human snake. He stooped over Egerton, and felt his hands and pulse, cold and still; poor corpse! the heart had quite ceased to beat.

'This evening he was in the garden, on his knees before bonnie Bryde Otterburn—ha! ha!—on his knees—he is lower noo, and a bluidy tryste hath it been,' chuckled Balcraftie.

'Her name on your foul lips can drive me mad!' exclaimed the young lord, furiously, as he remembered the interrupted meeting, and was about to spring upon his tormentor, when, quick as lightning, that personage cocked and levelled one of his double-barrelled pistols straight at his head.

'The grave to be dug here will haud twa, as well as ane,' said Balcraftie; 'but I'm no done wi' you yet, my braw man. You have been at the Post-house near Castleton?' he asked, categorically, and keeping his pistol still levelled at the young peer's head; 'speak!'

'I have—but how know you that?'

'I saw you go, after your last fatal threat to this puir fellow—go to post letters, doubtless, addressed to *Captain Elphinstone* and *Mr. David Wemyss*, in answer to those you received some three days gane by, from the attainted traitors, Balmerino and Elcho—letters o' whilk the *duplicates* are now in my office, where your answers will be duly inspected to-morrow morning, and a braw sum the Lord Advocate and the Secretary o' State will pay for your correspondence. Oh, my gallant Lord Dalquharn, I ken you weel, but I wouldna like to stand in your lordship's boots.'

'If I must condescend to reply to such a reptile as you, I may inform you that the letters to which you refer, and to which you have had access, by most villainously tampering with the mail-bags, are worthless ever to you, without the cypher—'

'But that I possess, my gay birkie—filat I possess.'

'Impossible!'

'I have heard o' sic things as secret papers being wrapped round a sword blade, and so hid in the scabbard.'

Dalquharn started, and felt the blood rush back upon his heart.

'I examined *yours*, my lord, when you were at breakfast in my house, and left sword and belt, like an unwary fule, in your bedroom. The cypher was wrapped round the blade, and could be left there or drawn forth at pleasure, and on the blade I read the motto, *no union*; we a' ken what that means. The cypher I copied and restored, ere we set out for Auldham; and noo I hae in my grip you and a score o' others, proud, braw, noble and handsome as ye deem yoursel's,—ha! ha! unco galling a' this maun be to you, nae doubt, nae doubt; but there'll be balm in Gilead, I suppose, balm in Gilead, even for hellicate cavaliers,' he added, with a touch of his general manner and character, for, as we have shown, this pillar of 'the kirk and state' had two—a public and a private one.

CHAPTER XXII.

IN THE TOILS.

— ‘Tis not impossible,
 But one, the wicked'st caiff on the ground,
 May seem as shy, as grave, as just, as absolute,
 As Angelo; even so may Angelo,
 In all his dressings, characts, titles, forms,
 Be an arch-villain: helieve it, royal prince,
 If he be less, he's nothing; but he's more,
 Had I more name for badness.’—*Measure for Measure.*

LORD DALQUHARN was, for a time, completely silenced, and filled by a horror and alarm, which increased every moment, the more he realised and considered his situation, and the conviction that so many gallant gentlemen, whose names were in his letters—men of high birth and long descent, of great estates and irreproachable loyalty—were thus compromised, and placed in the power of a wretch so venal and corrupt as this man, Reuben Balcraffie.

In his dread of what might be their fate, and the fortune even of the Prince's intended attempt that summer, he forgot his present peril, he forgot his tryst with Bryde Otterburn, he forgot all but the desire for vengeance, and sprang across the dead body of Eger-ton, intending to close in with his more wary tormentor; but the latter, who possessed more strength than his youthful assailant could have imagined, thrust him furiously back, with the barrels of his loaded pistols, for he had one in each hand now, and never was the life of Dalquharn in greater jeopardy than at that moment.

‘Stand, I bid you—stand off and harken,’ said Balcraffie, sternly; ‘outlawed and attainted as you are, even as your father was before you, for adherence to a popish and perjured tyrant—a double-dyed traitor to the House o’ Hanover, I might lay you dead beside him who lies here, and nae man in a’ the land, frae Tweed to Thule, could ask me why or wherefore. I could, this instant, if I chose, shoot you dead through the brain-pan, and cast these pistols beside him and you, and after *what passed* in the garden, and these awfu’ words uttered in the hearing o’ Captain Wyvil, forby and attour other mair moving political causes, would the procurator fiscal, or ony man in his senses, doubt, when your bodies and weapons were found, that ye had perished otherwise than in a just and lawfu’ duel? It’s a braw thocht—a braw thocht and a tempting one!’ and his eyes shone and his teeth too, as he grinned a horrible smile.

‘Subtle villain,’ exclaimed Dalquharn, with sudden despair in his gallant heart; ‘fire, if you dare!’

‘And lose the price o’ your lordship’s head, when the time comes to exchange it for a cheque on the Treasury; oh, no—Reuben Balcraffie is a prudent and a wary man too!’

Dalquharn was almost suffocating: he felt himself to be completely and utterly in this man's power, for the future, as well as the present, perhaps; and for the present he had no resource but to comply with his orders.

'In the meantime I'll lend you a hand to hide your braw night's work from the gleds and hoodiecreaws,' said Balcraftie, still affecting to implicate Dalquharn in the commission of that crime, for which the young lord yet failed to comprehend the motive. 'Suppose you did it, my lord,' he continued, seeing the start of passion given by the other, 'I only say *suppose*, my lord—I may gie you a title here, whar nae human ears can hear us, what matter is it, whether you killed him here or in the field of battle? 'Twill come to gunpowder ere lang, I suppose, and he'll sleep just as weel here in the Deil's Loan, as if he lay on Penrith Moor, on the braes o' Dumblane, or Glenshiel, or wherever else you Jacobites hae crossed steel with King George's red coats.'

While the Bailie said this he had replaced his pistols in his girdle, and after compelling his companion to stand some paces distant, he proceeded adroitly to cut and roll over some large and tough green sods, keeping apparently one stealthy eye on his work, and the other on Dalquharn, whose slightest movement he watched, and every half minute his hands were on the pistols again. The soil was soft, and he scooped out a grave about a foot deep, scattering each shovel of earth far and wide, tossing it even over the tree tops, while Dalquharn looked on as one in a dreadful dream; but vowing again and again, that whatever might come of it he would yet avenge, with his own hand, perhaps, the foul murder of the young English officer.

'This night he was birling the cogue and drinking the bluid red wine at untimous and unlawfu' hours in Lucky Scougal's,' said Balcraftie, with somewhat of his usual conventional whine; 'and noo—noo, here stark and stiff in the Deil's Loan! Truly, man's days are as grass; but alake, sir, help me to lift the body?'

Dalquharn folded his arms, drew himself up to his full height, and gave the speaker a frown of hatred and disgust.

'Help me to lift the body in here,' said Balcraftie, in a low hissing voice, while cocking a pistol; 'or, by heaven and by hell, I lay you beside him, and leave ye baith, as I threatened, together!'

Thus constrained, Dalquharn, with something like a sob in his throat—a sob of sorrow, rage, and humiliation, turned poor Egerton on his back, and felt his heart deeply moved at the sight of his pale face, the fallen jaws, full of coagulated blood, the ice-cold lips, the glazed and open eyes, which he had last seen sparkle with animation and fury against himself—eyes which he had seen beaming with frolic and merriment in many an idle hour.

Seizing the dead body brutally by the throat, with his right hand, Balcraftie now, with a pistol in the left, covered Dalquharn, who

took up Egerton's feet, but, overcome by conflicting emotions, let them drop upon the grass.

'Hist and harken!' said Balcraftie, starting, and in a fierce whisper; 'something stirred by the hedge side!'

In fact, the sound at that moment was caused by Bryde Otterburn, who had peeped fearfully through, and then fled, like a startled fawn, in terror and despair, towards the avenue gate.

Again the threatening pistol was levelled at his head, and once more compelled to stoop to his odious task, Dalquharn assisted Balcraftie to lay Egerton in his scantily scooped grave, over which the latter carefully deposited the green sods, with the spade, and beat them down. He then tore a branch from a tree, and brushed all the grass round for several feet, to remove any traces of footsteps or blood that might remain, after which, with a caution, which showed he was no new hand in such nefarious work, he tossed the spade from him, far among the growing corn of a neighbouring field, where he knew it would remain undiscovered till the reapers came in harvest time.

'My Lord Dalquharn, we now ken the terms o' our mutual silence anent this black night's wark. I shall speak not o' your secret character, if you venture not to speak o' mine; but if you would take heed o' yoursel', quit Auldham without delay, for the countryside may soon be owre hot for you; and now gude night, my lord, gude night, I am your lordship's maist humble servitor.'

With a species of mock salute, and a cruel glare in his horrid eyes, Bailie Balcraftie departed for his home, on the way to which he discovered, with some consternation, that he had dropped his breeches Bible during his recent occupation—dropped it, perhaps, near the scene of his crime; and on a fly-leaf of it were his autograph, address, and a short prayer, or invocation, in his own handwriting.

* * * * *

How Dalquharn reached his apartment in Auldham, somewhat like poor Bryde (from whose misery he was only separated by a wall), he scarcely knew: but his altered bearing on the morrow has thus been sufficiently accounted for.

To Sir John Mitchell he related all that had occurred, and long and earnest were the consultations they held together; but mutual dread of the future, and of Balcraftie's great local power and influence, sealed their lips. To denounce him, to accuse him of the crime, and say where the body of his victim lay—to accuse *him*, an active whig magistrate, unwearied in his search after Papists, Jacobites, and all manner of recusants, a leading elder, and zealous and rather noisy professor of religion, in whose household every day began and ended with prayer—could but serve to bring the wrath of an incredulous neighbourhood upon themselves. It might, moreover, lead to a suspicion that they were the criminals, and not he; while, in revenge, he might anticipate the coming catastrophe

by denouncing them and their friends to the Lord Advocate, including Sir Baldred, whom they deemed too old, blundering, and unwary to entrust with the key they possessed to the secret life of his money-lending acquaintance.

There were times when Dalquharn and Mitchell actually conceived the rash idea of visiting the reptile Balcraftie, and pistolling him on his own hearthstone, after the fashion of some of the wild Scottish raiders of the preceding century; or, to use a more modern term, to 'lynch him,' as an act of retributive justice, and so end the game of villainy he was playing, and the terror he gave them.

But cooler reflection showed that little would be gained by an act so reckless and perilous, while their letters, or the copies of them and of the cypher, remained among the papers of this man, who added to his many other perquisites and means of acquiring money and power, the then lucrative one, of being a Scottish government spy.

The five hundred pounds borrowed by Sir Baldred, at usurious interest, over the lands of Half-longbarns, for the Prince's use and service, were still in Sir John's hands; but if a portion of this sum, or even the whole of it (then equal to more than a thousand pounds in the present day), were offered to Balcraftie as a bribe for the papers he possessed, they knew he was too wary to give up the originals, or *all* the copies he might possess: he would pocket the money, and betray them still!

With all these anxieties, there was a crowning one—he might already have been in communication with the Government officials on the subject, and, like the sword of Damocles, the terror of arrest hung hourly over the heads of both.

When Dalquharn took his friend Mitchell next day to the place in the thicket where the missing man lay in his lowly bed, he could scarcely recognize the exact spot, for four reasons: the turfs had been very carefully relaid, rain had drenched the ground, after the wind had swept it, and the strong gusts of midnight had overthrown a large tree, the summer foliage, branches, and ruin of which lay immediately over poor Talbot Egerton's unhallowed grave; and from the evil reputation which the wood possessed, there was but little chance of any stroller, gamekeeper, or even poacher, passing near the place of his last repose.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE ARLED BRIDE.

'No more upon these lips of mine
 Shall lover's kiss be pressed;
 No more held fast within his arms,
 And folded to his breast,
 Shall my heart find a hiding place
 To nestle down and rest.
 And I must check the thoughts as sin,
 Which bade my heart rejoice,
 Whene'er I heard, like some sweet chord,
 The music of his voice.'

THESE lines describe somewhat of the emotions of poor Bryde Otterburn, after the terrible discovery which she believed she had made on that eventful night of Egerton's disappearance. Was Dalquharn actually implicated in the deed of slaughter? It was impossible to discredit the evidence of her own senses; and by his strange employment about the body, he seemed to be at least heart and part in the affair, and that involves the penalty of death by the law of Scotland!

Oh, never more should his hand touch hers, for the blood of that unfortunate English stranger, their household guest, was on it! But could he actually be guilty of such a deed—he so nobly born and highly bred, so gallant, so gentle, and kind? She felt that imperatively she must love him no more, but thrust his image from her heart: and if he was the vile person, appearances made him, it should not be difficult to do so; and yet—and yet the wretch, the effort, cost her a terrible pang, and many a flood of bitter, bitter, silent, and unseen tears.

Never more must she listen to his once loved voice; and Bryde hoped, when on the seventh or eighth day she left her chamber and appeared in the drawing-room, that he would be gone; but it was not so; the guests were all there, save Egerton, and now it seemed that doubt, fear, and wrath hovered in the atmosphere of Auld-hame, and these emotions were all most visibly to be read by turns in the grave, expressive faces of Mitchell and Dalquharn.

Bryde quailed beneath the loving and enquiring eye of the latter, and shuddered when he touched her shrinking hand. She dared not speak of what she had seen, and she dared not denounce him, without discovering his real name, rank, and purpose, and thereby inculpating her dear, doting, old grandfather, and breaking her own heart.

At the first glance as they met, Dalquharn saw that there was some other mystery to torture him, for his ring was no longer on her engaged finger; her whole manner and appearance were changed from laughing brightness and espièglerie, to pale, chilling, and statuesque coldness; and now a sickening fear came over his soul,

that she had, after all, in her secret heart, loved the lost Egerton!

Old Dorriel Grahame believed that her pet-mistress was under some warlock's evil spell, and insisted on tying round her white and delicate neck a string of roman-berry heads, and she hung over the watch-pocket in her bed-curtains, an elf-cup, a most approved charm against cantrips, being one of those little stones which are perforated by friction, and were believed to be the workmanship of the elves, though they are usually found under waterfalls.

These and other charms of equal value and power were placed around her, but in vain, for Bryde continued to be, after all, pale, wan, preoccupied, and listless.

Dalquharn, though acting his part in the search for Egerton, was somewhat in the same condition; and there were times when, like a phantasmagoria of the brain, the memory of the terrible episode of that fatal night came before him so vividly, that he almost imagined himself to have had a share in the death of Egerton; and to be the custodier of such a secret, would have maddened him, had he not made his friend, Sir John Mitchell, a participator of it; and like himself, the sturdy baronet longed intensely for the time when they might with safety denounce and punish Balcraftie, whose dreaded denunciation of themselves tied up their tongues at present, and filled them with perpetual alarm.

To be at the mercy of this man, whom they deemed the living embodiment of all the vilest qualities of the venal, subtle, and canting Lowland whig of that age—false to king, to country, and to God—ready alike to sell all to the highest bidder, even as his party had sold Montrose, King Charles, and their national name and fame, was galling, indeed, to such proud and restless spirits as those of Lord Dalquharn and his compatriot.

He was burning for action—for some excitement without, to counteract the rage and shame, the terror and sorrow, that gnawed his heart within; rage and shame for his false position, even in his own eyes, a terror of Balcraftie's ulterior purpose, and a deep sorrow for the cold blight that had come upon his once successful love.

A dozen of times at least were the searches close upon the humble grave of Egerton, but it was passed unnoticed and unheeded, for the rain and wind of the subsequent night, and the fallen tree, completely concealed all trace that the sods had been broken. A blood-hound would soon have solved the mystery: but these dogs were no longer used in the Lowlands; and now, puzzled and piqued by Bryde's unexpected and unexplained coldness, and dreading Balcraftie's threats, Dalquharn resolved to take his departure from Auldham at an early period, and in some loyal household in the North, to await the landing of Prince Charles Edward.

He came to this conclusion, as he walked to and fro in the garden, alone, on the evening of the seventh or eighth unhappy day.

In great sullen masses of unpurpled brown, the clouds were

gathered in the westward over the hills of Fifeshire, and beneath those masses, the red sun of June glared through bars of fiery vapour, as its great disc sank slowly behind the darkening ridges. It shone with crimson sheen on the foam-flecked waters of the Forth, and the summer wind, which waved the ripening corn, rustled pleasantly among the heavy foliage of the old copsewood.

As Dalquharn turned into one of those soft and smoothly trimmed grass-walks which were so common in old Scottish gardens, his heart leaped, as he came suddenly upon Miss Otterburn, who was standing sunk in reverie, sadly, and alone, near the pedestal of a dancing fawn. She was playing with a large moss rose, plucking it to pieces, leaf by leaf, and apparently unconscious of what she did, for her eyes were bent on the grass, or rather on vacancy. They were reddened by recent tears, but they were seldom otherwise now.

How beautiful she looked! She had no headdress, and on the summer wind, the masses of her right brown hair rippled and waved over her shoulders.

The sad preoccupation of her manner told plainly the tenor of her thoughts; but Dalquharn jealously construed it after a fashion of his own.

Henceforth—thought poor Bryde—must love be dead in her heart—the love of *him* at least; but could she live without it, or ever admit the love of another? So the first passionate dream of her romantic and girlish heart was passing away; its joy changed to sorrow; its brilliance to blackness and gloom. In the sweet spring time of life, she already felt the autumn of the heart. Oh this horrible mystery! Was Dalquharn guilty? If not, why was he so silent and so reserved? Why did he not address her as of old, and seek that explanation of *her* coldness to which their mutual relation entitled him?

As if in echo to her thoughts, at that moment—

‘Bryde!’ said a voice that thrilled tenderly in her ear; ‘Miss Otterburn, why are you so changed to me—why are we so altered to each other? Surely grief for the loss of a—a mere friend, cannot alone, have done this?’

‘It has not—it has not,’ said Bryde, after a slight cry of alarm had escaped her, and then without looking at the speaker, she covered her face with her handkerchief.

Dalquharn leaned against the pedestal and regarded her with mournful interest.

‘Miss Otterburn—Bryde,’ said he, putting his lips so near her, that her hair touched them, as the wind lifted it; ‘have you—have you already ceased to love me?’

‘Oh no—oh no—but would to heaven that I did!’ replied Bryde, in a voice half stifled by her tears.

‘You love me still!’

Her voice was gone now, but her sobs were deeper.

‘Why this enigma—what means this change?’ said he gently

and tenderly, as he attempted to fold one of her hands in his ; but she shrank from him saying, hurriedly, almost angrily —

‘Do not, I pray you, touch me!’

She withdrew a pace or two ; the hectic of a moment crossed the face of Dalquharn, and he said with measured calmness —

‘Your changed demeanour towards me, fills my heart with the deepest grief, and believe me, Bryde Otterburn, that if you knew all—all the black sorrows it suffers already, you would, perhaps, spare it these pangs ; but I do not mean to upbraid you now, or torment you longer by my presence here, as I leave Auldham tomorrow.’

‘To-morrow !’

‘Yes.’

‘And for whence, my Lord ?’

‘I scarcely know, being, as you are aware, alike landless and homeless ; but if the fate of a poor wanderer such as I, can interest one so fickle, my steps shall be bent northward, for the house of the loyal and aged Keppoch, or the castle of Mingarry ; though others change, I change not, and shall wait with patience the arrival of His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales.’

Bryde’s clear and beautiful deep brown eyes were bent earnestly and enquiringly on his, as if she would search his soul. The eyes of Dalquharn were full of sadness and of great sweetness too ; and after a deep sigh which seemed to pain him, for he placed his right hand within the breast of his coat, the same faded green one in which he had come from Dunkirk, he said—

‘If grief for the fate of poor Mr. Egerton, has in any way lessened your regard for me, or if the mystery that involves it, has developed, as I rather suspect it has, some secret passion greater than you professed for me, and greater than you were aware of possessing, I shall only do my duty in disclosing ’to you, the secret of his story ; though by doing so, if your discretion fail me, I shall perhaps covet my own ruin.’

It was now Bryde’s turn to flush for a moment, but only a moment, for her marble paleness returned, while her enquiring eyes seemed to dilate with surprise at this remarkable preamble.

‘Come this way, and be seated,’ said he, pointing to a bower of sweet-briar, roses, and ivy : ‘permit me to lead you.’

Still she withheld her hand, on which he lifted his hat, and bowing with studious politeness, placed it under his arm, saying,

‘As you will, madame—as you will ! I am perhaps not worthy to touch one so good and pure as you.’

This extreme humility, while it seemed to corroborate her suspicions, grieved and distressed her. She seated herself in the bower, and looked up at him with earnest and beseeching eyes, her lips half parted, her chestnut hair rolling in shining masses over her graceful shoulders, her white hands folded on her knees to stay their trembling, while her blue satin skirt, being partly lifted by her hoop

shewed one taper ankle and pretty foot that beat the turf with impatience.

'As my presence, Miss Otterburn, appears now to excite only repugnance in your breast and impatience in your manner, I shall be as brief as I can in my narrative, and then, trouble you no more.'

'I too have a secret, which, alas! may break my poor heart in the keeping of it, for I have none now, with whom to share my sorrow.'

'Not even me?'

'Not even you!'

Dalquharn clasped his hands.

'Say on, sir—you were about to explain—'

'My reason for failing to meet you in the avenue on that unhappy night. You remember that we were to have met there?'

'Too well—alas, too well!'

Dalquharn stood in the entrance of the bower, and looking down upon her, with eyes expressive of great love and grief, related the whole story of his quarrel with Egerton, and the threats exchanged between them, in the presence of Captain Wyvil and Bailie Balcraffie; he thence passed to his return from the post-house, the shot he heard in the wood, and the assassination (as he could not doubt it must have been) by the hand of Balcraffie, whose mischievous face Bryde now remembered to have seen in the garden walk, at the moment when Egerton knelt to kiss her hand; and she recalled, too, that the very peculiar expression of that coarse visage had startled and impressed her at the time.

She flushed with indignation at that part of the narrative, in which, under threats of instant death or future shame, the hypocrite and dissembler compelled Lord Dalquharn to obey his obnoxious orders implicitly; and she shed abundance of silent tears, when he related the manner of Egerton's interment, and described the place where his poor remains lay hidden, unhonoured and unurned.

'At that terrible moment, you heard a sound—near the hedge, did you not?' she asked.

'Yes—and it thoroughly alarmed the watchful villain, whose victim I am likely to be next.'

'Twas I who was there.'

'You—you, Bryde?'

On this, she related rapidly the share she had borne in the adventures of the night, and holding forth her hands to him, added in a voice, touching and tremulous with emotion—

'Forgive my thoughts, Dalquharn—forgive me! my love—my own love, I am not worthy of you, for had I loved you with truth and tenderness, I could not, even for a moment, have mistrusted you. Oh, assuredly, it is only perfect love that casteth out all fear!'

And Bryde elung to him sobbing, caressing his face and hair with her kind little hands, as he knelt down by her side.

'I am your *arled bride*,' she added, using a plaintive Scottish phrase, 'your own betrothed Bryde Otterburn. Kiss me and pet

me, Henry, to show that you forgive me—I have been so miserable—so heart-broken!’ and she laid her head upon his shoulder.

‘I dread your discretion in keeping this secret, on which our lives, and even the success of the good cause, in some measure depend,’ said he after a time.

‘Oh trust me—trust me!’

‘But Balcraftie—’

‘Horror! I shall dissemble, even to him.’

‘A canting hypocrite, with the stamp of perdition on his forehead!’

‘Dead—dead—poor Mr. Egerton dead!’ murmured Bryde, with a fresh burst of tears; ‘lie, so merry and so handsome, to be so foully slain, and we shall never, never see him more! And must he lie in that horrid place—’

‘Till things are settled and vengeance done, dear Bryde; and then my own hands, if heaven spares me amid the dangers that are to come, shall lay Talbot Egerton in a worthier tomb.’

‘And you leave us for the Highlands, you said?’

‘Not if you wish me to stay.’

‘And yet, my own love, Henry, you might be safer there than here, and from thence, by letter, you could denounce this Reuben Balcraftie, and say where the body of his victim is hidden.’

‘All of which would be deemed as proofs that I—or we, poor Jack Mitchell and I—rebels and outlaws, had murdered a king’s officer, adding thus to our crime of *treason*, by seeking to fix the stigma of our guilt upon a wealthy, pious, and irreproachable magistrate and stout upholder of kirk and king, as by law established. It would never do, sweet ladybird Bryde; besides, my silence is at present the price of his withholding from government the letters and papers of which he has surreptitiously possessed himself, and these concern deeply the safety of many gallant gentlemen, and the success of King James’s cause.’

‘Oh, that we could, by any means, get those papers from Balcraftie!’

‘One might as well hope to take a lamb gently from a famished wolf.’

From that evening Bryde’s health and spirit seemed to improve; she became content now, and even placid. Old Dorriell Grahame was convinced that the roman-berry necklet and the elf-cup had wrought the charm, and said so to Sir Baldred, whose affectionate old heart became joyous again in the sunshine of his grand-daughter’s face; he took a deeper horn of wine at night, and again engaged Captain Wyvil in more than one dispute concerning the merits and demerits ‘of the vile, unnatural, and incorporating Union.’

CHAPTER XXIV

DEPARTURE OF WYVIL.

'Oh spare the living, judge them leniently,
 Exact not all the honour that is due :—
 The cold exterior and the calm proud eye
 Hide many a gnawing, rankling grief from view.
 Thou see'st but the outward act and deed,
 The motive and the thought thou canst not read ;
 Oh, spare the living, judge them leniently !'—*Thistledown.*

'WOUNDS heal rapidly in a heart of two-and-twenty,' says the worthy Colonel Esmond ; 'hopes revive daily, and courage rallies in spite of a man.' Dalquharn was five-and-twenty, and three years more experience of life had not lessened the natural buoyance of his spirit. He was now much happier, or at least more resigned to the course of events, when he knew and felt assured how much Bryde still loved him ; and one morning, after breakfast, he resolved to have an explanation with Captain Wyvil, whose marked coldness of manner, and whose bearing, which amounted to ill-concealed aversion and suspicion, galled and fretted the proud and generous spirit of Lord Dalquharn.

But the time was awkwardly chosen, for the captain and his host were then engaged in a high dispute—high, at least, on the part of the latter, concerning his great grievance, the Union, and the total ruin it had brought upon all the cities and towns of the east coast, the, as yet, non-development of trade on the west ; the desertion of the capital, where the grass was growing around the market cross, and before the porch of Holyrood.

Some satirical remarks and coarse national reflections copied by the 'Caledonian Mercury,' from an old number of 'Fog's Journal,' had put the old cavalier on his mettle, and he was enraged to a pitch that required all the captain's bonhomie and general good humour to enable him to keep his ground ; and Bryde's playfulness, which whilom was wont to turn their arguments into laughter, by a verse of a droll Jacobite song, was no longer in existence. Sir Baldred was particularly severe on the king and ministry, for permitting the London press to be constantly reviling, without cause, their Scottish fellow subjects. He boasted of the time when King James VI. had sent a Scottish herald to the Duke of Pomerania, demanding the life of a Pole, who wrote a book against the Scots, and how the duke immediately hung the audacious scribbler in the city of Dantzic ; there was no such sharp justice now, he added, and on George II. he was bitter to the verge of ferocity.

'But loyalty, my dear sir,' urged the captain, 'loyalty should prevent you speaking thus, and equity too, for the king cannot control all the quills in Grub Street.'

'To whom should I be loyal—the Elector of Hanover ?'

'To the King on the throne of Great Britain.'

'Know you not, sir,' said Sir Baldred, adjusting his black wig angrily with one hand, and striking his cane on the floor with the other. 'Know you not, sir, that the House of Hanover came to the throne of these realms by the mutual treaty of union. Now, every article of that treaty which was for the good of Scotland, hath been broken by the overwhelming majorities of the so-called British parliament—witness the restoration of patronage which hath split the kirk in twain; hence the treaty is null; I say null, for no treaty can be binding on *one* party only. Then, where is the right of your Elector, though he swears by his coronation oath to keep it inviolate?'

'These are dangerous words, sir, especially at such a time, when the whole air teems with rumours of Jacobite plots and conspiracies,' said the captain, smiling at the fervour of the old man, for whom he was really no match on these subjects.

'We were not wont to choose and pick our words in my young days, Captain.'

'But, my dear Sir Baldred, as brother Britons——'

'We are brother Britons when you wish to wheedle us out of men and money for the wicked wars in Germany, but 'tis all oatmeal and brimstone, and beggarly Scots, at other times. I tell you, sir, "the name of Briton suits Welshmen only—we were born Scots, and Scots we shall remain." That was the shout of the Union Mob on that terrible night, when the High Street of Edinburgh was all aflame with tarbarrels and rockets, and when I saved the vile Lord Chancellor Seafeld, just as the rioters tore him from his coach by the throat, and would have rent him limb from limb in the face of all the Grey Dragoons and Foot Guards; but I and a few members of the opposition, with our armed valets, rescued him at sword's point, yet minus coat and wig, and he fled for England next morning, like a craven as he was. But we shall be Scots, Captain Wyvil, like our forefathers—even as our old land charters say, while grass grows and water runs!'^{*}

And effectually, to prevent the captain making any of his jocular responses, the old gentleman walked away, punching the floor with his cane as emphatically as if the Elector and all Grub Street were under it. It was now that Dalquharn, who took no part in the discussion, and who had been looking dreamily from a window at the sea, where some Dutch and Norwegian schooners were beating into the river against a fresh west wind, came forward, just as Captain Wyvil was assuming his hat and sword, apparently as if about to go abroad.

^{*} It is impossible now to imagine the rancour which the Treaty of Union excited in the minds of the Scots. In the language of De Foe—'The Jacobite and the Presbyterian, the prelatist Nonjuror and the Cameronian, the Papist and the Protestant, parleyed together, joined interest and concerted measures against the Union.' Curses and execrations followed everywhere the King's commissioner and its promoters, and driven from place to place by a mob (whom the Scottish troops failed to resist), it was ultimately signed by them in an obscure tavern in the High Street of Edinburgh. So blind were our ancestors to the advantages of this Union, which saved the Scots from *themselves*!

'Captain Wyvil—may I have a few words with you?' he asked.

'“Servant, sir—servant—certainly,” said Wyvil, curtly and haughtily, while smoothing his upright regimental feather, which was stuck into the black silk cockade of the house of Hanover.

'Captain Wyvil,' said Dalquharn without heeding his stiff, dry manner, 'you are I know an English gentleman of good family, and a man of honour.'

'I trust so, sir; I have served in the four quarters of the globe and borne His Majesty's commission these twenty years, without reproach,' replied the officer bowing still more stiffly; 'but what have I done to merit the flattery of so distinguished a person as—as Captain Douglas of—excuse me, but I don't quite know the regiment?'

'I pass over the too evident sneer in your tone.'

'Tis well you do, sir; but to the point? I am in haste, my men parade in the hamlet at eleven, (here the Captain looked at his watch) and we march from this in half an hour after.'

'The knowledge of that, makes me feel that I can no longer delay, and that I must confide in you and cast myself upon your generosity.'

The Captain coughed dubiously, and again toyed with the feather in his hat, so Dalquharn added—

'I know the fate of your friend Mr. Egerton, and have known it all this while.'

'Even when assisting us—'

'In that mock search—yes.'

'I suspected as much—death and the devil, sir, I suspected as much!' said the Captain, sternly, but otherwise quite unmoved.

'Suspected it—by what?'

'Your change of manner since the catastrophe; your abstraction, your paleness and so forth. I heard your quarrel and his insulting defiance; you killed him in a fair duel I hope, for if so, tell me? In the heat of duelling, we cannot always have our wits about us. Not that I ever fought a duel, nor ever shall, with God's help and guidance, for like my friend Colonel Gardiner of the Light Dragoons, I have religious objections to all such tests of the divine favour. So you killed him?'

'We are alone and none can hear us now, so do not misunderstand me, sir.'

'Do you threaten me, egad!' exclaimed the Captain, changing colour.

'Far from it,' said the other gravely and firmly! 'but I am about to trust to your honour and generosity. In me, Captain Wyvil, you see an attainted peer of Scotland—Henry Douglas, the Lord Dalquharn.'

The Captain started, and then bowed low, saying,

'By my soul I always suspected something of that kind too—that you were one of those luckless gentlemen who adhere so ob-

stinately to a fated cause ; to this unhappy House of Stuart in its downfall ; but, be assured, my lord, that your secret at least, is safe with Marmaduke Wyvil—safe as if I sheltered you in my own house at Hurstmonceaux, where, though we are old rumpers and whigs, more than one cavalier friend hath found safe hiding, as many a sliding pannel and secret stair, had they tongues, could testify.’

‘And Heaven will reward your house for the succour it gave to the unfortunate in the hour when treason triumphed.’

‘My grandfather defended Wem in old Noll’s time, when there were little else within its walls but women and children as a garrison, hence to this day, the milkmaid in Salop sings how

“The women of Wem and a few musketeers,
Beat the Lord Capel and his cavaliers.”

But, concerning my poor friend Egerton ?

‘He was most foully murdered !’

‘Murdered ?’ exclaimed Wyvil in a low and earnest voice, as he laid his hand on his sword.

‘I say so, with sincere sorrow ; I saw him as he lay dead, and scarcely cold, at my feet.’

‘Yours ?’

‘Yes.’

‘And yet you made no effort to succour or defend him ?’

‘I was without arms—even a walking cane, as you may remember, on the night in question.’

‘True, now that I bethink me ; but by whom was he murdered ?’

‘To tell you by whom he was shot down in cold blood, or to say where now he lies, would but serve to imperil my own safety and liberty—even my life, and the lives and liberties, the estates and titles of many dear friends, which are all at the mercy of him who slew Egerton.’

‘Tis an enigma this, and all High Dutch to me !’ said the Captain in great wrath.

‘But if you will trust me so far, Captain Wyvil, as to believe in me implicitly, I swear to you by my hopes of heaven, by my father’s and mother’s bones in their distant graves—graves which are now, alas ! my sole inheritance—that in three months’ time, I may explain all this to you, and avenge your countryman openly.’

‘Three months,’ said Wyvil pausing and pondering ; ‘but in doing this do I not condone a crime, and obstruct the ends of justice ; hence I know not if I am bound to abide—’

‘By your word of honour that you would keep my secret ?’ urged Dalquharn, anxiously.

‘True—odd though this compact is, Zounds, I’ll agree to it,’ replied the confiding Englishman.

Ere the time stated, Dalquharn hoped that the standard of the prince—the same standard which he had seen some fair and royal

fingers embroidering at Versailles—would be floating over the palace of Holyrood, and that the wiles and espionage of Balcraftie would be futile.

‘I could not see you march from here, Captain, viewing me as you did, with cold and suspicious eyes, without having this explanation; and, as a pledge of my truth, I have placed my personal safety in your hands.’

‘And you may trust me: I shall be true to you, as this blade to its hilt,’ exclaimed Wyvil presenting his hand. ‘Come—Egad! though our good old friend here, will storm and argue with me, because I cannot see Scottish affairs from *his* point of view, I have a kindly feeling at times for your countrymen. When I served in 1741, under Vernon and Wentworth, on that unfortunate expedition to Carthagena, where, after the battle of St. Lazare, the army was so reduced by fever, that in two short April days more than three thousand four hundred and forty men died under canvas, I too had perished, but for the exertions of a Scots surgeon’s mate of the “Elizabeth,” seventy gun ship, one Tobias Smollet, a native of Dunbartonshire, who tended me well and kindly; and with him, I remember, this same Union was a very sore subject, and when I was well, he sent me a challenge for d—ning it and the Scots, too, which, in a moment of anger, I had done with all my heart. Then, as for your Highlanders, I think them fine, manly fellows, for I served with some of them against the Indians in Carolina and Georgia, and I shall be truly sorry if there is another rising in the north for King James. I was on the staff of his Excellency General Wade in the Highlands in 1727, when we all took to the trade of making roads and building bridges, and I remember when first his coach and six came along the highways, the astonishment it excited among the poor, simple fellows, who all took off their bonnets with the greatest respect to the coachman—but to him only.’

‘You will then trust me, sir, until this dark matter is cleared up, by myself.’

‘I shall; we march for Stirling, and we may be at least four days en route. There are rumours of expected disturbances north of the Highland frontier—disturbances for which you are, perhaps, unfortunately too cognisant. I shall be some time, no doubt, in Stirling Castle, where any letters addressed to Captain Wyvil, Howard’s Foot, or the Old Buffs, will be sure to find me.’

It was long before Dalquharn was able to communicate the truth to Wyvil, and before they both learned the secret *motive* which animated the assassin of Egerton.

Sir Baldred was too hospitable and too warm-hearted to part without regret from his English antagonist in so many games of chess and primero, and so many political discussions; and now he ordered the butler to broach a runlet of rare old wine that had lain among cobwebs and dust in a deep, dark binn of the cellar since 1715—ever since His Grace John Duke of Mar (for duke he was

always styled by the Jacobites, as his patent was signed at St. Germain) marched to Sheriffmuir 'to haud the Whigs in order.'

Mitchell was again in Edinburgh; indeed, the worthy fellow abated himself as much as possible to avoid the witchery of Bryde's society; for, in secret, he loved this gentle and loveable girl, and dreaded to become the rival of his friend.

Thus, like Orlando, he was feeling how

'His passion hangeth weights upon his tongue,
He cannot speak to her should she urge conferences;'

And that his friendship for Dalquharn hung weights thereon that were heavier still.

Home-brewed ale, bread, and bannocks of barley-meal, were liberally supplied to the soldiers, who filled their canvas havresacks, and drank to the health of Sir Baldred—'towd Squoir,' as most of them called him—with three hearty English cheers for the 'yoong ladie;' and the old baronet's face lit up with kindness and enthusiasm as he saw them for the last time; for with him, at heart, it was not that he 'loved England less, but Scotland *more*.'

'A long farewell, Miss Otterburn, and God be wi' ye,' Wyvil, said, as he lifted his hat and kissed Bryde's hand. 'Adieu, Captain Douglas; may our next meeting be as peaceful as our parting. Farewell, my brave old cavalier,' he added, waving his hat to Sir Baldred; 'with all your antique ways, egad, I can't help liking you; and I hope some day to crack a bottle of good old port, or drain a crown bowl of punch with you, at my old manor of Hurstmonceaux, and there return your many hospitalities.'

Sergeant Teesdale advanced his halberd; the drum and fife struck up; and the fine grenadiers of the old Buffs, with their knapsacks and crossbelts, their square-skirted coats buttoned back to display their pipe-clayed small clothes, their sugar-loaf caps, queues, ruffles, and long black gaiters, once more made a brave show, with their sloped arms and fixed bayonets flashing in the sun, as they marched down the long shady avenue, and wheeled to the right upon the highway to Castleton, where the sound of their drum soon died away in the distance, as they trod to their route towards the land of the Gael, leaving, we may presume, the usual number of soft and sorrowing hearts behind them.

CHAPTER XXV.

BRYDE'S ENTERPRISE.

'Gae tell thy master, frae this arm
 Mine answer will I gi'e;
 Remind him of his tyrant deeds,
 And bid him answer me.
 'Wha was't they slew my father dear;
 That bared my castle wa'?
 Wha was't that bade wild ruin bruid
 Whar' pipes did glad the ha'?—*Old Ballad.*

NOTWITHSTANDING the full explanation which had taken place between Bryde and Lord Dalquharn, and between the latter and Captain Wyvil, even after the departure of that officer and his grenadiers, a cloud seemed to hover darkly above the little circle at Auldhame. It was not the secret of an unhallowed grave close by their baronial gates, or of an unavenged crime alone, that caused this general gloom, but the incessant doubt and dread lest Balcraftie, who had them all at his mercy, might put a climax to his villainy by betraying Dalquharn, Mitchell, and many others, through the simple act of placing the intercepted correspondence in the hands of the authorities, which he was quite likely to do, the moment that a sum sufficiently tempting was offered him, though the act would destroy for ever his chances of again setting foot within the door of Auldhame, in his present capacity at least.

Anticipation of misfortune is often worse than the reality thereof. 'Imaginary evils,' says Dean Swift, 'soon become real ones by indulging our reflections on them; as he who, in a melancholy fancy, sees something like a face on the wall or wainscot, can, by two or three touches of a lead pencil, make visible, and agreeing with what he had seen.'

Singular to say, the Bailie still daringly continued his visits to Auldhame, but at longer intervals. He conceived his terrible secret was known only to Dalquharn, but he found himself avoided by all save Sir Baldred, who was totally ignorant of all this under-plot, and was too old, and had too little discretion, to be trusted with it. Forced by policy to dissemble the intense repugnance with which his presence inspired her, Bryde grew pale, stern, and all but ill, when the Bailie appeared; and at such times, she observed now, that his cringing smile, his cat-like attempts to gain her favour, failed him—and that even his diabolical courage seemed quite to die away.

'Why do you wince and shrink from me now, Bailie?' she once asked, with her eyes half-closed in disdain, and her head thrown haughtily back, as if she felt her advantage and power—the power of birth, innocence, and purity, over lowly station, when combined with black guilt and subtle hypocrisy.

'I dinna ken, Miss Otterburn; but times there are when—when——'

'When what, sir?' she asked impatiently, and making her spinning-wheel fly as she spoke.

'You remind me sorely o' one who hath gane to his place of rest. O—o—oh! blessed are the dead who——'

'I remind you of my poor father, you would say?'

'Ye—yes—puir young man!'

'I am thought to be like him; for his hair was a light brown, and his eyes hazel, with black lashes.'

'Even sae, Miss Otterburn,' murmured the Bailie, while smoothing the nap of his huge triangular beaver, and lowering his stealthy eyes.

'It was an evil night that on which you and he rode homeward from the Bank of Scotland, Reuben Balcraftie.'

'Evil was it indeed!' he rejoined, cowering still more beneath the keen flashing glance of her beautiful eyes, in which a strange light was now shining; 'but Luffness Muir bath the reputation o' being a fatal spot to the Otterburns of Auldhame, as you ken weel. To-morrow,' he added hurriedly, to change the subject, 'I am to attend a meeting o' the Synod of Lothian and Tweedale, anent that flagrant violation o' the Treaty of Union—the restoration o' kirk patronage, Sir Baldred.'

The baronet did not care much about *that* special violation, as it restored to his family the patronage of the ancient parish church of St. Baldred, which they had possessed since the Reformation and plunder of the temporalities, during the regency of Mary of Guise; but a reference to the Union was quite sufficient to make him mount his hobby, and begin an angry dissertation, which the Bailie evidently preferred to continuing the conversation on that midnight ride over Luffness Muir.

Bryde had remarked this more than once—the Bailie's reluctance to speak of an episode that would certainly have formed a natural subject for morbid relish to one so vulgar as he, and it set her thinking.

The Synod met in Edinburgh; the Bailie, she expected, would be absent at least two days from his house in the Burgh-town, and Bryde resolved to visit it and reconnoitre.

'You take horse for Edinburgh to-morrow, Bailie?' she asked, making a violent effort, and addressing him again.

'By eight hours o' the morning, *Deo Volente*, I shall be going forth on a pious and righteous errand, Miss Otterburn,' he replied, bowing low, while tilting up the ties of his huge wig, and planting the heels of his square-toed shoes together on the carpet; 'I shall tarry at Ramsay's stables in the Horse Wynd. Can I do aught for you in the Lawn-market, Miss Otterburn; though I can but little anent à la modes and lutestrings, pompons and pearlings?'

Even while shrinking from him with loathing, Bryde smiled at

her own thoughts, as she retired to join Dalquharn, who could not abide the presence of Balcraftie, if he could by any means avoid it; and while the latter looked after her retreating figure admiringly, till the dining-room door closed over it, there came into his pale eyes an avaricious glitter. Then he turned to the woodlands, and the yellow fields, which, from the windows, could be seen stretching far eastward in the sunshine, and he rubbed his hands and muttered,

'The estate shall be mine, mine—MINE! Tower and fortalice, kirk and doocot, main and farm, bake and brewhouse, outfang thief and infang thief, sae surely as the field o' Ephron, which was in Machpelah, and a' the trees which were in that field, were given unto Abraham! and mair than a', you shall be mine too, madam, for a hand-fast, a bond-maiden, it may be, for wi' a' your pride, your scorn and braw airs, Reuben Balcraftie may see you at his feet yet!'

The attainer of Auldham (to which he confidently looked forward) on the one hand, his secret services to the government, and the wadsets he personally held on the other, would ensure him a strong chance of obtaining possession of the whole, and thus Bryde would be placed by poverty and humility, completely in his power; so, like a coiled-up snake, he bided the time 'to hurl at once his venom and his strength'—bided slowly, surely, greedily and warily!

About five hours after the Bailie and Mr. Carfuffle, of Whitekirk, took horse next day at the Otterburn Arms, and set out for Edinburgh, Bryde ordered her pad to be saddled, and an armed groom to accompany her, as she meant to ride a few miles.

Without acquainting her grandfather or Dalquharn of her purpose, she stole away by the private door, holding up the gathered skirt of her riding habit, which was light blue trimmed with silver, a white ostrich feather floating from her broad hat behind her, and her riding switch pressed against her rosy lips, as if she would impress silence on herself. There was a flush in her now usually pale cheek, and a sparkle in her clear brown eye, that made her face, though an irregular one, full of glorious beauty.

'Praise be blest! my bonnie lamb—my ain cushie-doo, the roses are coming back to your cheeks again!' said Dorriel, as she saw her setting forth, and whip up her pad to a gallop, as she sped towards Castleton, followed by a trusty fellow, the butler's oldest son, Archie, armed with a hanger and pair of holster pistols.

Her purpose, that forenoon, was to visit the house of Balcraftie in his absence, and endeavour by force, if bribery or stratagem failed her, to secure those dangerous papers, which might cause alike the ruin of her lover, her own family, and, perhaps, the prince's cause.

Where their personal feelings are so keenly, so terribly excited as those of Bryde were, women, being generally given more to sudden

impulse than to subtle casuistry, are not apt to consider nicely or maturely, how the law may view their proceedings; thus, to Bryde Otterburn's mind, to commit invasion on the premises of Bailie Balcraftie, risking even the charge of *hame-sucken* and violence, even to the wrenching open of his most secret places, seemed but an act of fair reprisal, retributive justice and patriotism in King James's cause.

'Balcraftie is a villain, and worse than a villain!' she kept repeating, while whipping her horse; 'then why dally, delay or trifle with him? Time presses and such an opportunity may not occur again.'

She neither armed herself with a loaded pistol or sharp poniard; neither was she furnished with a sleeping drug, a dark lantern, or any of the melo-dramatic accessories usually adopted by ladies of high enterprise in sensational romance. She was simply resolved to see what she could do, at all personal risks, to recover those dangerous documents.

Her heart beat painfully with growing excitement, as she approached the little town, with its ruined church on the rocks beside the sea; and checking the pace of her horse, she permitted the reins to drop on his neck.

The noon of the summer day was bright and beautiful: the woods tossed on the wind their dense green foliage; the bearded grain was yellowing in the sun, and the black crows were cawing in the quaint belfry of the parish church, whose shadow falls on the grave of many a martyr and resolute covenantanter; and they were wheeling in flights above the turrets and walls of the old Cistercian nunnery, which Malcolm Macduff, son of Duncan, Earl of Fife, built and consecrated to the blessed Virgin Mary, when Alexander II. filled the Scottish throne—a shattered ruin, at the altar of which, three fair young ladies of her house, at different times, had taken the veil, when their lovers fell in battle for their country at Sark, at Arkinholme and Pinkeycleugh; and Bryde thought of them sadly, and of their sorrows begun and ended, all so long ago, when, in this age of utility and desecration, she saw the corn of the thrifty Presbyterian farmer (who was not troubled by many poetical compunctions), growing deepest and richest, where, in the days of old, the convent graveyard lay.

There was a great bustle in and around the narrow main street of the quaint little town of North Berwick, and the beating of a hoarse, ill-braced drum was heard at times. At the market cross there stood, by sentence of the Lords of Justiciary, a degraded merchant burgess, with his hands tied behind his back, which was bared to the long lash of the public executioner, while a placard on his breast bore the following in capital letters:

'Convicted of withdrawing His Majesty King George's weights and using false ones, in place thereof.' Underneath was written in the hand of Balcraftie, the text so well known, 'Render unto Cæsar,' &c.

The town-drummer beat a roll, and the first of twenty stripes to be administered drew a yell from the culprit, and a varied murmur from the crowd ; at the same time it made Bryde gallop on to the mansion of Balcraftie.

Dismounting and telling the groom to take the horses to the Otterburn Arms, and await her there, she advanced straight to the house of her foe, with her heart beating every moment more painfully and rapidly.

With several other gossips, whose presence and observation Bryde would rather have avoided, the housekeeper of Balcraftie, a shrivelled and wrinkled crone, whose hooked nose and prominent chin (under her close crimped curchie, with its black band), met like nutcrackers, stood on the steps of his door, curiously and morbidly observant of the bustle and punishment at the cross, though the good folks of those days were treated, at very short periods, to the sight of hanging, lashing, nailing of ears and boring of tongues, for various crimes, and drumming of scolding wives through the streets at a cart-tail.

She received the young lady of Auldham with a profusion of smiles and low curtsies.

The Bailie, she said, a little pompously, had just ridden that morning to Edinburgh, with the worthy Mr. Carluffle, to attend a meeting of the Synod, anent the abomination of Patronage, and would be absent two, may be, three days ; but Jabez Starvieston (the poor anatomy was well named) his clerk, was at the cross, reading the sentence on the dealer with false weights—a vile Seceder loon, who upheld the ‘ Marrow of Modern Divinity ’—but Jabez would be back anon to attend to her ladyship’s pleasure.

Annoyed by the fawning manner and repeated curtsies of this wrinkled crone, Bryde said briefly that she did not require the clerk, a poor starveling and slave, whose shrunken limbs and cadaverous aspect she had often pitied, the pittance he received from his hard task-master, affording but few of the necessaries, and certainly none of the luxuries of life ; she would write a note for the Bailie, and with the good dame’s permission, would step into his office and make use of his writing materials.

The old housekeeper, with all the officiousness, loquacity, and gossip of her class, accompanied Bryde into that celebrated apartment which the reader may, perhaps, remember, the same in which Mr. Gage and the armed tidesmen brought Dalquharn and Mitchell before the Dionysius of North Berwick ; and had the young lady not dismissed her peremptorily, by remarking that she must be left alone, and would be some time in writing, she might as well have tarried in Auldham, as have hoped to investigate the archives of Balcraftie without observation or interruption.

The housekeeper hurried back to rejoin the gossips on the steps outside, their conversation now having new food in the discussion of Miss Otterburn’s appearance, bearing, and dress ; and the instant

she was gone, our heroine turned the key in the door, and looked curiously and anxiously about her.

She remembered the room and all its gloomy features but too well, for she had been in it more than once, when poor Sir Baldred had come hither in the hard times and dear years, during the cattle disease, and bad crops, and so forth, to screw money out of the grasping usurer's ill won hoards.

Its windows were barred like those of a prison, and faced the wide expanse of sand, the rocky isle of Craighleith, which so closely resembles a vast lion, with its chin resting on its fore paws; the ceiling was low, and discoloured by stains; the grate was rusty, and full of waste paper, carefully torn into very minute bits, and a damp and earthly odour, like that of a tomb, pervaded the place. Vague ideas of alarm came over Bryde, and she shuddered, she knew not why.

Those documents of such vast consequence to the lives of those she held most dear, might be—nay, must be, Bryde knew—within arm's length of her; but where, in what drawer, in what coffer, in what exact spot? Could her eyes but pierce those boxes and pan-nels.

What if Balcraftie had on that day taken the papers with him to Edinburgh, either to secure or surrender them? Even at that moment he might be in conference with the crown officials concerning them; to-morrow the warrants might be out, and the criminal officers and a guard of horse might secure all the avenues from Auldham. There was despair in that thought!

Off her nervous little hands, which seemed so white and babyish for the work to be done, she drew her tight and well-fitting riding gauntlets, and cast them with her switch on the black oak table. It was littered by books, doequets, and musty papers; but she knew too well that those she longed for, would not be lying openly there.

On the maps and charts by Herman Moll, the bills of wreckage, salvage, of the weekly waggon, and the Bailie's next proclamation on the links, 'Deo Volente,' and so forth, her eyes wandered rapidly.

His oak lettron, or desk, massively bound and fenced about with brass, was before her; might the papers be there?

An old-fashioned bureau, which surmounted a mahogany chest of drawers, with hanging handles of brass—a piece of double furniture still to be seen in remote Scottish country houses—stood in an arched recess, that, somehow, suggested security. She stepped towards it; the sloping-lid of the bureau was locked, and now a sound startled her. It was only a mob hooting the culprit at the market cross.

The drawers of this bureau were all unfastened save one. She pulled them all open, and shut them in quick succession, not because she expected the paper to be there, but rather in nervous

anxiety to be doing something before the clerk returned. They were crammed with bundles of old invoices, accounts, bills of lading, and other written rubbish, tied up with red tape, and seemed of no value, as they referred to long past transactions.

The lower one was locked; this excited alike the suspicion and irritability of Bryde, and she exerted all her strength to pull it open. The wood was old, worm-eaten, and rotten; the lock fell into the drawer, which came suddenly out, and seemed empty. Bryde was about to shut it, when something caught her eye, which made her cheek grow pale, and her heart to die away in her breast.

She drew it forth—that something, the sight of which almost suffocated her with emotion.

Covered with the dust of years, and faded in hue, it was a small maroquin case, or pocket-book, of scarlet leather, which bore the arms of the Otterburns of Auldham stamped thereon, in gold. It was originally wont to be fastened by a curious clasp of steel, which she remembered well, but this means of security had been rent completely away. Trembling in every limb, Bryde opened it, and saw on the inside the autograph of her father, in whose hands she had many times seen this case—the identical one of which he had been robbed, with all its contents, on the night when he was so foully slain by a shot from behind, on Luffness Muir!

The dark spots upon it—his blood, doubtless—filled her heart with emotions of rage and sorrow.

‘This pocket-book—how came it into Balcraftie’s possession? How, but with the notes it contained!’ she whispered in her heart.

Another black link in the secret life of Balcraftie was here taken up, and, swift as light, a hundred suspicions now flashed on the mind of Bryde. She now knew beyond a doubt, that Reuben Balcraftie, incited by robbery and avarice, was the author of her father’s assassination, and, by that deed, the breaker of her mother’s heart.

She remembered the long night of suspense and anxiety that preceded the knowledge of the crime; the alarm and dismay that the cold grey morning brought to all their hearts; her mother, dishevelled and wild with grief, embracing the stiffened corpse, as it was borne by sorrowing vassals into Auldham, muffled in a roque-laure pale, and covered with hideous blood gouts.

What if the author of that foul crime were to return now, and find her with the proofs of it in her possession! Quick, quick, she thought, there is no time to lose!

‘Traitor!’ she exclaimed, ‘corrupt and hypocrite as you are, and cunning and wary though you be, I shall make you suffer torments yet, greater than you have ever caused to the hearts of those who were good, gallant, and true! We shall yet be revenged on thee, wretch!’

She remembered the expression which Balcraftie at times alleged he had seen in her face, a something that reminded him of her

father, and which bewildered and terrified him; and she remembered too of the wadset which had been principally paid in some of the same notes of which her father had been robbed. To her it was all as clear now as sunshine at noon!

There is something mysterious in the persistence of *impressions*. 'There is reason to believe that no idea which ever existed in the mind can be lost,' says a modern writer; 'it may seem to ourselves to be gone, since we have no power to recall it, as is the case with the vast majority of our thoughts. But numerous facts show that it needs only some change in our physical or intellectual condition to restore the long lost impression;' and in the mind of Bryde, a flood of past thoughts and suspicions gathered or returned with fresh intensity.

Nerved thus anew, and thereby with less repugnance than ever, she looked about for some lever, wherewith to wrench open the bureau, and every other lock-fast place in this assassin's den. In the cautious Scottish fashion of the preceding century, the fire-irons were chained to the jambs of the mantle-piece, not so much to prevent their abstraction as the dangerous use of them in any sudden brawl, so they could not avail her.

She looked anxiously round, for time was most precious and was passing quickly.

The rusty head of an old halbert (broken in some row or tuzlie in the burgh), with about three feet of the shaft adhering to it, lay in a corner, and Bryde found that it would suit her purpose exactly.

The strong steel head she inserted under the sloping lid of the bureau for some inches, and then bending upon it with all her weight, the wood parted from the lock with a great crash, and the slab of mahogany fell at her feet. A double row of pigeon-holes, filled with docquets of letters, was now visible, and many bundles of paper, tied and labelled, lay on the desk of the bureau, and to these, while her temples throbbed and her hands trembled, she addressed herself in rapid succession.

The old wadset over a portion of the home-farm of Auldham and other places, with the more recent one for money for the Prince's service, borrowed over the land of Halfongbarns, met her eye, and these she might have taken and destroyed; but they were carefully recorded in the sheriff court book of the Counting of Haddington, so their destruction would have availed little; besides, Bryde had other views.

'Hah—what is this?' she exclaimed, as a foolscap document came to her hand, recently written, at some length and docquetted thus:—

'Information for His Majesty's Advocate for His Majesty's Interest, anent Dalquharn and Mitchell, emissaries of the Popish Pretender and Spies of the French King, with evidence that they came from Dunkirk last, in the "Etoile de la Mer" smuggler, in time of

war, eluding the fleet of Admiral Byng. Cyphers and intercepted correspondence between the aforesaid forfeited traitors, and the Lords Balmerino, Lovat, Elcho, the Earl of Kilmarnock, and the (so-called) Duke of Perth and Melfort, numbered from one to twelve, together with an account of the secret murder of an English officer, Lieutenant Egerton, of Howard's Foot, and the complicity of Sir Baldred Otterburn therewith, as the body is now buried near his mansion of Auldham, &c.'

This document was dated but yesterday, and the ink was barely dry! Tied up with red tape, and ready for transmission to the hands of the Public Prosecutor at Edinburgh, the docquet was bulky.

Bryde had now all she wanted; she threw her riding skirt over her left arm to conceal the papers and the recovered pocket-book, and grasping her riding-switch, as if it was a weapon for defence, sallied from the house like one in a dream, and reached the inn-yard, where the armed groom awaited her with the horses.

Ten minutes more beheld her flying homeward with her spoil, almost at racing speed. The poor girl's heart and head seemed alike on fire! She cared not what might be thought of the adventure, which the Bailie's household would soon make known over all the country; for all those noble peers, whose names were mentioned in the correspondence, and some of whose holograph letters were there, 'numbered from one to twelve,' were saved by her from immediate destruction; her lover too, the brave and devoted Dalquharn, Sir John Mitchell too, and, though mentioned last, not least, her poor old, loving grandfather, whom this man Balcraffie had robbed and so deeply wronged.

Sir Baldred she resolved not to consult, as yet, on this discovery; his impatience and impotent wrath would be too great even for the occasion, and might seriously affect his health. She enquired for Lord Dalquharn the moment she reached Auldham, breathless by her ride, and alternately flushed by her triumph, and then pallid at the contemplation of the danger they all escaped, and by her courage and prudence alone.

Lord Dalquharn was nowhere to be found, though evening was at hand, and the dinner bell had long since been rung. He had gone forth with Mr. John Gage, the English custom-house officer, taking with him his sword and pistols, and had not returned.

'Whither had he gone—in what direction?' she asked. Some said towards Tantallan; others said, towards Tynninghame in the opposite direction; in short, no one knew with certainty.

The evening drew on, and Bryde's anxiety became, ere long, an agony. She had gained a great victory; and he in whose cause the essay had chiefly been made, was not here to share her triumph or her secret—the new and terrible secret, that she had discovered the assassin of her father!

To Sir John Mitchell, Bryde related, with all its details, the

story of her adventure. He read over the 'Information for His Majesty's Advocate,' while his brows were knit with rage and fury; for they had all been toppling on the brink of a precipice, from which Bryde's hand had saved them, but he laughed and kissed it, and could he have dared so great a liberty, he would have pressed the dear girl to his breast, as she hung with a species of sisterly regard on his arm, and looked into his kind eyes for approbation of her courage and conduct, which he praised loudly.

'And now, my dear and gallant Miss Otterburn,' said he, 'as we never know what a moment may bring forth, these papers must all, with your permission, be put out of existence.'

'Before Dalquharn sees them?'

'Yes, and especially before *others* might see them. I have not lived in exile since the battle of Sheriffmuir, without learning caution, my dear young lady.'

Procuring a light from the silver tinder box, which, as a habitual smoker, he always carried for using his pipe, they were speedily torn to shreds and blazing in the dining-room grate. He and Bryde stood by watching the conflagration in silence, until the last glowing spark of redness had flickered out and died away among the black and impalpable ashes, and then he again caressed Bryde's delicate hand, tenderly, and bent his lip upon it. Mitchell could do so in safety then, for the secret that he loved her, with all the affection of lover, brother, and friend, was known to himself alone.

As the light of the burned papers passed away, the two lookers-on became aware how far the twilight had advanced, and that Lord Dalquharn was still unaccounted for.

He had never before been absent so long, without some known and just excuse, and was so regular in his habits, that the present affair seemed extraordinary, and rapidly became alarming: for the night drew on, and still there was no appearance of him. Sir Bal-dred dispatched a mounted servant to the residence of Mr. Gage, a pretty cottage in the westgate of North Berwick, to make enquiries, but that official had not returned either; however, as his habits were somewhat erratic and nocturnal, in consequence of his peculiar avocation, his absence created little alarm in the mind of his buxom little English wife, who seemed to have no doubt that 'he would turn up somewhere between the night and morning—he always 'ad 'itherto.'

Absent—absent, even as Egerton had been—he had gone forth into the darkness of the night, and leaving only wild surmise and mystery behind; so thought Bryde, who had a very active imagination, with a great aptitude for tormenting herself. Oh, what had happened now? Scotland and England, too, were still somewhat lawless; there were no regular police, and the roads were often beset by broken men, gypsies, foot-pads, and sturdy beggars; and human life and human suffering were both of much less account than they are now.

Why was he absent thus from her who loved him as her own soul? Once again her tears were falling fast and bitterly. He might have heard of danger, Mitchell kindly suggested, and so have fled somewhere for concealment, 'and in that case,' added the baronet, 'we shall soon hear of him. for though the post-boys appear to be strangely tampered with, he would not leave you in suspense, and me in the lurch.'

It could not be a danger menaced by Balcraftie, as the perilous papers no longer existed; but what business could he have had with Mr. Gage, an Englishman—a government official. It was very perplexing.

So the night passed away at Auldham without Lord Dalquharn appearing; it was, though a midsummer one, a long—long night of tears and apprehension to Bryde Otterburn, who heard every hour and half hour, chimed in dreary monotony by the old brass clock in the chamber-of-dais.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE SEQUEL.

'Fell spectre of the haggard eye,
Wild gesture and erected hair,
Quick from my presence fly!
Ease—ease awhile my heart oppress,
Lest, lost and woebegone, Despair
Should seal me for her own,
And reason banished from her throne,
To madness should resign my tortured breast!

Ode to Terror.

LATE that night Bailie Balcraftie came galloping home, and to the great surprise of his small household, presented himself at an hour, when he and other members of the Synod of Lothian and Tweeddale were supposed to be sitting round a snug crown bowl of steaming whiskey punch at Ramsay the vintner's, in St. Mary's Wynd. He had returned, he said briefly, for some papers of importance; in fact, for a right royal sum, he had agreed to place in the hands of the Lord Advocate (of course an unscrupulous ministerial placeman) the carefully numbered correspondence, and the precious 'information' which Mitchell had, a short time before, quite as carefully committed to the flames. Thus, the Bailie had preferred a ride in the dark, even by Gulane Links and Luffness Muir, to enjoying a pipe and bowl, and the society of such men as Home, the author of 'Douglas,' Blair, who wrote 'The Grave,' the witty Carlyle of Inveresk, and others among whose society his profound hypocrisy enabled him to move.

In the hurry of his arrival and in the lust of gratified avarice, and the triumph of anticipated revenge on Dalquharn, Mitchell, and Sir Baldred, all of whom he cordially hated in his heart, he failed to observe at first the pale terror and painful tribulation of Mr. Jabez

Starvieston, his clerk, a poor, famished, and overtaken creature, whose services were rewarded by the reversion of the Bailie's wardrobe, and the crumbs that fell from his table, and whose pale watery eyes and cunning leer gave him a resemblance so close to our enterprising magistrate, that a few evil minded persons—Tories and nonjurors—were wont to affirm that there was a very near relationship between them, more especially as in babyhood, the starveling clerk had been found one morning tied in a bundle of rags, to the handle of the risp Bailie's front door.

This abject creature, who regarded Balcraftie with a strange fear, and stranger regard, blended with the most abject submission, the result of long force of habit, after having his intellects brightened by a smart application from a rattau wielded unsparingly by Balcraftie, informed him that Miss Otterburn had been there that day.

'Here—Bryde Otterburn, here?' exclaimed Balcraftie, astonished by a circumstance so unusual.

'Yes—in the office, saying she would—would—would leave a note, but—but—'

'But what—speak, you gomeral—you puir cockle-headed loon!'

Jabez could only gasp like a dying cod-fish, and cower under the uplifted rattan.

'A licht, Lucky, a licht!' said the Baily, snatching a candle from his scared housekeeper, and hurrying into his sanctum. He hastened instinctively to the bureau; it was open; the halberd head was lying among the littered papers with it, and split in two, the lid lay on the floor.

A film passed over his eyesight; a sickness came into his avaricious heart; and he would have sunk down, for his knees gave way beneath him, but he clung to the bureau.

His precious papers, the double instruments of wealth and triumph were gone—gone—gone!

And Bryde had taken them! There was no note, for none had been written; it was all a snare, a pretence to take advantage of his absence, on that expedition to Edinburgh, of which he had so carefully informed her; and there lay her tiny gloves, just where she had cast them on the table, and forgotten them in the hurry of her departure. He tore them with his teeth; he trod them under foot, in his impotent rage—trod them as he would have done her own slender neck had it been there.

Then came the bitter reflection, that had he but taken the papers when he went to town that morning, her scheme would have been baffled; but now she had confounded and defeated him.

'Curses on her!' he gasped out hoarsely and huskily, as he sank into his black leather elbow chair, which never felt so uncomfortable as at that particular moment; 'curses on her!' he repeated while depositing his wig on the wig-block, for his brain seemed on fire; 'how came she to do this, a deed so bauld and tough—she, a delicate

woman, barely past her lassielhood, wi' her saft hazel eyen, and her a' but a bairn's face? *Curse her!*' he added, more deep and hoarsely, as he clenched his sharp fangs, and his great coarse and misshapen hands.

When the first paroxysm of fury was past, Jabez Starvieson, who wore a scratch wig made of a dog-skin, which did not improve his lean and hunger-eyed visage, drew timidly nigh, with the whispered information, that the lugger of Sanders Scupperplug had been seen in the offing from Scougal Point.

The Bailie groaned, and then said, after a pause—

'Was a lantern hung out in the gloaming, to shew that the coast was clear, and the pestilent-red coats departed?'

'Aye, and at Whitberry, and I shewed the red flag on Tantallan for weel nigh five minutes.'

'Five minutes owre lang, for that English loon, Gage, hath the eyen o' a lynx; in this matter you have dune your best; in the other you werena to blame. But get me my night gear, and we shall gae forth; the run will be made mare than three miles frae this.'

Groaning again, as he recurred to his loss—

'She hath been guilty o' rank hamesucken,' said he; 'and I shall hae the law o' her—the law if it is to be had in braid Scotland!'

There was no family worship, and no psalm sung that night in the house of Reuben Baleraftie.

* * * * *

The next morning came, but brought with it no tidings of Lord Dalquharn to Auldham. With the first blush of sunrise, Bryde left her couch sleepless as when she had lain down upon it. She issued into the garden, where the brightness of the summer morning, the perfume of the opening flowers, and the music of the merry birds soothed and revived her. She clung to Sir John Mitchell's idea, that urged by some alarm, Dalquharn had fled somewhere for concealment; but she was impatient to despatch another horseman to the house of Mr. Gage, to learn how and when that person had seen his Lordship last.

She heard the sound of hoofs upon the distant highway; a horse was approaching at a gallop; her heart bounded more and more with expectation—with mingled hope and alarm—when the change of sound distinctly announced that the horse was coming down the avenue. She rushed to the garden gate, and was met face to face by Bailie Baleraftie!

That personage dismounted from his Galloway cob, and grasping the reins, stood some six paces distant, surveying her with a daring glance of hate and spite in his pale and now colourless face. Could a glance have slain, Bryde had been reduced to tinder on the spot! Baleraftie had regained much of his external composure, but the fires of unsatisfied vengeance and of disappointed avarice were yet smouldering in his heart.

Her becoming morning toilet, a rich *négligée* ; her slender waist and curved bust being charmingly defined by a long and well-shaped boddick ; her masses of bright brown hair, gathered carelessly and hastily in rippling waves behind, so as to show her delicately-formed ears, and the long sparkling pendants, which her great grandmother had worn at the coronation of King Charles, in Scone ; her paleness and the alluring character of her beauty—for Bryde was beautiful, though her nose was in the faintest degree *retroussé*, and the envious alleged that her mouth was too large—all failed to affect the Bailie, or move his stubborn heart, while her extreme apparent self-possession infuriated him.

‘He dare not assault me, I presume,’ thought Bryde, so she confronted him calmly, boldly, and scornfully.

‘Sdeath, madam,’ he hissed through his set teeth. ‘You are the very person I came hither to see.’

‘And to what am I indebted for the honour of this early visit from the worthy and excellent Mr. Balcraftie ?’ she asked, carefully keeping her hand on the lock of the garden gate, ready to close it in an instant, for she feared this man, and knew not what his purpose might be there at an hour so early, and when so few of the household were stirring.

‘I am come to dispel your vapours, madam, as you shall ken ere long, and your pride too.’

Bryde laughed, though her poor fluttering heart grew sick with apprehension.

‘You committed an invasion o’ my premises yesterday morn, breaking lockfast places—hamesucken, felony—and had you committed slaughter, even as Ishibosheth was slain by felons and hamesuckers in his ain dwelling, it would barely aggravate the crime, as we find in second Samuel,’ said he in measured and stern tones ; ‘but I’ll hae you precognosced before the Fiscal, and I’ll try it on the floor of the Parliament House if he fails me, for I’ll hae vengeance and justice, if they are to be got out o’ the wigs o’ the fifteen Judges !’

‘Begone, sir, or I shall order the keeper to let loose the dogs on you, and I know we have one mastiff at least, whose tusks will not respect your rank as a bailie, or your position as an elder.’

Balcraftie surveyed her with a terrible expression, but the girl laughed scornfully and bitterly.

‘You would like to strangle me, I know,’ said she.

‘Yes,’ he said through his grinding teeth ; ‘that I should, indeed !’

‘Or marry me ?—eh, assassin ! Oh, we know each other perfectly, My dear father’s pocket-book, which I found in the lower drawer of your bureau yesterday, told me a terrible story.’

At these words, which detailed another abstraction of which he was before ignorant, the perspiration started in cold drops upon the brow of Balcraftie. What species of folly or insanity was it, which caused him to omit the destruction of that record of his crime ?

‘Where is that pocket-book ?’ he asked hoarsely.

'Safe in Auldham house,' said she, closing the gate of iron bars, for he made a pace towards her with more of menace in his cruel eyes. 'And now I shall give you my terms of secrecy.'

'We understand each other,' said he, pale and trembling with suppressed passion, hate, and fear; 'and your terms—'

'Are, the instant release of the two wadsets, which you hold over the lands of Auldham—each release to be fully and truly written by a notary-public, and stamped; and that you quit Scotland for ever, within a week from this date.'

'Otherwise—?'

'I shall hand over that bloodspotted pocket-book to the sheriff at Haddington, that he may elucidate how it, and the bank notes it once contained, came into *your* possession; and with it shall be given a statement, signed by Lord Dalquharn and myself, of your last deed of blood in yonder thicket, for I too was there on that fatal night, and saw your murderous hands on Mr. Egerton.'

'You—you?' he exclaimed, in a voice like a scream, for he knew not how much or how little she knew.

But for the pomander ball which she raised at times from her chaterlain to her nostrils, the girl must have fainted during this obnoxious colloquy, yet she bore up bravely.

'Ha ha!' she said; 'so, wretch, the money for which you hoped to sell us to the Lord Advocate and the Marquis of Tweeddale,* has turned into dried leaves like that of the witches or fairies! But now begone, and pollute this place no longer by your infamous presence. You know my terms! Begone, I say,' she continued, stamping the ground with her foot, 'or I shall summon the servants, John Archie, Hob, and the old butler, with whips and dogs. I should like to see a bailie baited as well as a badger, especially where the burn is deepest; and we have more than one man here, who cares as little for risking his life, as for taking the life of another in the service of the House of Otterburn—especially of such a worm as thee! More than all, beware how you come under the hands of the Lord Dalquharn!'

'Frae sic hands as his, I, at least, am safe enough,' replied Balcraftie, with a glare of malignant triumph in his eye. 'Ken you where this other gay leman is now?'

'Would that I could know.'

'Shall I tell you where?'

Bryde shuddered as he spoke—for his bearing chilled and appalled her.

'He is chained like a wild beast in the prisons on the Bass!'
said he, pointing northward with his left hand.

'It is false!'

'It is true—true as that the sun shines owre us.'

'On what charge?' she asked, faintly.

'Charges o' treason and murder; are they enough for you. I

* Secretary of State for Scotland from 1742 till 1746.

kent your pride would hae a fa', and the hour is come! ha! ha!' cried Balcraftie, as he mounted and galloped away.

Bryde had acted her part gallantly while face to face with the foe; but now that he had gone, and in departing had planted this Parthian shot in her heart, her spirit broke completely down; her sobs and tears refused to come, and she sank fainting and breathless on the garden walk.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE BLACK LUGGER.

"When paltry rogues by stealth, deceit or force,
Hazard their necks, ambitious of your purse;
For these the hangman wreathes his trusty gin,
And lets the gallows expiate their sin:
But lo a ruffian whose portentous crimes
Like plagues and earthquakes terrify the times
Triumphs through life, from legal judgment free,
For hell may hatch what law could ne'er foresee!"—*Verses, 1759.*

A SHORT time before Bryde returned with the captured papers, Dalquharn, as already stated, had taken his sword and pistols (the same from which he had effaced his crest and coronet, the better to conceal his name and rank) and gone forth with Mr. John Gage. That official had come in search of Sir Baldred, who had ridden that day to Haddington to attend a county meeting, summoned by the Earl of that name, in consequence of a communication received from the Marquis of Tweeddale 'anent the dark and nefarious designs of the Popish Pretender,' though the Earl knew well the secret hopes of the old Laird of Auldham, and the latter had no faith in the Earl, who, having recently married a beautiful English girl, a daughter of Rowland Holt of Redgrave Hall, he deemed lost for ever to his country.

Gage now confided his troubles and doubts to Dalquharn, who now never passed the boundary walls of Auldham, without his arms loaded, as he knew not what a day, even an hour, might bring forth.

'I am sorry, Captain Douglas, that I have missed Sir Baldred,' said Gage, 'more especially as Captain Wyvil's party have marched; I thought the good baronet, who hath a brave name in these parts, might assist me.'

'In what way?' asked Dalquharn, who, in accompanying Gage, walked with him, insensibly towards the coast.

'By getting a few armed men to help me in the King's name, though the peasantry hereabout are not much to be trusted, when a poor devil of an English exciseman is in a strait. You must know, sir, that a red lantern, the signal when a run is to be made in these parts, was seen on Scougal Point for a few minutes last

night. I can have no aid from the 'Fox,' as she is still under repair at St. Margaret's Hope, well nigh thirty miles up the river, and if old 'Puerto-de-la-Plata' shews fight—'

'If, say you? the old desperado is as certain to shew fight, as an English bull-dog. How many men have you under your orders?'

'That I can depend upon?'

'Yes—of course.'

'Tidesmen and boat's crew—fourteen in all.'

'Fifteen—counting *me*.'

'You, sir?'

'Yes—I'll go with you,' said Dalquharn, who was longing for some active work, and who was not without hope of discovering somewhat of the antecedents of Bailie Balcraftie or Father Testimony.

'I'm glad your honour don't think the worse of me for that night's work, when I arrested you and your friend—I was only doing my duty.'

Mr. Gage pronounced the last word 'dooty,' and touched the forecock of his hat.

'You introduced us to a precious scoundrel, from whose face I hope to tear the mask.'

'Bailie Balcraftie—you mean?'

'Right—the same.'

'Well he is a bit of a canter and psalmsinger; but in these parts they all take to religion, as they take their grog—'

'How is that?'

'Uncommon strong—but I beg pardon, sir—I forgot your honour was a Scotsman.'

'Yes, a Scotsman, but neither a prickeared hypocrite, or a truculent whig, ready to sell my birthright, as Esau sold his, for a mess of pottage.'

'Well, sir, these smugglers have some powerful friends along shore here, for many a valuable run is made between St. Abb's Head and North Berwick, in defiance of all our care and watching. If we had only six of Captain Wyril's grenadiers here they would alter our chances, for we'll have a brush to-night sure as my name's Jack Gage, I have laid my plans so well; but I am short-handed enough to face such a murdering gang.'

'We shall be almost man to man.'

'True, sir—but then we don't fight with halters round our necks; while they do,' replied Gage, as he swept the horizon to seaward with a telescope which he carried in a case slung over his shoulder: 'but if it is the black lugger, as that ere signal was hung out for—though the waves are beginning to break and shew white in the offing—'tain't much as her skipper or crew care for a breeze. She sails like some of those old Scotch witches, as used to go a voyaging hereabouts in sieves and eggshells, and don't care a dump for wind or weather.'

'But where, and how, do you expect this run to be made?'

'Why you must know, sir, that last voyage when outward bound for Dunkirk, old Scupperplug and his Dutch mate quarrelled with one of their men, and after a sound ropes-ending they threw him overboard in the night, just as if they were cruising off the Spanish Main, and not off the coast of Fife.'

'Was the man drowned?' asked Dalquharn, who now began to have a personal interest in the matter.

'No, for he was a strong swimmer and struck out bravely towards a vessel that was in sight, about a quarter of a mile off, as he could judge by the light in the poop lantern; but she had too much way on her, or her watch were careless, for instead of heaving to, or cutting away the life buoy, they hove him an old henceop, on which he contrived to ride out the night, and he was picked up by my boat's crew, who were pretending to be fishing below the May, though keeping a bright look out for strange craft all the while.'

'Well, and this fellow?'—

'Peached on the whole lot of 'em—'fore George he did, sir!'

'What?' asked Dalquharn to whom some portions of Gage's phraseology proved unintelligible.

'Split on 'em in revenge, and he says as there is one, Father Testimony in the secret, to whom the runs are generally consigned. He is to be with us to-night.'

'Who—Testimony?'

'No—the rescued smuggler, and he asserts on his solemn 'davy, that the next run was to be made in a little bay to the west'ard of Tantallan, where a long, narrow ravine leads right up to a vault in the old ruins, known now only to this Father Testimony the consignee; so sir, I never had a better chance since I've been in Scotland, of cutting a dash before the commissioners of the customs, if I can but capture the lugger and her gang to boot!'

After a pause, during which he had been looking anxiously seaward, from the high ground near the ruins of St. Baldred's chapel—

'See!' exclaimed Gage, 'see, sir! I was rightly informed; 'fore George, yonder is the lugger in the offing about nine miles off, just clearing the south end of the Isle of May—her starboard tacks well aft, her yards mast headed, and her lug sails spread to catch all the wind she can get, for it is falling light now, or comes only in angry puffs that give hints of a squally night. But we must not be seen here, for we can't say whose eyes may be watching us even now, from the ruins of Tantallan, from under those bushes or holes in the rocks. I have known of more than one look-out man being shot down like old junk, by a pistol-ball that came from what seemed but a rabbit hole in the earthen bank.'

They drew near the ruined chapel wall, where the buttresses and a mass of fallen masonry concealed them. There, adjusting the telescope, Dalquharn could distinctly see the 'Etoile de la Mer,' whose black hull and raking masts he remembered so well, standing

slowly and cautiously, as on that eventful evening, up the estuary of the Forth; and again in fancy he seemed to see the squat, but powerful forms, and hideously scarred visages, of the skipper and his Dutch mate.

The river's broad expanse was all empurpled now by the splendour of the setting sun, which was sinking amid bright clouds of crimson and amber; though dun and dark masses were hanking up to the windward, and the waves were beginning to curl their whitening crests beneath a breeze, which, though faintly felt as yet on the headland, was freshening fast in the offing, and rolling the German Sea in foam against the precipitous cliffs of the May.

They—Dalquharn and Gage—knew that, as on the previous occasion, Captain Scupperplug would allow the evening to be far advanced before he came within pistol-shot of Scougal Point; and Gage had arranged, that while he and four of his men, with their new ally, all well armed, each with sword or cutlas and a brace of double-barrelled pistols, made a dash at the smugglers, when the cargo was half landed, the remaining ten, all equally well armed, were to creep in the boat, with muffled oars, alongside the lugger, and capture her, sword in hand, guided by the seaman whom the smugglers had so barbarously tossed overboard.

It was rightly conceived that the confusion consequent to the double attack, would insure success.

As most of the crew would be on shore, the boarding of the lugger was deemed the least desperate, though the most important feature in the affair, which Dalquharn now began to perceive, might prove fraught with more danger to himself than the discovery of Balcraftie's complicity with these outlaws would reward; but he had given his promise to Gage, and could not recede.

'Here she comes on the larboard tack now, bringing the gathering scud and the squally night with her,' said Gage, rubbing his hands while his ruddy cheek glowed, and his clear blue eyes sparkled, with excitement and anticipated triumph; for he was a bold and fearless fellow—'the darker the better for his operations, and for ours too. Gadso! I hope to pick up summut in this scrimmage for my little mis-us at home.'

'I seek but to unmask Father Testimony,' said Dalquharn, looking to the flints in his pistols.

'Them religious codgers are often the deepest knaves, after all,' said Gage. 'When I was a tidesman at Dover, some twelve years by past, there came one day a long, lean parson wearing an apron and shovel hat. He had a hearse and four men in sad-coloured cloaks, with mourning bands and black gumphions rigged aloft on poles, and stated that he had come, by order of the Archbishop of Canterbury, to receive the body of a lady of high rank who had died at Boulogne. It was to be lauded by the 'Queen Anne' packet, which was just entering the harbour. I wasn't frightened by hearing of the Archbishop—Lord love you, sir, not I: though he of the shovel

hat and square toes mentioned him a score of times. I had my suspicions about that ere coffin, I had, and insisted on having it opened, just to see what the body was like. Our parson stormed—gad, that he did; threatened me with prosecution for desecration, felony, and so forth; but jumped into his hearse and beat a speedy retreat when the coffin was opened, and found to be choke full of the finest French and Flanders lace. My little woman and I were just about to be spliced then; so out of that ere coffin I got her on the sly, a dress that would have graced the Duchess of Devonshire. But, undeterred by this, what think you, sir, happened in the very next year?—’twas ’32, the same year when the Act was passed to prevent the exportation of beaver hats from North America—when the body of the loyal and brave old Bishop Atterbury came from Calais to England for interment, the High Bailiff of Westminster crammed into the coffin seven thousand pounds worth of contraband goods,* which I had the good luck to seize at Dover; for I suspected the poor bishop’s corpse to be a swindle like ’tother. So I was rewarded by being promoted and sent north here—a change which my poor little wife, who thinks this a main wild and mountainous country, thought very ungrateful on the part of the Customs, though they said handsomely enough that Scotland was just the place for so enterprising an officer.’

‘Why do you not obtain assistance of a party from the garrison on the Bass? Livingstone of Saltcoates, and young Congalton of that ilk, are in command there.’

‘Too late, sir—too late!’ said Gage, shaking his head.

‘Why too late?’

‘Because, no doubt the garrison on the Bass is precious well watched by them night-hawks ’long shore, even now; and if a boat-load of the Guards were to come off, by some well-known signal, the run would be made elsewhere, and we should be bilked.’

While they were speaking, a painful but plaintive bleating was heard close by; and among the furze bushes they perceived a young lamb, on which a huge and ravenous hoodiecrow had pounced, and was deliberately tearing out its eyes. Gage whooped aloud, and threw his hat at the foul bird, which instantly soared into the air; but, quick as thought, Dalquharn unhooked one of the pistols from his girdle—fired, and the sable marauder came toppling down, with wings outspread, and a bullet in its body.

‘That was rash, sir,’ said Gage, looking hastily round.

‘Rash! How?’ asked Dalquharn.

‘Because we don’t know where scouts may be hidden; and I am so well known in these parts; but it was ’nation fine practice anyhow.’

‘I hope it is an omen of how we shall punish another black crow we wot of.’

* Facts.

'Talking of that, captain, 'fore George, you'll find some practice for your trigger finger after dark, or my name ain't Jack Gage.'

When the evening closed in, the latter was joined by his four men, well armed, who announced that their boat, with its armed crew, and the swivel gun loaded with musket-shot, had gone ostensibly up the river, to deceive the people of North Berwick; but that, according to Gage's orders, they would drop quietly down with the ebb-tide in the twilight, and be off the cove, with muffled oars, when the lugger crept in with her sweeps.

'The townspeople,' added one who spoke for the rest, 'have enough to occupy and lament about without minding our affairs; for news came this afternoon that one of the largest craft belonging to them had been taken in the gut of Gibraltar by a rascally Saltee rover, and that all her crew had been carried into slavery.'

The tidesman muttered some heavy maledictions as he said this; for they were all seafaring men—'a fellow feeling makes us wondrous kind'—and those Algerine rovers were, until recently, the scourge of European commerce.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE RAVINE.

"Away my men!" the captain cried,
 "'Tis just the time to board;"
 Upon her decks we jumped amain
 With tomahawk and sword.
 The conflict now was sharp and fierce,
 For clemency had fled,
 And streams of blood marked every blow,
 The dying and the dead.'—*Ballad.*

DARKNESS set in unusually fast for a summer evening; the masses of dun-coloured vapour that came from the seaward soon mingled with the bright clouds that had enveloped the setting sun, changing their hue to dull and sombre grey. The wind was blowing now in whistling gusts, and a few warm rain-drops plashed heavily on the grass, as Gage and his five comrades crept close to the eastern end of the vast ruined fortress of the Douglasses, which was anciently named Duntallan, and, lying on their faces, peered seaward over the steep cliffs on which the castle is built.

The whole estuary of the Forth was now shrouded by vapour, through which, as through a gauze curtain, the foam-tipped crests of the waves could be seen rising and falling. In vain did Gage search and sweep that curtain of vapour, and re-arrange the focus of his glass, 'to pick up the lugger,' as he said; but unless a red spark that appeared once or twice and then vanished in the gloom, indicated her approach, as she crept in between the Bass Rock and

the headland of Tantallan, there was no sign or sound of her whereabouts.

'Look to your priming, lads,' said he, 'and follow me, if you please, Captain Douglas,' he added, in a more deferential manner; 'we'll make for the creek now.'

The creek, as he called it, is a deep rocky ravine or glen, into which the water then entered; narrow, dark, and steep, it slopes upwards from the sea shore, towards the front trenches and gates of Tantallan, in the lower walls of which we can yet see the round gun-ports of the cannon that once swept it to the westward.

On one side of this ravine, and close to the ruins of the north-western tower, grew a clump of wild whin bushes, amid which the six lurkers concealed themselves and lay down flat, and only just in time, for the moment they were concealed, two persons could be discerned making their way stealthily up the gorge from the sea-shore. One who was picking his steps cautiously with the aid of a stout staff, carried what appeared to be a dark lantern, but its light was carefully concealed.

The watchers could perceive that his costume was dark, that he wore a voluminous white wig, over which his cocked hat was unflapped, for a disguise that was further aided by his having a large handkerchief tied round it and under his chin, to prevent his entire headgear being carried away by the blasts of wind that were surging up and down the hollow. Dalquharn alternately panted with eagerness, and held his breath with caution, as this personage passed him, for he remembered 'Father Testimony,' who boarded the lugger on the night that he and Mitchell landed from Dunkirk.

His companion, who wore a long frieze overcoat, with a deep cape, and huge double cuffs, a broad lowland bonnet drawn well over his eyes, seemed a long-legged, lean, and cadaverous creature, for his wide skirts were wrapped and flapped by the wind about his bony and shrunken figure. Scrambling silently through an opening in the ruins, they disappeared, but a red light that flashed fitfully on the walls at times, as they passed through the deserted and grass-grown chambers and corridors, showed that now the lantern was uncovered.

All was yet still in the ravine below.

The curiosity of Dalquharn was irrepressible, and despite the warnings of Gage, he clambered up a portion of the fallen wall to peep into a place from whence a light was now issuing in sudden and uncertain gleams. The arrow-hole—for it was nothing more, to which he applied his eye—perforated a wall of enormous thickness, and opened into a square vault, arched with stone; it was then half sunk in gloomy shadow, and half filled with ruddy light from a torch which was stuck between the stones, and which the lean, cadaverous fellow—he of the bonnet and long frieze coat—was igniting or blowing up, by means of a *pluff*, a piece of bored *bour-tree*, then used in Scotland for kindling up fires; and, as the

gleams fell on his hollow features, he recognised Jabez Starvieston, the hunger-eyed clerk of Reuben Balcraftie; so the plot was thickening!

It was only one of the numerous vaults and dungeons which form the substructure of this vast old castle, which was built in ancient times, by the descendants of Macduff, Earl of Fife; but there were already in it a few casks and bales of goods, shewing that it was one of the places where the smugglers stowed their contraband cargoes, until the consignee could get them conveyed inland, and in detail on horseback, or otherwise under cloud of night, to his customers in various parts of the country.

The figure of the other man in this vault, was between Dalquharn and the murky light of the torch; thus his features could not be discerned; and now a sudden stop was put to further scrutiny, by Starvieston stuffing his broad blue bonnet into the loop-hole, to prevent the light being seen from a distance. But ere this was done, Dalquharn, who was familiar with the grand old ruins, having many a time explored them with Bryde Otterburn, marked well the locality of the place, and knew where the long stair that led to the secret vault must be.

He had barely time to get back to his place of concealment among the whins that overhung the ravine, when a voice was heard to 'hilloah!' out of the vapour.

Gage now drew forth the cylindrical case of a rocket, and proceeded to lash it to a staff, as he intended to use it for the double purpose of signalling to his boat, and alarming the smugglers.

Amid the excitement of the time, Dalquharn had frequently thought with great compunction, of the anxiety his unusual and prolonged absence would certainly cause to Bryde Otterburn; but there was now a romance, and mystery in the whole affair, which, together with its too evident peril, soothed and delighted his ardent temperament.

High overhead—amid rugged wildness, crowning the highest point of a mass of rough, brown, insulated rock, against the base of which the German Sea, far down below, was hurling its snow-white breakers—rose the mighty masses of the Douglasses' ruined stronghold, the scene of many a great event in Scotland's stirring times, and of many a raw-head-and-bloody-bone legend now, with its long frontage of lofty curtain wall, and loftier flanking towers, and its great central keep, with turrets and battlements, gunports and loopholes, row on row—

• Broad, massive, high, and stretching far
And held impregnable in war,
On a projecting rock they rose,
And round three sides the ocean flows;
The fourth did battled walls enclose,
And double mound and fosse.*

Great breaches yawned, where Monk's shot and shell, a hundred years before, had taught its cavalier garrison, that the same walls

which defied the armies of the middle ages were no longer impregnable in the days of 'the villainous saltpetre.'

There was no sound in the air, but the booming of the breakers, which came upward, from where they rolled against the castled cliff far down below. A strange and preternatural silence hovered in and about the colossal masses of Tantallan, which seemed to blend with the murky clouds. Even the cawing of the countless jackdaws that built their nests therein, and shared its naked chambers with the red-beaked puffin and the snow-white gannet, had died away.

Amid this silence, it was strange to know and to feel, that infallibly, in some five minutes or so, startling events would occur; that wounds would be dealt, lives lost and taken, amid all the hurly-burly of a midnight skirmish, in that grassy ravine, where the Scottish bluebell, the seapink and the wild violets were earliest found by the wanderer or the truant school boy.

'At last we have 'em—steady, lads, steady!' said Gage, as the sound of oars came upward, together with the noise caused by the rush of a rope-cable (those of chain were then unknown), through a hawse hole, and the rattle of the parrels or iron collars which confined the yards to the masts, when the lugsails were hauled down and all made snug on board the lugger, which was evidently close in shore under the lee of the cliff, and was all ready for starting her cargo.

As yet the watchers could see nothing; but out of the gloom below, they could hear old Scupperplug storming and swearing in Scotch, Dutch and Spanish at his noseless mate, the little French mulatto, and all his ruffianly crew

'Bear a hand, gude friends,' cried a voice which Dalquharn could not mistake; 'cheerily wi' these blessed tubs, which shall never be degraded by the iron brand o' an English gauger.'

'Meaning me,' said Gage, passing a thumb nail over the edge of his flints; 'but, gadso, you may be mistaken, my friend.'

'Ready, my hearties, ready, and heaven's blessing on your work!' said the voice again.

'Stow your infernal twaddle, old Testimony, and bear a hand yourself,' bellowed Scupperplug; 'I've promised the hands a stoup o' skiedam when the run is complete, so look sharp. I never liked this place for sending a cargo ashore; Seacliff cave, or even Tynninghame sands are worth a score of it.'

'Aye, aye, Sanders, but we canna aye choose for oursel's when the devils o' gaugers are on the look out.'

Under his breath Balcraftie, as we may name him now, uttered many a bitter imprecation on the head of Bryde Otterburn; he was in a fearful temper, and astonished even his compatriot Scupperplug; but from the ferocity that inspired them, his maledictions as they flew up to heaven, would have no tears dropped on them 'by the recording angel.'

Through the gloom below, figures were soon visible, and it became evident that the crew were carrying ashore a strong warp, whereon to run the kegs; some were seen standing up to their waist, others who were nearer the shore, to their knees in the water. Several ascended the ravine, thus forming a chain, which passed upward from hand to hand the brandy kegs and little sherry runlets, as they were—to use a nautical phrase—guyed ashore, along the warp, and some thirty or forty were thus borne upward, and into the vault, within a yard or two of the place where Gage and his five followers were concealed.

‘Now sir,’ he whispered to Dalquharn; ‘now, my lads, is our time!’

‘Quick wid de gegas—donner and blitzen! anodder dubb—an-odder dubb!’ they heard Vander Pierboom say, as if through where his nose was wont to be; ‘quick Jules Leroux, you Vrench mite ob Belzebub, bear along de gegas!’

Gage lit the touch paper and applied it to the rocket. With a terrible hiss it soared into the sky, describing a fiery arc, revealing for an instant the fierce, bewhiskered and weatherbeaten visages of the smugglers in the ravine; the kegs that were being passed so smartly upward from hand to hand; the towering castle-walls and gaping windows, from whence the black jackdaws and white gannets flew hither and thither. High into mid-air it soared and burst, and then, as the shower of sparkles fell downward to the seething sea below, the entire outline of the Black Lugge, tossing and straining at her anchor, was visible as she rode with her head to the ebb tide.

A dreadful imprecation burst from Seupperplug, who was standing on her gangway to guy the kegs; but it was drowned in the cheer set up by Gage and his brave followers.

‘Forward, marines and small-arm men—boarders away! Hurrah, my fighting Foxes!’ he cried in a clear and stentorian voice, as he sprang with his drawn cutlass in hand, on the straggling line of men in the ravine, who believed themselves to be attacked by the crew of the ‘Fox.’

The rocket and the *ruse* were most successful!

Firing their pistols, Dalquharn, Gage and the four tidesmen fell on, sword in hand, and six of the smugglers were instantly put *hors de combat*; the rest flung themselves into the water to reach the lugger; but a cheer rose from her deck, and a fire of pistols, flashing through the gloom along her gunnel, announced that she had been successfully captured from her starboard side, and was in possession of the enemy. Hemmed in, as they seemed to be, by a cross fire on both sides, and ignorant alike of the number and character of their assailants (whose united force was only equal to their own,) the smugglers abandoned the cargo and all idea of resistance, seeking only to escape.

Two who were on board the lugger hoisting out the kegs leaped

into the sea and disappeared under her counter. Those who were on the land, and were not already cut down, fired their pistols at random, waking a thousand echoes in the winding shore below, and the open ruins above, and also sprang into the sea to reach their quarter boat. Blind with fury, Scupperplug laid about him with a hatchet, and inflicted some terrible wounds on his assailants. Seizing one of the boarders—the same seaman whom he had so barbarously flung overboard near the Isle of May, and to whose spirit of vengeance the victory was chiefly due—he wreathed the strong fingers of his left hand in the poor fellow's long, queued hair, drew his neck backwards across the gunnel of the lugger, and slashed off his head by one tremendous stroke. He then hurled both the head and the hatchet at the victors, and escaping several pistol shots, leaped overboard, and was dragged into the stern boat, by six of his men who had got possession of it, and cast off the painter.

The haze favoured their escape; they pulled away, no man knew whither, and vanished into the darkness of the night. Jules Leroux and five others of the crew were found wounded or dying in the ravine, when the day broke, and the huge bulky frame of Vander Pierboom, slashed sorely by cutlasses, was cast ashore in Auldham Bay, three days afterwards.

By sunrise the Black Lugger—the famous “Etoile de la Mer,” was safely moored in the little harbour of North Berwick, with the king's colours flying at her foremast head.

Only one of Gage's men was killed, he who fell by the hatchet of the terrible Scupperplug; several were severely wounded; but the events of the night did not end with the rout of the smugglers and the capture of their craft.

Dalquharn's whole faculties were absorbed in the desire to seize and unmask Balcraftie. For a time it was impossible to distinguish him from the rest in the sudden and decisive scuffle; but, as he could not escape by sea, and there was no avenue by land, save up the ravine, the rocks on all sides being precipitous, sheer like a wall, and very lofty, he caught the eye of Dalquharn—now accustomed to the darkness—as he stole cautiously up the same path he had hitherto pursued with his starveling clerk.

‘Here is our man—here is Father Testimony,’ he exclaimed; ‘follow me some of you.’

Rapidly the dark figure glided upward on hearing this alarm; and disappeared; but Dalquharn knew or shrewdly suspected where he had gone, and hastened towards the vault.

More than a hundred steps led, and still lead to it. These were all arched over and enclosed then, and descended at an angle southward from the north-western tower. The narrow passage is open now and gaping to the light of day, for the roof has fallen in; but the vault itself still remains unchanged, and may easily be found by the explorer who seeks it.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE VAULT OF TANTALLAN.

'Good name in man or woman, dear my lord,
Is the immediate jewel of their souls :
Who steals my purse, steals trash ; 'tis something, nothing ;
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands ;
But he who pilches from me my good name,
Robs me of that, which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed.'

Shakespeare.

DESCENDING the long and damp flight of steps, from the bottom of which the torchlight shed a wavering gleam, that played upward on the slimy walls, and stumbling over bales and kegs that had been suddenly abandoned when the rocket went up, Lord Dalquharn, closely followed by Gage, reached the vault successfully.

There, by the light of the torch which he was striving to extinguish and tread out, they discovered Bailie Reuben Balcraftie, minus hat and wig, and accompanied by Jules Leroux, the little mulatto cabin boy, who had fled thither instead of attempting to reach the lugger, the hopeless scene of his suffering and slavery. The starved clerk was no longer there. At the first alarm he had fled—vanished like a ghost at cock crow.

'Behold him, Gage,' exclaimed Dalquharn, with fierce derision ; 'we have at last discovered and unmasked the most sanctimonious villain and hypocrite !'

'Fore George ! who'd have thought it,' said Gage, half breathless, and wholly bewildered ; 'but after my Dover parson, I don't wonder at anything.'

'So, sirrah—what have you to say for yourself—eh ?' demanded Dalquharn.

There was a terrible expression in the pale eyes and livid face of Balcraftie ; discovered, and at bay, he seemed to be on the verge of insanity. At that moment, Jules Leroux, maddened by the pain of a sword wound in his chest, and by the terror of an immediate apprehension, that might lead he knew not to what—a terrible death, or an existence worse than that he had led on board the 'Etoile de la Mer,'—levelled a pistol, with which he was armed, and shot poor Gage ; the bullet pierced his brain, and he fell dead upon the spot.

At the same instant Dalquharn fired at the tawny imp Leroux, who missed the shot by darting from the vault in the smoke of his own weapon, and escaping those who were rather cautiously descending the long flight of steps, he fell in the ravine, exhausted by loss of blood, and was found there next day, quite dead.

Ready in resolve, and quick as light in the perpetration of

wickedness—the long habit of turning all men and things to some profitable account—Balcraftie, who was also armed with pistols, saw the situation in all its features, and took his plans accordingly. To shoot Dalquharn (for whom he had other views) was no part of these; but at the moment that four or five tidesmen, flushed with their recent victory, on hearing the explosion of firearms, hurried into the vault, where Gage's body lay, with the blood oozing from it, he snatched up the smouldering torch, and pointing to the bewildered Dalquharn, exclaimed—

'By the soul o' my body, gentlemen, and as sure as I am a pardoned sinner, there stands the murderer, with his empty pistol and dumb-founded look! There stands the committer o' the deed—the Cain, the slayer o' him who's bluid crieth for vengeance frae the ground! Awa wi' him, that justice may be done upon him sevenfold, even as it was done on the first murderer in Eden! Oh, waly and wae's me, that I should behold sic a foul deed done on the body o' worthy Maister Gage, wha appointed wi' me to meet him here to-night—a gude and trusty friend to king and country—king and country!'

The custom-house officers, who had heard nothing of the appointment so artfully indicated to explain the reason of his appearance there, surveyed, with a greatly bewildered and doubtful expression, their recent comrade Dalquharn, who certainly had a recently discharged pistol in his hand, and a terrible air of wrath and disdain in his eyes and bearing.

'Hypocrite and double-dyed villain!' he exclaimed; 'dare you go thus far with me?'

'Yea, and farther,' shouted the Bailie, whose voice rose almost to a scream, as an excess of rage and spite, not unmingled with fear, filled his heart; 'grip and bind the foul slaughterer! I denounce him, as Henry Douglas, umquhile Lord Dalquharn, of the Holm, an attainted traitor, and the son of an attainted traitor; a popish recusant, a spy of the hellicate king o' France, and an emissary of the vile Pretender! Gyves to the heels, and hemp to the craig o' him! Awa wi' him to the Tolbooth o' the Burgh, and in the morning I'll make a' clear wi' this vile felon, who hath on his hands the bluid of twa brave and leal English gentlemen. He has been taen in the act, sirs—taen in the act, and by the law of Scotland, being *Red Hand*, may be legally strung to the gallows tree within twenty-four hours o' his crime.'

Struck by the Bailie's earnestness, his volubility, and apparent sincerity, the tidesmen began to look at each other in doubt, and to cock their pistols. Dalquharn might have shot Balcraftie, and cut short the preceding farrago of words; but that would only have served to make his affairs more complicated, and worse than they now seemed to be.

'Gentlemen,' said he, with a forced air of coolness, which cost him a severe effort, 'twas his own ally and compatriot, Jules

Leroux, a mulatto boy of the lugger, who committed this dastardly crime. I am, as he has said, the Lord Dalquharn, a peer of the realm (for I deny the right of any Hanoverian Elector to attain the title I inherit from the kings of Scotland), and on my honour as such, and as a gentleman of the House of Douglas, a name that should have an echo in Tantallan here, I am totally innocent of all that he has dared to allege. What motive could I have for the committal of an act so foul? The poor fellow was my friend.'

'Friend—ha! ha! Motive—ha! ha!' yelled Balcraftie, in a voice which became more shrill, while his eyes shone with a white gleam in their cavernous sockets; motive enough for arresting him and his companion, Sir John Mitchell, another attainted and popish recusant, and bringing baith before me, as some of you gentlemen may recollect.'

'Likely enough—I remember now,' said a tidesman to the others, and their looks became darker and more suspicious.

Dalquharn was choking with conflicting emotion on finding himself in this predicament, of which he truly feared he had not yet seen the end; and with such a terrible charge against him, with the apparent proofs of it, his first thoughts were of Bryde—gentle, loving Bryde—and of Captain Wyvil. If he heard of it, that gallant and generous English gentleman to whom he had pledged his word to unravel the mystery of Egerton's death—he must alike mistrust and disdain him now!

The custom-house officials were conferring together, and lingering irresolutely, when the sound of footsteps were heard heavily descending in measured tramp the long and winding stair; and now, to increase the hubbub, appeared ten men of the 3rd Foot Guards, in their long scarlet coats and sugar-loaf caps, having the thistle and circle of St. Andrew embroidered on the front flaps thereof, and with muskets loaded and bayonets fixed. They had come off from the Bass Rock (where a party of the regiment was always stationed), under Ensign Congalton, of that ilk, having been dispatched by Livingstone, of Salteates, the commander, on seeing the rocket ascend, and the subsequent explosion of firearms in the ravine, which that officer immediately associated with a sudden landing of the French, the perpetual bugbear of those and later times.

To Ensign and Lieutenant Congalton—for then, as now, the Guards had household rank—a blasé and roué looking young man, who—we are sorry to record it—seemed to have imbibed at least his second bottle, Balcraftie noisily and fussily repeated his version of the affair, adding, with what he conceived to be a convincing grandeur of manner, while displaying his gold chain of office—

'Ye maun a' ken me, sirs—I'm Reuben Balcraftie, a merchant and magistrate o' the Royal Burgh o' North Berwick, and a justice o' the peace, for the County o' Haddington; so arrest that

traitor loon, I say—arrest him in the king's name, or disobey at the peril o' your necks.'

Ere Dalquharn could speak, the tidesmen closed in upon him and wrenched away his pistols, on which he drew his sword, and stood like a lion at bay.

'You have heard, sirs, the Bailie's false charge against me,' he said, while boiling with rage and fury at his false position, and all the dangerous features of the affair; 'but, perhaps, this worthy magistrate and justice of the peace will say what purpose brought *him* here to night?'

'Egad, yes—very proper—very proper,' said Mr. Congalton, while balancing himself on each leg alternately, and cocking his hat over the right eye.

'The purpose that brought me here, I shall explain when the proper time comes for doing sae,' replied Balcraftie, who saw that intense coolness and assurance only would carry him through this unpleasant episode; 'but in the meantime, and in the name of the king, I charge you, Mr. Congalton, to remove that traitor to ward in the Tolbooth.'

As he spoke, several soldiers brought their bayonets to the charge.

'Under these circumstances, my Lord Dalquharn,' said Ensign Congalton, who, though tipsy, and a king's officer, was too much of a Scotsman, and, perhaps, a Jacobite at heart, to omit giving his full title to an attainted peer; 'I trust you will see the folly of resistance, and give up your sword to me.'

'No, sir—not even to you, though the representative of a family perhaps older than my own,' replied Dalquharn, in a hoarse voice; 'this sword was the farewell gift of him, who may one day sit upon the British throne, and shall never be drawn by other hands than mine.'

He snapped the blade across his knee, and cast the fragments from him.

A few minutes more saw the whole party out of the vault, and quitting the stupendous ruins of Tantallan for the highway. Dalquharn, and Gage's dead body, borne by his men, surrounded by the guardsmen with bayonets fixed; Balcraftie and the officer bringing up the rear, engaged in a close and earnest conversation, which enabled the former to explain everything his own way, hence the bearing of Congalton, who was the representative of one of the best and old families in Lothian, became cold, haughty, and distasteful to his prisoner.

The clouds of night were dispersing now, and the early summer morning was dawning on the land and sea.

Dalquharn's blood was on fire! In the blindness of his impotent wrath and the depth of his unmerited shame, he almost forgot his betrothed love, Bryde, then tossing sleepless on a tear-wetted pillow; his heart throbbed wildly, and he frequently placed his

hands upon it, as if a pain was there, for it seemed full to the verge of bursting. He bared his temples to the cool west wind, and sought thereby relief in vain. Stormy were the passions at work within him; but he could only hope against hope itself, that his day for vengeance would yet come!

Beautifully the early summer morn came in; the great green mountain cone that overhangs the little town, then all silent in slumber, rose against the blue sky, and the woods that clothe its eastern slope, waved all their foliage in the gentle breeze. From many a cottage chimney the faint smoke of the *griesock* or gathered peat of the overnight fire, rose in light puffs skyward. The black rooks were circling in the clear blue welkin. The broad waters of the Forth, dotted by the brown sails of a fisher fleet, bound homeward for Anster, Crail, or Newhaven, laden with the netted spoil of the deep, stretched far away in distance; but clothed in silvery haze, the Fifeshire coast looked dim and indistinct. Three miles off, the giant Bass towered to the clouds, and the outline of Tantallan loomed blackly against the golden blaze of the morning sky to the eastward.

Dalquharn felt the cold shudder of irrepressible disgust pass over him, as he was marched near the gibbet, where the incendiary hung in chains at the town-end. The miserable remains were now reduced to a mere skeleton, which even the crows had abandoned, and the head was gone. It had been taken in the night by the barber-chirurgeon in the main street (the same shaving Sangrado who had ministered to Bryde in her illness), and after being well boiled, it ornamented his window, with a tuft of moss surmounting it, to indicate that he dispensed drugs, for such was the usual and ghastly sign of an apothecary in Scotland (and, perhaps, in England too) until 1750.

'That gallows-tree will be empty just in time, I'm thinking,' chuckled Balcraftie, with savage significance and glee.

'Silence, sirrah!' said Mr. Congalton, who felt some sympathy for Dalquharn, whose gentlemanly bearing and nobility of air could not fail to impress him. 'Sblood, Mr. Balcraftie! the alleged crime has to be proved yet, and I won't allow any unfortunate gentleman to be insulted in my presence by such a low-born churl as thee. If he shot your precious gauger, perhaps he had good reason to do so.'

'That will be proved in time, sirs—proved in time; but here is the Tolbooth—tirl at the pin, some o' ye, and rouse the gude-man.'

The Tolbooth was a miserable little vaulted place, with thickly-grated windows, just below the town-house or council-chamber, which was a plain, unsightly edifice, having crowstepped gables, four large casements, a flight of stone steps that led to its entrance, and was surmounted by a louvre-boarded belfrey and antique dial.

On the strong and nail-studded Tolbooth door, as he entered, Dalquharn saw affixed a placard of Balcraftie, announcing a preaching, (D.V.), on the Links, that same afternoon!

'Farewell, my lord,' said Ensign Congalton, lifting his hat and bowing stiffly; 'I hope, for your sake, that this dark matter may be cleared up satisfactorily.'

Pale, and almost speechless with emotion, Dalquharn could only bow with equal coldness, as the ponderous prison door, clanking with bolts, bars, and chains, was closed upon him, and he found himself, for some hours, until the magistrates could assemble, the companion of several unfortunate wretches, some of whom contrived to rob him of all he possessed, his purse—containing three Louis, and a Portugal piece of thirty-six shillings value.

Among these were two gypsies for child-stealing; three strollers for 'riot and spulzie,' in ward till they could be handed over to a recruiting sergeant; and two fishermen, for absenting themselves from the church and church ordinances, in ward at the instance of Bailie Balcraftie; a suspected papist, and some sheep-stealers.

By this time, the 'blood-holtered' remains of brave and honest Jack Gage had been carried to the abode of his poor little English wife, in the Westgate, who now thought that her worst ideas of the barbarous Scots were terribly realised; and instead of listening to the exhortations of Balcraftie, who quoted much scripture in the most approved nasal fashion, she called down Heaven's vengeance, not on the real destroyer of her husband, but on the unfortunate victim of circumstances, Lord Dalquharn.

Erelong, the tolling of an old cracked bell, that had whilom hung in the tower of the ruined church beside the sea, announced at an unusually early hour that the magnates of the burgh were assembled in solemn council, and Dalquharn was brought before them, in a dingy wainscotted apartment, the windows of which were barred by crossed iron gratings.

There the Provost, the Bailies, the treasurer and nine councillors of the little town, were assembled in awful state, attended by two red-nosed halberdiers, and a drummer, all three in a semi-sober condition, and fully arrayed in the livery of the burgh; but Dalquharn, proud, fiery, and now infuriated beyond all endurance, treated those grave, potent (pious) and reverend seniors, with terrible scorn, as their recorded minutes attest.

By that august assembly of 'Baxters, Websters, Spurriers,* and other merchants, he was voted obdurate as James Grahame of Montrose; as hellicate a cavalier as the bloody Claverhouse; as false as Cromwell the blaspheming sectary; as proud as the Paip his master, and so forth. They remembered well that his father, a noble Scottish patriot, had been fairly hunted out of Scotland (where true patriotism has long ceased to be known or valued) by the Lord Isla, who then mismanaged the affairs of that country, under Sir

* Anglicè—bakers, weavers, and spur makers.

Robert Walpole ; but the remembrance availed him nothing when in the hands of these resolute whigs.

Balcraftie loudly asserted that Dalquharn, having been taken *Red-hand*, should, by the law of Scotland, be convicted and executed, within twenty-four hours of the crime, without privilege of peerage, 'he being an attainted rebel at the King's Majesty's horn ;' but the provost 'douce man,' was fortunately a Douglas, and failed to see any necessity for this extreme haste and severity ; so he ordained that the accused should be committed to ward—then Balcraftie successfully urged on the Bass Rock ; as Edinburgh was full of Jacobites ; the city guard were all Celts, and a rescue might be made, the unlawful seizure of Sir Hector Maclean and the Laird of Castlehill, and their transmittal in chains to London, by the servile Lord Advocate, having set the blood of the people on fire.

Perhaps Provost Douglas might not have been sorry for a rescue ; but he dared not say so, and in silence signed the warrant which consigned Dalquharn to the terrible and hopeless prisons of the Bass.

'Awa' wi' him to the auld Craig!' said Balcraftie, while his vulture-like eyes glared with their most malignant expression, and he waved his hand triumphantly ; 'a fitting place it is, that vile prison, where the sighs o' the Sancts o' God, sighs deep as ever rose frae the Jews place o' wailing at Jerusalem, hae gone forth owre the salt sea—the last sighs o' many that sleep in the bosom o' Abrawham and under the shadow o' North Berwick kirk. Awa' wi' him, I say, and keep him there, as fast as yettan bars and chains o' steel can gird him, till the red hand o' the deemster is laid on his neck, and the rooks flap their wings over his harpan.'

And now, it is recorded, that the tipsy drummer went through the burgh 'tonkering on ye drum,' to announce to the people the final dictum of those twelve Magnates Scotiae.

But the gentle Provost pitied the fallen cavalier Lord and could not forget the nobler days of old, when the Red Heart—emblem of that glorious heart which the good Sir James carried at the Moorish field of Teba—waved above Tantallan ; and he secretly ordered a refreshment of wine and food for his clansman before he was conveyed away by boat to the Isle, and to what proved, a long and weary captivity.

'Again in the toils of this man Balcraftie !'

Oh, it was madness ! Dalquharn staggered like a drunken man ; he was stunned and sick with rage. The veins of his temples were swollen, there was a bubbling sound in his ears, a crushing misery, the panting of futile rage and noble scorn in his heart—scorn of the mean and loathly.

A prisoner in such a place, on such charges, and at the behest of such a man as Reuben Balcraftie !

He strove to remember the adage that he who loses may part with anything ; but it proved a bitter solace.

CHAPTER XXX.

THE PRISONS OF THE BASS.

'Near to that place where the sea rock, immense,
 Amazing Bass, looks o'er a fertile land,
 ——— if impairing time
 Has not effaced the image of a place,
 Once perfect in my breast, there is a wild
 Which lies to westward of that mighty rock,
 And seems by nature formed for the camp
 Of water-wafted armies, whose chief strength
 Lies in firm foot, unflanked with warlike horse.'

Home's Douglas.

It was a gloriously beautiful day when Dalquharn, in a swift boat with an armed escort, left the town, near the ruins of the old church beside the sea, the identical spot on which he and Mitchell had been landed in the dusk of that evening in May, and before he knew that the world contained a being destined to become so dear to him as Bryde Otterburn was now.

The sea was like crystal and the sky a cloudless blue; but Dalquharn truly felt 'what a mockery there is in the smile of the bright sun, when it shines on the wretched.' The sturdy boatmen bent to their oars in silence, as if they little liked the errand, and his escort, a corporal and three soldiers of the Third or Scots Guards, smoked in silence too, and without the ceremony of asking his consent; and, as the shore they had left receded and lessened, the vast insulated rock named the Bass, became more and more stupendous in detail and proportions.

It stands in the Firth of Forth, three miles and a half distant from North Berwick, and is about seven acres in extent. In form it resembles the base of a sugar loaf, cut across at an angle of forty-five degrees. A flagstaff and a large piece of cannon as a signal gun, crowned its apex, which is a sheer cliff four hundred and twenty feet above the water; a strong castle, containing a series of state prisons, frowns above the sea along the lower portion of the steep slope.

It was the last piece of British soil that surrendered to William of Orange, and tradition says that it was once a bluff of the mainland; but that some mighty throe of nature, or the wand of the Gyrecarlin, which, (as Cromek tells us) 'like the miraculous rod of Moses, could convert water into rocks, and sea into solid land,' achieved the separation, so the Bass is now an island, two miles distant from the cliffs of Tantallan.

Precipitous and sheer on all sides, the only landing-place is a little shelf of rock overlooked by the long line of crenelated ramparts, where twenty-one pieces of heavy cannon faced and defended the narrow strait. However calm the weather, a strong surf is

always boiling round the Bass, and boatmen have to cling hard to iron rings and cramps in the rock, when parties land, lest their craft should be staved and dashed to pieces. Steep and slippery, the landing-place is only a species of fissure or chasm, and leads to a plateau of naked and arid red rock, which is always covered by dead gannets and Norwegian rabbits, in all stages of corruption and decay; and these, together with the rank odour of the guano, which covers all the Isle and literally forms its soil, taint most obnoxiously even the keen sea breeze.

To the left of this perilous landing-place, and guarded by a well loopholed tower which rises sheer from the sea, are still the remains of the iron crane used by the garrison for raising their boat to the outer wall, where two sentinels were always posted.

Three strong gates, a portecullis, and a lofty spur, that projects southward at a right angle from the main-line of the fortifications, and has within it a covered gallery, loopholed on both sides for musketry, to infalade the whole place, are its chief securities. The castle of the Bass was *never* taken by storm, and defied a blockade by sea and land for four years after the battle of Killycrankie.

The British government still retain the right (pertaining of old to the Scottish) of fortifying the rock in time of war, and a garrison, furnished in consequence of some old custom, by the Scots Foot Guards, was always in its castle till after the middle of the last century, fully more than fifty years after the permanent removal of the regiment to London. The soldiers of this detachment received a small addition to their daily pay, the service being literally one of banishment.

Prisoners have frequently escaped from the Chateau d'If, from the Tower of London, and (thanks to the gentle ties of clanship) more frequently still from the castle of Edinburgh; but no state captive ever escaped from the terrible prisons of the Bass, though at one time, between the years 1673 and 1684, no less than fifty gentlemen, chiefly clergymen, were incarcerated in its dungeons, and some of these were resolute fellows, such as James Mitchell, a Master of Arts, one of the assassins of Archbishop Sharpe, and young Gordon, of Earlston, whose father was slain when on his way to join the covenanters at the battle of Bothwell Bridge.

When on the island last year, we found in what had been the soldiers' garden, many a shrub and flower, particularly the common daffodil and pale narcissus, and many a potherb growing rank and wild; and their seeds having been blown about by the wind, they flourish in all the nooks and corners of the ruined walls; and there, too, in a place almost inaccessible, is lying half embedded in the guano, a great iron cannon, just where the garrison of 1694 had hurled it over, prior to their surrender and departure to France.

This 'sea rock immense' has forty fathoms of water all round it; thus, its entire height, in a sheer line from the summit to its base in ocean, averages six hundred feet. A myriad of snow-white gan-

nets and other sea birds cover all its sides, and hold a perpetual jubilee in the air around it, giving the Bass somewhat the aspect of an enchanted island.

'The surface is almost wholly covered during the months of May and June with nests, eggs, and young birds,' says a quaint old English naturalist, in 1651, 'so that it is scarcely possible to walk without treading on them; and their noise is such, that you cannot without difficulty hear your next neighbour's voice. If you look down upon the sea from the top of the precipice, you will see it on every side covered with infinite numbers of birds of different kinds, swimming and hunting for their prey. If in sailing round the island you survey the hanging cliff, you see in every crag and fissure innumerable birds of various sorts and sizes, more than the stars of heaven when viewed in a serene night. If from afar you see the distant flocks, either flying to or from the island, you would imagine them to be a vast swarm of bees.'

At the eastern end of the ramparts stood that edifice, which was originally the stronghold of the Lauder family, built by the good Sir Robert Lauder, 'great lord of Congalton and the Bass,' as his epitaph has it, and therein his descendant, the famous 'Maggie,' of the old song, is said to have first seen the light.

On this tower the union jack was hoisted, and it was flapping lazily in the wind, as the boat, tossing and heaving on the white surge, reached the landing-place. Then the faces of the soldiers appeared at the embrasures beside the cannon, and at the little grated windows in the rough and massive walls, which the strong sea breeze and the storms of many centuries have coloured a dark and sombre brown. The little garrison were all curious to see the state prisoner, for such an inmate was quite a rarity here, and had been so since the revolution of 1688.

The boat hooks were inserted in the ring-bolts, which are fastened in the rocks for that purpose; eight sturdy rowers held her steady and close in, while Dalquharn and his escort, the latter slinging their muskets, scrambled on their hands and knees up to the plateau, where, at the outer gate, stood Ensign Congleton and Lieutenant Livingstone, of Saltcoates, a pleasant and rather gentleman-like officer, clad in a suit of very tarnished uniform; an old unpowdered wig, and minus ruffles, buckles, and other finery, such not being so requisite on the Bass Rock, as they would be if he had to appear in Pall Mall, or mount guard, at St. James's.

As the corporal handed over his prisoner with the warrant for his detention, until the instructions of the Scottish Secretary of State and Lord Advocate were received, Livingston surveyed Dalquharn, (who, after the events of the past night, looked pale, blanched, and weary,) with some commiseration, and bowing low, said,

'Your servant, my Lord Dalquharn. I am sorry to have your Lordship's society in this cheerless place, on such grave charges as these. In treason, which is but a difference in politics, there is no

great disgrace in these days of ours ; but an assassination ! and as this seems to have been a most cold-blooded one——’

‘Enough, Mr. Livingstone!’ said Dalquharn, haughtily ; ‘let it suffice that I declare myself as innocent of one charge as of the other. Traitor I am none, but a true and loyal man to my exiled king and degraded country. That loyalty and truth I am ready to seal with my blood, even as my kinsman Kenmure did, on the Tower Hill of London !’

The iron gates jarred heavily, and the grated portecullis went clanging down in its groves of stone, as he ascended the steep stone stair that leads to the interior of the castle ; and then, indeed, did he feel himself a hopeless and a helpless prisoner.

Above the inner gate were then the royal crest and national motto of Scotland ; but the well known line from Dante’s *Inferno*, might with more truth have been carved upon the lintel,

‘All hope abandon, ye who enter here !’

and within those walls many a poor nonjuring clergyman, and many a stern and gallant covenanting, have abandoned hope and life together.

CHAPTER XXXI.

FIRST DAY OF CAPTIVITY.

‘Let to-morrow take care of to-morrow :
Short and dark as our life may appear,
We may make it still darker by sorrow—
Still shorter by folly and fear !
Half our troubles are half our inventions,
And often from blessings conferred,
Have we shrunk in the wild apprehension
Of evils—that never occurred !’

C. Swain.

TEN years previous to this, Dalquharn had been on the Bass Rock, but under very different auspices. He was then the Master of Dalquharn, a brave and thoughtless boy, and the companion of Bryde Otterburn, then a heedless and joyous girl at home for the holidays from the bondage of prim Madam Straiton’s educational establishment in the Canongate, and all the details of their boating adventure, in which he saved her life by his strength and courage, came vividly back to memory.

Dalquharn dined with Lieutenant Livingstone and Ensign Congalton, who occupied the best rooms in the castle, those used so long ago as 1405, by the future James I. They had Bass-fed mutton, which is always a dainty, and—in honour of the visitor—a solan goose, a culinary horror he could very well have spared. ‘Onions and garlick were dainties, it seems, in Egypt,’ says Defoe ; ‘horseflesh is so to this day in Tartary, and much more may a solan goose be so in other places.’

The little dining-hall was vaulted, and its windows afforded a view of the estuary and coast that stretched away in distance to Dunbar. Though the season was summer, the island castle was damp and cool; thus a fire of wood and coal was blazing in the arched chimney which yet remains. The furniture was all of plainest and rudest description, dating from days before the Restoration, some of it being taken out of English prizes, when the Laird of Waughton was captain of the Isle. There was no lack of provisions, and plenty of wine.

The hosts, though both proprietors of the small estates of Saltcoates and Congalton, in the opposite shire of Haddington, were deeply dipped in debt, the result of their Guards life in London; and they found their temporary service in the castle of the Bass, a fortunate relief from the importunities of their creditors in England, and a mode for recruiting their exchequer by prudence. Livingstone's family was one of very great antiquity.

In the thirteenth century, nearly all the shire of Haddington was covered with wood. The whole line of the Peffer (which in English means 'the sluggish river') from Tynningame Sands to North Berwick, was covered by wild forest, and large oaks have frequently been found inhumed in the moss, with their tops lying towards the south, as if some mighty blast or flood had uprooted them, and in the bed of the river, there have been discovered great numbers of stag-horns.

The strath was then a vast morass, and the whole district was infested by wild animals, particularly boars. One of the latter was the terror and destruction of the district, and created as much consternation as the hideous serpent or worm that was slain by the Laird of Lairiston, or, as the famous wolf of Languedoc, did in the last century.

A tract of land, extending all the way from Berwick-law to Gulane Links, was offered for the head of the monster, and a knight of courage, named Livingstone, undertook the enterprise. He armed himself with a strong spear and a gauntlet of peculiar construction. After a long search in the forest and morass, he roused it from its lair, near a small stream on the north side of the Peffer, which is still named Livingstone's Ford, and after a terrible encounter, he slew and beheaded it. He thus acquired the estate of Saltcoates in the parish of Dirlton. His spear and gauntlet were preserved as heirlooms by the Livingstones, until the demise of the Lieutenant Livingstone (to whom we have just introduced the reader) when the family became extinct about the middle of the last century. The knight's helmet hung, till very recently, in the family aisle of Dirlton church, and a good painting of the conflict is said—by the statistical account—to be still preserved by an old retainer of the family.

Dalquharn was a peer, though an attainted one; rank still goes a long way to win favour in democratic Scotland; but it was almost

worshipped then, and a little homicide, even if he was guilty of it, was not much of a blot on the Scottish escutcheon in those days. Though neither of these officers were much to his taste, and his circumstances were now perfectly desperate, he strove to keep down the many terrible thoughts that agitated him, and to share, with some appearance of composure and equanimity, the strong bowl of brandy punch which Patrick Livingstone proceeded to brew, when the servants—who were Foot-Guards-men—removed the cloth.

‘A quaint old castle this,’ said Dalquharn, looking at the grated windows, past which the white solan geese were revolving in noisy flocks.

‘Bah!’ said Congalton, as he hung his wig on the knob of his chair, lit a long clay pipe, and proceeded by the undoing of sundry buttons to make himself comfortable; ‘my love of antiquity is confined only to wine. Zounds! I don’t care how old the port and canary are; but, my lord, I am sick of this place, and begin to wonder if the Colonel has forgotten me, and if I shall ever again turn a card at White’s, or crack a bottle of red wine at old Hickupp’s, the vintner, beside Charing Cross.’

‘As for me,’ said Livingstone, ‘I shall certainly quit the Guards and the service too, and return like Cincinnatus (or who the devil was it?), to my paternal acres at Saltecoates.’

‘If such be your mood of mind,’ observed Dalquharn, with a sickly smile, ‘by permitting me to escape, you might—’

‘Certainly be shot for so doing,’ interrupted the Lieutenant, sharply; ‘no, no; harkee, my Lord Dalquharn, and don’t misunderstand me. I am come of an old whig family; my grandfather fought against Tom Dalzell at Rullion Green and served at Bothwell Brig; so, I take my stand upon the Revolution Settlement and treaty of Union.’

‘D—n both, with all my heart, say I,’ exclaimed Congalton, whose family had always been Tories.

‘Both are pretty well violated by this time,’ said Dalquharn; ‘but to change the subject, how long have you been here, gentle men?’

‘I came hither on command a year ago,’ replied the Laird of Saltecoates, ‘just at the time our first battalion embarked for service in Flanders, under my Lord Stair.’

‘And I in March last,’ said Congalton, with something between a sigh and a hiccup. ‘On the night of the 7th, I saw Garriek play Othello for his benefit, at Drury Lane. He wore a full flowing Ramillies wig and suit of the Coldstream uniform, so, with his blackened face, he looked the jealous Moor to the life! Next morning saw me under weigh for the Bass Rock, on board the ‘Electress Sophia,’ a Leith letter of marque, carrying eight twelve pounders, and we had a narrow escape from the French fleet under M. Thurot.’

Though pleasant and jovial enough in their manner, it soon be-

came evident to Dalquharn that both Lieutenant Livingstone and his Ensign were a couple of reckless roués, alike cold-hearted and selfish, so that from them at least, he had nothing to hope for; and he sighed as he came to this conclusion.

'By Jove. I hope you are not in love, to add to your troubles?' said the Ensign, laughing and winking to his commander.

'Why?' asked Dalquharn, simply.

'Because every one on this rock, from Patrick Livingstone to the drumboy, is vowed or condemned to celibacy, like its patron, St. Baldred of old.'

'Yet, surely, I saw something like petticoats——'

'Hush—I shall faint at the idea? We are all priests of Vesta here, though rather addicted to pipe-clay and black-ball—tobacco and brandy punch.'

'I fear you are a wild dog, Congalton.'

'We certainly thought him so, at the college of St. Andrews,' said Livingstone as he proceeded to brew another bowl of punch; 'I would the holy well of St. Baldred yielded brandy,' he added, referring to the spring which flows in the upper part of the isle. 'I remember that Congalton was twice whipped at the Buttery-hatch, to the great joy of the students.'

'First, for kissing the Principal's house-maid, on a fast-day——'

'And rivalling me as I can remember.'

'Secondly, for repeatedly translating the barbarous Latin word "quidditas" into classical English, as "whattity;" but then John Milton, he of the "Paradise Lost," underwent the same kind of punishment in a similar place, the Buttery-hatch, I know not for what reason, so the episode is quite classical. Gadso! this punch is nectar, Saltcoates, but lacks another dash of the lime.'

'And so, my lord, you saw petticoats fluttering about our rock, did you?' said the Lieutenant, with a waggish smile of intelligence to his brother officer.

'Yes—at least one fardingale of very approved fashion.'

'Ah—our circle of female society is necessarily narrow, on an island of some seven acres, albeit they are Scottish in extent,' said the Ensign, whose utterance was becoming a little thick.

'But here luckily, we are almost beyond the reach of the law,' said Livingstone, laughing loudly.

'Law and morality are certainly dreadful bores,' observed Congalton, with a mock sigh; 'the first is suited only for prigs, and the second for parsons.'

'But, surely, both are excellent things in their ways?' said Dalquharn, whom the strange humour of these roués rather amused.

'Perhaps, but I don't affect them, my lord; and as for marriage, 'tis all very well if I meet with a blooming heiress, or a well-jointed widow, with her arms in a lozenge, on a Spring-garden coach; that I may become a willing sacrifice at the altar of mammon. Yet,

as Quivedo says in his 'Visions,' "an unlucky hit with a wife giveth a man as much right to take rank in the catalogue of martyrs, as if he had ended his days at the stake."

'You live in rather a wicked world of your own conceit,' said Dalquharn.

'Well—as some writer has it, "The world will reproduce itself in a teacup;" why then, should it not do so on the seven acres of the Bass Rock?'

'And you have been living for some time past at Auldham?' asked Livingstone, after a pause.

'Yes,' replied Dalquharn, curtly, and with some reserve of manner.

'There is, we understand, a charmer there—'

'Sir?' exclaimed Dalquharn, hastily.

'A charming young lady, is there not?' asked Livingstone, quietly altering his speech on perceiving the change in his prisoner's manner; 'but we have seen little of her, for we lead the lives of hermits here.'

'A couple of veritable St. Baldreds, by Jove?' said the Ensign, shaking his head tipsily, for the brandy punch was rapidly producing its effects now; 'his namesake, the old baronet, did not approve of us, somehow; sink me! no—so we were never invited. Perhaps he was afraid that his grand-daughter, this charming Miss Otterburn——'

'I do not understand you, Mr. Congalton,' said Dalquharn, with an air of unmistakable annoyance, all the greater that he received on his own shin the warning which the more prudent Livingstone meant for that of the Ensign.

'Every Eve, who is in her teens, is on the look out for an Adam—'tis human nature. Men have a thousand things to think of: the woman of fashion, but one—marriage, and sometimes, egad, they think of it all the more when their chances are gone, and the grand climacteric passed. Then there was Miss Otterburn's friend, Lady Haddington, in her confounded old-fashioned glass coach—a raw-boned Scotchwoman, who believes that her peculiar mission in this world is the repression of immorality, and jollity too; she does not approve of the two hermits of the Bass, either.'

'Thus, you were *not* visitors at Auldham?'

'No, sink-me, I fear the venerable put there deemed us what the Grub Street writers usually term brutal and licentious soldiery.'

Two ladies, whose figures now attracted the attention of Dalquharn, as he saw them descending the steep and ladderlike pathway from the Hermitage, in the upper part of the isle, sufficiently accounted for the hospitable house of Auldham being closed against those two officers of the Guards. The girls were English, as he could detect by their voices, and were laughing loudly. They were exceedingly pretty, highly rouged and patched, and with their tiny mob-caps and gathered skirts, had a kind of Polly Peachum

air about them. Their dresses were rich, but excessively tawdry; they wore enormous hoops, and while they continued to descend they purposely displayed to the admiring sentinels on the gun-platform below, rather more than modesty intended, of their very handsome and tapered limbs.

They both tapped with their fans on the windows of the dining-hall, and peered laughingly in with bright and saucy smiles, kissing their ungloved hands to Livingstone, to Congalton, and especially to Lord Dalquharn.

'You will think that we lead the lives of Arcadians rather than saints,' said Livingstone, with a smile, after he had angrily warned the girls to begone, with something that sounded very like an oath; 'we are quite pastoral.'

'But prefer our shepherdesses from London to those we might find on the Lammermuirs,' said the Ensign, who was now lurching about on his chair, and evidently would soon be under the table. 'If the bailies of North Berwick had sent us another prisoner, we might have a quiet rubber without the ladies, over a pipe and bottle to boot; for I grow deadly sick of playing primero and whist with double dummy!'

A few minutes after this, Congalton of that ilk, was fast asleep on a bench. Livingstone seemed to be, as he elegantly phrased it, 'a more seasoned cask,' and though flushed, was perfectly sober; but then, in this mood, he was always unpleasantly full of zeal, strict attention to duty, and fussy authority. His appearance on the gun-battery with wig and waistcoat awry, and his features inflamed, usually made the sentinels more alert, though environed by steep cliffs and the deep sea, there was nothing in reality to guard; and all who were not on duty sedulously avoided him, for the vile old Dutch fashion of batoning the soldiers still existed in our service, and if Livingstone rose from table in an ill humour, some poor private's shoulders were sure to smart for it.

'I must show you the quarters prepared for you, my Lord,' said he, after they had imbibed a cup of coffee, dashed with a *petit verre* of brandy. 'You are to have the Blackadder vault, which has no less than three windows. They are not very large, certainly; but through the bars you will be able to see all the coast of Haddingtonshire, and,' he added with a keen smile, 'even your late residence, the house of Auldham.'

As he followed Livingstone towards the western end of the castle, he saw fully how complete and complicated, by art and nature combined, were the means of detention and security on that steep island prison; that, indeed, it was a vast lock, that barred him in from all the outer world.

From the Bass there was no escape save by death alone!

Under the full conviction of this Dalquharn's spirit might have sunk, but for a lofty sense of his own conscious rectitude, and a keen one of the foul injustice done him. To these were added the fiery

sentiments of wounded honour, and of devoted loyalty to that handsome prince, whose parting smile was still before him, whose gracious farewell yet lingered in his ear, and whose coming and whose conquest alone could save him now!

And with all this, as he was neither a saint nor a fool, there was in his mind a considerable longing for just and honest retribution to bear him up, though 'the desire of revenge for its own sake is dying away, along with the other heroic virtues;' and he bore up bravely, but a heavy sigh, almost a groan, escaped him when left by Steinie Lockett, the warder of the garrison, to his own reflections in the Blackadder vault.

CHAPTER XXXII.

BRYDE'S SORROW AGAIN.

'Onward, then onward, by river and sea,
Wayworn and weary, though oft I may be,
O'er desert by fountain, 'mid dark scenes and gay,
The Pilgrim of Life may not halt on his way:
And well do I know, where'er I may be,
My bright angel guardian keeps watch over me.'—*Thistle-down.*

HEAVEN knows with what pure, true, and brotherly tenderness, Sir John Mitchell (who, in his anxiety concerning his friend's absence, had also come forth early in the morning), raised the fainting Bryde Otterburn, chafed her clenched hands, and kissed her cold, pale cheek, when he found her in the garden walk, prone on her face, crushed and overwhelmed by the taunts and the tidings of the venomous Reuben Baleraftie, for his love for Bryde was all the more deep and tender, that it was completely hidden; but that love was the great master secret of his soul.

The intelligence which he gathered from her, amid tears and sobs, he was almost inclined to disbelieve; but, ere long, the servants of the household and the labourers at the home-farm, were all cognisant of the fray on the beach and in the vault of Tantallan, together with the capture of the famous Black Lagger, in all their details, with all the various exaggerations peculiar to the taste of the commonalty; and the intense distress of Bryde was only equalled by the honest sorrow and commiseration of Mitchell for the fate of Dalquharn, with whom, he had no doubt, the measures of the government and the legal authorities, their paid hirelings in Scotland, would be sharp and decisive!

But with the stolidity peculiar to age, and more especially to one, whose earlier years were spent in stirring and dangerous times, Sir Baldred heard the news with singular equanimity.

'Shot the English gauger, did he—humph!' he muttered; 'well,

there is one of that brood less in the world ; and I suppose he did it in self-defence.'

'But he denies having done so, dearest grandfather ; do you not hear them all say that he denies it, and accuses a smuggler of the act ?' exclaimed Bryde, as she clung to his neck ; 'but whatever was the motive, or whoever the committer of the crime, he is now under ward in the prisons of the Bass, and unless he escape, is a lost man—a lost man, dearest grandfather ; for good Sir John Mitchell says, that the Marquis of Tweedale will lose no time in having him transmitted by sea to Berwick, or under an escort of horse, to the Castle of Carlisle.'

'Escape from the Bass, lassie, and who ever did so, unless in the shape of a kittiwake ?' said Sir Baldred, while Bryde wrung her white hands, and mournfully surveyed Dalquharn's betrothal ring, while she prayed in her heart that he might be detained there until the landing of Prince Charles turned all things in Scotland topsyturvy.

To add to her distress, she was now deprived of another friend and counsellor, for the arrest of Dalquharn, and the consequent public discovery of his rank, name and purpose, together with those of his companion, rendered the residence of the latter at Auldham no longer safe. Ere noon, he was compelled to bid Bryde and Sir Baldred a hasty adieu. He took horse, by his host's desire, selecting one of the best in the stables (for future service), and giving out that he was going to the English borders, turned aside from the highway, near Whitekirk, and rode straight for the Castle of Calender, in the Torwood, nearly fifty miles distant, the seat of the Earl of Kilmarnock, a peer whose loyalty to the House of Stuart was yet to cost him dear ; and there he remained in safety and concealment, endeavouring, secretly, to aid his friend through the influence of the Earl with the Marquis of Tweedale, and it is supposed that, to secret favour, the detention of Dalquharn on the Bass, instead of his immediate transmission, perhaps to the Tower of London, a lawless measure which the crown officers frequently condoned, is due.

The terms offered by Bryde to Balcraftie, viz.: the release of the wadsets over the Auldham property, and his voluntary exile from Scotland, were, of course, not accepted now, as he felt, that though the intercepted correspondence, which he hoped to turn to such profit and honour, had gone out of his hands, and was doubtless destroyed, that fortune had changed in his favour, and that while Lord Dalquharn was in his power, he yet held a trump card.

Inspired by the hope of freeing her lover, true to her threats against Balcraftie, and urged by that spirit of revenge, which Lord Byron has told us, "is sweet, especially to women," Bryde, in a long and carefully devised letter, written in her pretty Italian hand, addressed the Lord Advocate, concerning the assassination of Mr. Egerton, and more especially of her father, and she forwarded to

him the pocket-book, which was spotted with his blood, honestly telling his lordship how it came into her possession. Thrice she wrote to that official, by the hands of trusty and mounted messengers; but a Lord Advocate is always the slave of his party, and the affair made no progress. Perhaps some incoherent scrawls by poor old Sir Baldred, whose shaky handwriting 'resembled the dying autograph of a spider that has just escaped from the inkpot,' made matters worse: he was neither particular in his phraseology, or in the care of concealing his wild and fiery political sentiments, as he considered all the authorities in Scotland to be but the paid hirelings and truculent tools of an English ministry, and, indeed, he was, perhaps, not far wrong.

Balcraftie was certainly questioned on the subject; but denied all knowledge of the affairs referred to, or that the pocket-book had ever been in his possession—denied it solemnly with upturned eyes and nasal accents, 'as he believed himself to be a pardoned sinner.' The Bailie was too firmly fixed in the good opinion of all, as a pious, upright and worthy (better than all, a *wealthy*) member of society, and of a great Christian community, to have his fair fame sullied by any accusations emanating from the Otterburns of Auldham, and he threatened an action for damages, which he took particular good care should be a threat only, as lawyers frequently elicit unpleasant facts. He had been through life, as he modestly said, 'a terror to evil doers, but a praise and a record to those that did well.' The cavalier principles of Sir Baldred, his well-known laxity on most matters appertaining to kirks, presbyteries and synods; his undeniable leanings 'to the abomination o' prelacy;' the residence of Lord Dalquharn and Sir John Mitchell, attainted and outlawed rebels, at Auldham, and the yet unaccounted for disappearance of Lieutenant Egerton of Howard's Foot, made the authorities cold in pressing the strong charges preferred against Balcraftie (who was considered a whig martyr to kirk and king) and suspicious of those whom they deemed the inventors thereof—so suspicious, that the crown officers at one time, thought of laying up Sir Baldred in the Castle of Edinburgh, for a term, in mere distrust.

So for a time did these cloudy matters rest.

The delay was fraught with sorrow, irritation and intense anxiety to Bryde, as she knew not the day or the hour, when tidings might arrive that Dalquharn had been removed from his islet-prison by sea or land to England; and even if he managed to clear himself of all share in the death of Gage, he would still have the pretended crime of treason to answer for, and the fate of his kinsman, Viscount Kenmure, the gallant Derwentwater and others, was fresh in the memory of all their party.

Old Dorriel Grahame tormented her too; she was perpetually seeing shrouds appended to the candles, or coffins jumping out of the fire; and she was always hearing in her ears, the sound of the dead-bells, as that aural tinkling is named by the Scottish peasantry,

who regard it as the secret warning—the sure forerunner of a dear friend's death.

A fortnight of this prolonged anxiety rendered Bryde thin, pale, and sad-looking. Her grandfather dozed away the days moodily now, for the old house, where all lived in expectation of something, they knew not what, was silent and lonely; he only warmed up after his bowl of punch or tankard of mulled port after dinner; then he and his old butler, John Birniebousle, wove all manner of strange plans for attacking the castle on the Bass, and rescuing the prisoner—for having a raid on North Berwick, and hanging Balcraffie like a thievish cat, on the risp of his own door—plans which, though feasible enough in the days of the Revolution, the brave and lawless old Scottish times of 'rugging and riving,' were somewhat too wild for adoption, since the accession of the House of Hanover.

Bryde's once happy and joyous nature was completely changed; her spirit sunk; so her kind friend, the old Countess of Haddington, whose advice and assistance she frequently asked, arrived one day in her great glass coach, with all its carving and gilding; its pages and out-riders, and her Master of the Horse, Sir John Hamilton, of Trabrown, armed with sword and pistols, galloping in front; and leaving old Sir Baldred to the sure care of his faithful and ancient household, she bore the pretty sufferer away with her, across the Lammernmuirs, to spend a few weeks at the fashionable Spa of Dunse, which, though now entirely forgotten and neglected, was then in high repute among the Scottish noblesse, some of whom had summer lodgings near the bowling-green of that quaint old border town—in 1633, the Campus Martius of the Covenanters.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

SEVENTEEN HUNDRED AND FORTY-FIVE.

'Our thistles flourished fresh and fair,
And bonnie bloomed our roses,
But the whigs came like a frost in June,
And withered a' our posies.
'Our Scottish crowd's fa'n in the dust,
Deil blind them with the stour o't;
And write their names in Hell's black book,
Wha gaed to whigs the power o't!'—*Jacobite Song.*

THE Scotland of the days of our story would seem almost a foreign country, when contrasted with the rich, populous, and thriving Scotland, which yearly welcomes Queen Victoria to her Highland home beside the Dee; and while we leave Dalquharn to brood over his mishaps on the Bass Rock, and pretty Bryde Otterburn to drink the waters of the Dunse Spa, a little glance at the state of the

country may serve to explain or illustrate many points of our narrative to the reader.

Time seemed to stand still in Scotland then ; twenty, thirty, or forty years made little difference in habits, dress, or customs—in manners or ideas.

London was *seven days'* journey distant, and foot-paths, pit-falls, floods, fords, lack of bridges and wretched roads, rendered travelling arduous and perilous work. The great Duke of Argyle and Greenwich, when posting north to take command of the troops against the Earl of Mar, in 1715, was six days and six nights on the way ; and so small was the intercourse between the two kingdoms, that in the year of our story, the mail-bag is known to have come from London with only *one* letter in it, and that was addressed to the British Linen Company. In those days there were only eight officials in the General Post Office at Edinburgh, and it was not until 1750, that letters were conveyed from stage to stage by regular relays of fresh horses and post-boys, the greater portion being borne by the foot-runners, and the cadgers and carriers, in spite of the laws against them, were secretly entrusted with more letters than His Majesty's Post Office.

Incessant rumours of French descents upon the coast were then current, and such continued to startle and harass the people until 1803. The county of the clans was a *terra incognita* even to Lowlanders, and an English tourist would as soon have thought of exploring the crater of Vesuvius as venturing through the Highland passes, for black-mail was still levied, and cattle freely lifted along the Highland border. Witches and warlocks were still a legitimate source of hatred and terror, though the iron branks and the piles of tar barrels were no longer resorted to by the Lords of Justiciary.

The slaughter of Glencoe and the foul treachery at Darien rankled bitterly in the hearts of our people, and men of all factions never ceased to inveigh against what they elaborately designated 'the land-ruining, God-provoking, soul-destroying, posterity-ensnaring, and enslaving union with England.*'

By that event the east coast of Scotland was totally ruined ; many royal burghs passed completely away, and great depopulation ensued along the Borders. This was consequent to the new facilities afforded for emigration ; but the stout and warlike burghers of Jedburgh pointed with sorrow and rage to the ruins of forty great malt-barns, which had been full and teeming in 1706, and they muttered and thought of the days of old, when axes and spears were lifted to the shout of 'Jetharts here!'

The rumour currently believed in, that the crown and other regalia had been stolen to England and destroyed, long added to the rancorous feelings of the nation ; nor was it fully known until the

* Domestic Annals,

accession of George IV., that those old honours, in defence of which, from first to last, perhaps a million of Scottish men laid down their lives in battle, had been lying neglected, but not forgotten, and safe in the old black chest of James III., in the vaulted crown room of Edinburgh Castle.

After 1684, when the Duke of Albany and York (to give him his Scottish title) left Edinburgh with his family, Catholic though he was, the city sorrowed for him. 'In six years more he was lost both to her and to Britain, and "a stranger filled the Stuart's throne"—a stranger under whose dynasty poor Scotland pined long in undeserved reprobation.'

He left, however, religious rancour in full vigour behind him, and for years no human virtue was recognised, but a sour pharisaical observance of 'the Sabbath,' and the shadow of that spirit lingers yet in the land.

The great fire which took place in Edinburgh on a Sunday in 1701, was duly announced from the pulpit to be 'a fearful rebuke of God, as Sabbath breaking so much abounded;' the Bank of Scotland was burned, there was no insurance office to repay the damage done, and when the dearth that followed in the harvest caused many poor persons to die, it was again alleged that certain men had once more provoked God by their wickedness and lavish prodigality; so there are *some* points in which, under Her Majesty Queen Victoria's loving sway, Scotland stands exactly where she did under William of Orange.

Girt by walls and battled ports, her capital was the same quaint old city of the middle ages, 'piled deep and massy, close and high,' unchanged in all its features, since it had seen the little King James II. escaping on a sumpter horse, packed among his mother's clothes; James IV. ride forth with his chivalry to Flodden-field; Darnley's shattered corpse borne through the gate of the Dominicans; and poor Mary wringing her hands, with dishevelled hair, at the window of the Black Turnpike. It was unchanged, we say, in its features, but the union had absorbed the nobles, the grass was growing in the palace yard and round the market-cross, and sour and gloomy grew the isolated people.

Except the circulating library kept by Allan Ramsay at the sign of the Ben Jonson's Head, in the Luckenbooths, there was, we believe, none in Scotland; and save when some strollers occasionally performed in the Tailor's Hall, in the Cowgate of Edinburgh, in all the kingdom, from sea to sea, there was not a single theatre or other place of amusement; so in the year 1745, the Land of Cakes could not have been a very lively place of residence. The theatre, opened by the adventurous author of 'The Gentle Shepherd' in 1736, was rather roughly shut up by those wise and pious Solons, the magistrates of the city. It had been the Signora Violanta's theatre, at the foot of Carubbers Close, a place since occupied as a meeting-house by successive tribes of sectaries. The Carfuffles and

Balerafties of the Presbytery of Edinburgh represented the 'play-house as the actual temple of the Devil, where he frequently appeared clothed in corporeal substance, and possessed the spectators whom he held as his worshippers.' So the house was closed; but in the same year the citizens were regaled by a long procession of courtesans, having the town drums beaten before them.*

The same spirit of intolerance predominated in Glasgow, where a theatre erected in 1752, was demolished two years after by a mob who had heard Whitfield, the Englishman, preach against it.

The clergy never ceased to revile theatricals; yet the reverend deputation of the General Assembly of the Kirk, which went to London to pay their respects to George I. in 1714, took especial good care, *en route*, to see 'Love for Love,' acted at Kendal.

Yet the habits of the people were very simple in the memorable year of our story. In the pleasant memoirs of Carlyle, the good old minister of Inveresk, we are told that 'the second tavern in Haddington, where the Presbytery dined, *had* knives and forks on the table; but ten or twelve years before that time, my father used to carry a shagreen case, with a knife, fork, and spoon, as, perhaps, they do still in many parts of the continent.'

Blue bounets were, of course, worn in lieu of the hideous modern hat, plaids in lieu of cloaks, and by women of the humbler class at church and market. Then, as now, mere tradesmen were styled merchants, to the surprise of Englishmen; all food was dressed in the French fashion, and served up by bareheaded and barefooted damsels. The cathedrals and abbey churches were in ruins, and God was worshipped in hideous parochial barns. Yet, strange as it may seem, there were then Turkish baths, or *hummums*, at Edinburgh, a *railroad*, two miles long, at Port Seton, a penny post, and similar novelties, which even England knew not, twenty years before the period we write of.

Literature in the north, like literature in the south, was then made a truckling slave to peers and patrons of rank and wealth, and scarcely a book ever came forth without some fulsome dedication, like that which is prefixed to Hawthornden's History of the Five Jameses, 'Unto the Right Honourable, my very good Lord and chief, the Earl of Perth,' &c., &c.

The barbarous severities practised after 1715; the incessant sneers and pasquils of Grub Street writers; the studied policy of English statesmen to obliterate Scottish nationality; the cold neglect of the legislature; the abuses at home; the lack of influence in the imperial parliament, where, if a Scotsman ventured to speak, his very accent was greeted with derision; the total destruction of the east coast trade, while the west was yet undeveloped; the restoration of lay patronage in the church; local wants ignored; grants never given, while taxation was extorted to the uttermost, all led many to

* 'Mercury,' 10th July, 1736.

wish a repeal of the union, which would have made matters infinitely worse, as, from their sectarian views, Scotsmen now could never govern Scotland. These were all solid grievances, but the most bitter were the sentimental ones; and, in the minds of the Scottish cavaliers, the grand panacea for all things was the restoration of the House of Stuart, and the expulsion of the Elector of Hanover.

Amid all the popular bigotry of the country in favour of that personage, it is indeed remarkable that Scotland has NEVER produced even ONE song in defence of his rights, or in praise of their sanguinary upholder, the Duke of Cumberland. In the cause of the House of Stuart, the whole land burst forth into song and ballad—sad, or fiercely sarcastic; and in its ranks have all our poets of the least note ranged themselves, from the days of James VII. down to those of Burns, Thomas Campbell, and Edmonston Aytoun. ‘With the Revolution,’ says Cromek, ‘commences the era of Jacobite song. The romantic spirit of warrior adventure had begun to leave the Scotch. It hovered round them like a decaying flame, after the quenching of those deadly feuds which feasted on the richest blood of the sister kingdom.’

Scotland, though always possessing more of the sturdy, industrial, and self-supporting classes, than any country in the world (per cent. of her population), has often been taunted with her poverty; yet there was more specie to be found in it in the year 1707,* than in 1772, after sixty-five years of political copartnery; for Scotland had to *sink*, ere she could rise again.

And now, quitting this somewhat dry sketch of the state of Scotland at the time of our story, we shall return to Lord Dalquharn in his loneliness.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

GLOOM.

‘The earth was so quiet and the heaven was so still,
That I heard ilka sound on the wood and the hill;
The hameless burds sang with ane doleful moan,
That the deep-wood boweris o’ summer were gone;
And I thought on mysel—and I mixed with ane sigh,
The mournful murmur of echo’s reply;
But I grat when I thought on the lonely tree,
That flung its last leaf on the wateris free—
For I thought ’twas likest my true love and me.’

The Songe of Constance.

THE Blackadder vault was a bleak and desolate chamber, the bare stone walls of which were without wainscoting or even plaster, and were blackened by smoke from the securely grated fire-place, and discoloured by the damp sea breeze that whistled through the equally well-grated windows. Of the latter there were three—an

* *Diplomata et Numismatica Scotiæ.*

unusual luxury in the prisons of the Bass—very small, however, and made safe by crossed bars of iron, basket-formed, built into the massive walls, and coeval with the castle itself.

Sheer down some seventy or eighty feet below, the sea was foaming on the rocks.

An oak bedstead, a stool or two, a little oval mirror, with an old chest or ambre, were all the furniture, to which some English prize of the days of the Commonwealth—some unwary ship that had ventured within range of cannon shot—had evidently furnished its quota. A black jack full of water, a hand bell to ring when he required attendance, and an iron cruise of antique form, filled with the fetid oil of the solan goose, amid which, a wick that gave a sickly light, was sputtering, were placed upon the little tripod table by Steinie Lockyett, the warder, who then withdrew, after a respectful reverence, for he could not forget that Dalquharn was a lord, and was so far paroled, that he had the whole castle and the rock itself, to ramble about, whenever he felt disposed to do so. But another sentinel was now posted at the inner gate, as Livingstone was resolved to watch well his only prisoner; and the men on guard, who had mounted hitherto, with the swords only, then worn by all private soldiers, now paraded with bayonets fixed, and muskets loaded.

On the walls he could trace sentences scratched by the hand of some poor martyr of the oppressed kirk and broken covenant.

‘Death is but the period of your life, as the first moment of your birth is the beginning of your death. Remember the glorious sabbath day of Drumclog, and the discomfiture of the godless. Remember the 1st of June, 1679.’

Elsewhere was written in a bolder hand—

‘Dost thou know the value of a day, or even of a minute?’

‘Too well,’ thought the poor prisoner, and keenly he felt in his heart, how English aggression from without, and the foul misgovernment of Lauderdale at home, had driven a noble people to madness, and to that which never failed their fathers in the end—the sword!

In that same vault, after a long, weary, and unmerited captivity, for his resistance of episcopacy, and after enduring great bodily suffering, and all the misery of ‘hope deferred,’ the Reverend John Blackadder, minister of Troqueer, died in his seventieth year, in the cold, bleak winter of 1685, and amid the tears of many surviving sufferers. His poor corpse was lowered by the iron crane from the gun battery, into a boat, for conveyance to North Berwick churchyard, where his grave may yet be seen.

And in fancy as the evening darkened, Dalquharn pictured to himself, that gentle and worthy upholder of religious freedom, sitting with his infant son upon his knee—he, who in future years, was to lead our Cameronian regiment to many a glorious charge at Blenheim and at Ramillies—teaching him to be a steadfast man,

and true to his country, and never to forget the *fifty years war* of the covenant—and then came in fancy, too, the last solemn scene of all, the aged minister's death, on that quaint old bedstead, with all his children kneeling round him.

Then Dalquharn shuddered, either by the force of his own ideas, or because the place was chill and cheerless.

'The Bass,' wrote Blackadder's son, 'was a base, cold, and unwholesome prison, all the rooms being ordinarily full of smoke, like to suffocate and choke us, so that my father and other prisoners were necessitated many a time to thrust head and shoulders out of the window to recover breath. They were obliged to drink the twopenny ale of the governor's brewing, scarcely worth a halfpenny the pint, and several times were sorely in want of victuals, for ten or twelve days together, the boats not daring to venture to them by reason of the stormy weather.'

The light in the iron cruise sank lower, and the discoloured patches on the wall seemed to assume stranger forms. At last the flame died out, and he was left in total darkness, for even the bright starlight scarcely found way through the small grated apertures.

He threw himself on his bed, full of gloomy, fierce, and terrible thoughts.

Past the window gratings, the sea breeze moaned with something of the Æolian sound we hear in the wires of the telegraph, and in his ears it mingled dreamily with the chafing of the sea far down below.

Like the spirit of the Geni, who was bottled up in a flask under the seal of Solomon, till netted by the fisherman in the Arabian Nights, Dalquharn in heart, grew every moment more savage and gloomy, under an imprisonment so secure, obloquy so false, and wrongs so foul!

If not removed to England, he had no hope now but to wait the landing of the prince, and to pray that his career would be a rapid and a victorious one. But the prince might never land; storms and destiny had often ere then, proved hostile to the plans of that fated royal family; and if he actually did land, his attempt might end only in defeat to himself, and destruction to all his followers.

If his march proved one of victory, oh, what agony to Dalquharn, to be secluded on that island Rock, while all his friends were playing the great historical game of a second Restoration; but if they failed, what would be left him, save black despair and a horrible death!

Dalquharn knew that he was as innocent of rebellion as of the death of Gage; but what would that innocence avail him, as the party in power were then constituted?

The doom accorded to a traitor was hanging over him; death, certainly, but not a death of shame—and the hour of his martyrdom might be very close, indeed! To-morrow, he might hear a gun

from a king's ship, and see her lying off the Bass with shortened sail, and with an order to receive him on board.

Seated on the knee of his tender and gentle mother, in their once happy home, far away in pastoral Galloway, where the black waters of the Dee roll down through heathy hills; and afterwards, in the years of their humble exile in other lands, he had heard her tell, again and again, while her dark eyes kindled, and her proud lip quivered with sorrow and indignation, how their kinsman, the dashing Viscount of Kenmure, and the Earl of Derwentwater—both alike gallant and resolute, gentle and true—had died on the scaffold for their exiled king; and the oft repeated story filled his boyish heart with a loathing of their cold-blooded destroyers, and with something of dismay too. And now the time had come, when the same dark fate seemed awaiting him.

London's assembled thousands, hushed in silence and in pity; the slow march of the Horse Grenadiers, with their black horses and sugar-loaf caps; the Beefeaters, in their quaint costume, with partisan and sword; the tolling of the muffled bells; Tower Hill with all its past and present terrors; the scaffold with its sanded floor; the bare-armed executioner with axe and knife, all came before him in fancy now, with the grave's black gulf beyond.

To the unthinking and the stolid, such a fate was horrible; to be decapitated and mangled—to have head cut off, and heart torn out, that both might be exposed recking to the gaping rabble of London, as the head and heart of a traitor—he a Scottish peer, a Douglas, loyal *à la morte*, to his king through twenty generations of lauded and noble men—yea, loyal as he was to that sweet Bryde, he never more might see—he a traitor, who upheld that right divine, which God had said was the right of the first-born?

He, full of youth and strength, of vitality, and high hope at times, was he quietly to endure all this, and through the successful wilcs and machinations of a triumphant human serpent like Balcraftie? To be thrust into a common coffin, and buried, not where the long line of his proud ancestors lay, in the old fane of St. Cuthbert, by the Dee; not by the side of his beloved mother in the land of her exile; but thrust, perhaps, into a hole in the Tower ditch, beside the fetid and muddy Thames!

A transport of rage seized him; he sprang from his pallet; threw open one of the little windows and let the cool breeze of the midnight sea, play upon his flushed face. In his impotent wrath, he clutched, wrenched and swung on the rusty bars; each was thick as his wrist, and immovable as the foundations of the Bass, in the ocean, hundreds of feet below.

Then, often, after a sleepless and restless night, such as this, the morning dawned—the bright early summer morning, and, as it streamed through his prison bars, revealing everything with provoking distinctness, it would find him still nervously awake and brooding on his wrongs.

Broad, red and glorious, each morning, the summer sun came upward from the eastern sea ; afar off the long stretch of rocky coast that joined the fertile Merse, and the curving lines of the Lammermuirs were steeped in ruddy light ; and then North Berwick's wondrous cone seemed a pyramid of flame, while the rugged cliffs and Tantallan, and all its shattered towers, wore the same glowing tints.

Close at hand were the ever restless seabirds revolving with their incessant cry of 'kittiwake' from which they take their name.

There are few who have not proved or felt when there has been a great grief or violent wrench of the heart, the slow but sure crasure of the past existence from the mind ; and that it seems to fade, or become confused and dim, until the *present* appears the only one we seem to have known.

Thus there were times when Dalquharn, as the monotonous days rolled on, marvelled in his soul if Bryde Otterburn, with her clear brown eyes and rich brown hair, her bright complexion and ringing laugh, really existed, and for him ! Their past life, their vows and love seemed almost doubtful now, and their memory hovered vaguely in his mind at times, like the recollection of dreams he once had in sleep ; then it seemed as if the long, narrow and lofty castle of the Bass, with its towers and gun battery, its rusty iron gratings, and gloomy dungeons perched on that sea-beat pyramid of rock, formed the only place he had ever known ; and that those weather-worn sentinels, in the long blue great-coats and conical Prussian caps, were the only persons he had ever seen.

Yet, through a telescope lent to him occasionally by Lieutenant Livingstone, he could see Auldham with its steep turrets and broad square chimney rising above its old green woods, and the grey smoke ascending from the great fire-place of its ancient kitchen. He could see the windows of Bryde's room, too, and every morning as the sun rose, their panes were the first that reflected his beams.

Two miles distant, Dalquharn could see plainly the ravine where the skirmish took place, and the tower of Tantallan, above the vault where poor Jack Gage had perished by the pistol of the little mulatto wasp Leroux.

Elsewhere he could see the quaint gable-ended little town of North Berwick, and occasionally a crowd upon the East Links, where no doubt the sainted Balcraftie would be preaching in reprobation of sin and the backslidings of the times ; and then he would turn again to the windows of that little turret chamber, in the quaint old home of the Otterburns—windows from which he fondly hoped a pair of sad and loving eyes were often turned to the isle of his captivity.

At night he could see the lights that twinkled there, and thus, to watch the house was his sole comfort. One night, and for many more, all the house was sunk in darkness. Why was this ?

Then a terror chilled his heart, lest some misfortune, he knew not what, had happened !

Some writers have said, that there is a mysterious affinity between the souls of parted lovers, which will not permit one to be ignorant of anything serious, that may happen to the other.

Be that as it may, Bryde and Dalquharn could only suppose, but never actually know the misery they both suffered at this wretched time, with all its complicated private and political accessories, to enhance alike their mutual fear and sorrow, and their doubt and terror of the future !

CHAPTER XXXV.

HOPE DEFERRED.

'All my love, my passion—
All myself I give,
True to ancient fashion,
Loving while I live.'

'Claiming nought from Alice,
Knowing love is vain :
Wine poured from a chalice
Flows not back again.

'True love is a treasure,
Sacred and divine,
Without stint or measure,
Cast upon a shrine.'

THE resolution of attempting an escape was ever present to the mind of Dalquharn ; but there was no avenue from the Bass, save by the three gates and iron porteullis, which were never opened except when provisions arrived. Over the walls, or over the rocks, escape was impossible owing to their vast height and the fearful depth of the usually restless sea below.

There was the boat at the crane, belonging to this almost unapproachable rock, which, as the memoirs of the Reverend John Blackadder state, a small garrison might hold against 'millions of men, and is only expugnable by hunger.' With ulterior views, Dalquharn had frequently examined this crane, which was an engine with a wheel and running cable, by which the great eight-oared boat of the garrison, was hoisted up and lowered down. Its remains are now at a brink of the rock, the lowest part of which is sixty feet above high water mark. The slightest surf rendered its use impossible, and whenever the east wind prevailed, the turmoil of the waves was grandly sublime, as they leaped against the impending rocks, throwing their snowy spray a hundred feet in height ; and, as they recoiled, leaving cataracts of foam, pouring downward, through the rugged grooves, and sweeping away scores of the beautiful white solan geese from their nests and the ledges on the cliffs.

Even if he could have mastered the two sentinels who were stationed with loaded muskets near the crane, unaided he could neither have lowered the heavy boat, or reached it below when afloat.

Two soldiers had been sent to Auldham for Dalquharn's cloak-bag, and from them he learned that Miss Otterburn was at the Spa of Dunse. Old Dame Dorriel sent them back laden with wine and various other good things for the comfort of her imprisoned favourite; but he never received them, all being probably confiscated by the needy and reckless fellows in command of the Rock.

The narrow paved gun-platform, the double line of prisons and barracks on each side of the steep and narrow stair that led to the porteuillis, he always avoided, when he could do so, and preferred to ramble about the upper part of the rock, where the quaint little Hermitage and chapel of St. Baldred—then used as a powder magazine—stand; or at the soldier's garden, which lies in a kind of valley, sheltered from the north and east wind by high and rough walls, built without lime or clay: and there a few stunted cherry trees put forth their meagre leaves, and some potherbs grew amid the rank guano of the isle.

Higher up still, he would seek the apex of the rock, where a signal gun and flagstaff stood. Both were used of old for the purpose of signalling, if hostile ships were in sight, or for alarming the shore if a prisoner escaped, a circumstance of which no record remained on the Bass Rock. Here flows a spring of water, holy by some accounts, but haunted by others, for—

'About this spring, (if ancient fame say true),
The dapper elves their midnight sports pursue;
Their pigmy king and little fairy queen,
In circling dances gambolled on the green,
While tuneful sprights a merry concert made,
And airy music warbled through the shade.'

From this vast height he could almost look down into the corn fields of Haddingtonshire, and the green woods, and brown, rough-looking old burgh-towns of busy Fife. Grey Edinburgh, with its giant castle, Arthur's verdant cone, and the bare round knob of the Calton, seemed close at hand, and the white cliffs of the Isle of May to be but a league distant.

He watched the flight of the sea-birds that swarmed in myriads round his prison-rock, whitening all its vast cliffs by their numbers. He saw them spread their snowy pinions, and after soaring upward, or swooping down in search of fish, anon sweep across the two miles of dark-green water that lay between Tantallan and the Bass; and he sighed that he had not the power to follow them.

He could see the fisher-boats, with their sharp prows and brown lug sails, that shot past early in the morning or late at eve, beating against the east wind, or scudding before the west, through the narrow strait that divided him from Bryde Otterburn and from liberty. His eye followed their white wake through the deep green water with a longing and haggard glance; and there were times when some of those tiny craft came close to the cliffs—so close that they seemed to skim past almost beneath his feet; and then he felt

half-tempted to leap into the sea and risk being picked up; but next moment he shrank aghast from the idea; for after whizzing so far down through the air, he would be breathless before he cleft the surface of that awful profundity of water.

The sound of the drum, thrice daily, at morning, at evening, and for dinner, echoing into the empty prisons and vaulted dungeons, seemed alone to break the solitude, after his ear had become insensible to the sound of the waves, and the incessant cry of 'kittiwake' from the sea-birds: even the soldiers became grave and taciturn, and their voices were heard but seldom.

Such as they were, he had 'the entire run' of the seven acres of which this celebrated rock consists, and for which the present Laird of North Berwick pays annually of feu to Her Majesty the Queen, the sum of one penny Scots, with a yearly kail or tribute of seven solan geese to the minister of the parish on the mainland.

In the mists of November, the cold thick mists that come sweeping over the German Sea, and amid the storms of winter, he thought with a shudder how horrible must be those prisons of the Bass; but long ere winter came, he knew that *his* fate would be decided.

The summer was a lovely one, and day succeeded day of cloudless sunshine. But if he was to be confined there, and to go from thence only to appear as a prisoner before the High Court of Justiciary at Edinburgh, or—if his claim of peerage was allowed—before the House of Lords at London, what was it to him that now the sun shone so brightly, that the waves rolled in light around his prison, that summer was in all her glory in the fertile Lothians, and that the soft and pleasant days of autumn were at hand?

With him and Bryde all was winter and desolation. His soul was with her; his heart was with his exiled king; and thus it was but a human automaton that wandered about the bare summit of that prison isle. So the monotonous days slipped slowly, wearily, and inexorably away.

In a space so circumscribed, it was impossible for him not to meet frequently the two ladies already mentioned; for they took a great interest in him, as a Jacobite, a captive of rank; and thus they frequently by design threw themselves in his way.

Dalquharn was generally popular with every one; but that was the result, perhaps, of a constitutional suavity of manner; an apparently studious, but yet unstudied, courtesy to all; a native politeness, that old travellers allow to have existed among all classes in Scotland when her intercourse and alliance with France was so close, and until it was crushed out of successive generations; but that sturdy independence consequent to the general diffusion of education, and the sulky democracy that goes hand in hand with Calvinism.

A young man handsome and gallant, blue-eyed and fair-haired, sad-looking and in misfortune, with the bold bearing, too, of one accustomed to peril from the days of his boyhood, could not fail to

interest those English girls, whom we may as well introduce by name, as Miss Polly Dalton and Miss Patty Maylie (both late of Drury Lane), who were ennuied to death on the Rock, where they were each almost as much a prisoner as he was, and longed earnestly—not that we suppose they ever prayed much—for a return to London, as they feared, rather than loved, the two tipsy *roués* whom they had rashly accompanied, what was then deemed a vast distance, on this cheerless service.

Dalquharn, every time they addressed him, perceived that he was an object of considerable solicitude; 'he was,' as they said, 'a lord, though only a poor Scots one;' and Miss Polly Dalton, a very pretty girl, with bright hazel eyes—all the brighter, perhaps, that she freely rouged—and a saucy *retroussé* nose, appeared to have an especially tender heart; but their sympathy could avail him nothing, and, as it soon appeared, excited the annoyance of both Livingstone and Congalton. Moreover, as their society was in no way consonant to his taste, the difficulty of avoiding them was extreme, within a space so small. It was very much like being on distant terms with a person on board ship, or in the Eddystone lighthouse; and Miss Polly Dalton, in particular, would *not* be treated with coolness by the prisoner. The fact was, she was miserably sick of the Bass Rock, and longing, as she phrased it, 'to be sent ashore;' so Livingstone and his junior officer soon became sulky, even rude, to Dalquharn—plainly, bluntly, and vulgarly jealous.

The month of July had passed away; the middle of August had come: and he was beginning to consider how, and in what fashion, he might, with the aid of those two poor girls, escape. He had great faith in women's wit; but dare he trust those who were false to themselves? was the next reflection; and now a sort of crisis came in his affairs.

One day the attention of the garrison was excited by seeing a large boat put off for the isle, from the little green cove named Canty Bay. The wind was rather high for the expedition; but the boat bore on bravely, with the white foam flying off her glistening bows on each side; and as all knew that in fresh weather something of importance alone could warrant a visit to the Bass, the walls were lined by the soldiers, who were curious to see the party arrive.

Dalquharn felt his heart become agitated by no very pleasing emotion, as he feared that this visit directly referred to himself; and so it did, but differently from what he foreboded. Dreading he knew not what, and anxious to avoid observation—for the two officers of the little garrison were surveying him rather malignantly—he withdrew to his room, the same gloomy apartment already described, and seated himself at the old tripod table, with his face buried in his hands, to wait the event; and indeed he was gradually beginning to think that any change must be for the better now.

More than half an hour elapsed before he heard footsteps on the

stone stair, and in the narrow corridor that led to the Blackadder vault. Then came Steinie Lockyett's well-known knock on the door: starting forward, he unclosed it, and Bryde—Bryde Otterburn—stood before him; paler, thinner, more anxious in expression; but the same sweet, winning Bryde as ever, as he could see at once when she laid aside her velvet mask and silk capuchin.

'The young Lady o'Auldhame, my Lord,' said Steinie, making a profound reverence with his bonnet; but Dalquharn heard him not. Trembling with love and tenderness, he led Bryde in, and closed the door upon her usher, who immediately retired.

They were clasped in each other's arms, and for a time were almost unconscious of all around them, so overpowering were the emotions of joy—the sense of pure happiness.

The few sentences they uttered were short and incoherent, and though inspired by passionate love and tenderness, sounded not unlike those of sorrow.

If an underbred, but honest fellow, like Steinie Lockyett, had the good feeling to leave the lovers together, it may ill become us to intrude upon them; and yet there are some matters to rehearse that Bryde alone can explain.

After their first transports subsided, her eyes wandered with a sad and indignant expression round the desolate chamber, to settle once more lovingly on her betrothed's face, now flushed and radiant with new-born joy.

He asked how she had gained admittance to him?

By virtue of an order, signed by the High Sheriff of Haddington, John Lord Belhaven, a peer who stood high in favour with the ruling powers, in whose cause he was the more zealous, as he was General of the Scottish mint, and a commissioner of the board of manufacturers, from both of which sinecures, he had the best reasons for intense loyalty—two good salaries.

Bryde now informed Dalquharn, while her tears fell fast and she clung to his neck, that all her efforts to expose and to punish the hypocrite Balcraftie, had proved vain and almost worse than futile; that though every interest had been used through whig peers of influence to delay his own trial at Edinburgh, or his transmission to London, Lady Haddington had informed her, that the secretary of state for Scotland, the Marquis of Tweeddale, had said that either course could not long be avoided; that the times were fraught with danger; that though the famous Dunkirk expedition under the Count de Saxe, had proved a failure, the younger chevalier would not relinquish his hopes of ultimate success; that a fresh example—a popular victim was wanted to deter his adherents and so forth: and when my lord marquis, who had been one of the extraordinary lords of session, a representative peer, keeper of the signet and lord of the privy council, began to speak in this fashion, it was ominous of great evil to the crushed and now landless Dalquharn, who said quietly:—

'Dearest Bryde, say no more of this! Why cloud the joy of your visit by tidings so bitter to us both?'

'Because you must escape——'

'Must?'

'Yes—yes; but hush—we may be overheard.'

'Escape—unless I could sail in a sieve or egg-shell like the old witch carlins of Dunbar and North Berwick; or unless I could take the form of a sea bird, I know not how such a feat is to be achieved; and yet Bryde, darling, I must confess,' he added softly in her ear, 'that the idea of escaping has never once left my mind; but I have been here many, many weeks now, and am no nearer the attempt than I was on the first dreary day of my captivity, and sorrowful separation from you.'

'Oh, Henry, you know not what that separation has cost me!' said she, 'see how thin my hands have become.'

'My dear Bryde,' said he, kissing them, 'oh that we had each, one of those magic or magnetic dials of which Strada wrote! What a solace to us! that even when separated by bolts and bars, by sea and land, we might converse together, and at the same happy moment!'

'Oh, what are you speaking, Henry?'

The clear hazel eyes dilated with something of alarm, as if she thought his mind wandered.

'When I was residing with the conservator of Scottish privileges at Campvere, I found in his library a strange little book, printed in 1617. It was entitled "*Prolusiones Academicæ Oratoriæ, &c.*," by Famiani Stradæ Romani," a learned Jesuit, who was born in 1572, and therein he tells us of a correspondence that was maintained by two friends who were very dear to each other, by mean of a certain loadstone which had such power, that when it touched two needles of fine steel, if one of these began to move, the other, however vast the distance between them, moved at the same time and in the same manner.'

'I do not understand!' said Bryde, looking up lovingly, but a little bewildered.

'Strada goes on to say that those friends being each furnished with a magnetic needle, made for themselves two metal dials, each of which was inscribed with the twenty-four letters of the alphabet, and placed their needles on the plates, so that they could traverse the surface without hindrance from letter to letter.

'On being separated and having to go into distant lands, the friends agreed, like lovers, to retire punctually to a quiet place at a certain hour daily, to converse with each other, which they could do with ease by means of their magnetic dials. If one had aught to say to the other, he moved his needle to each letter in quick succession until the words were formed, and a sentence was complete. His friend who was hundreds of leagues away, saw at the same instant his own needle moving on his own dial, by a virtue acquired

from the loadstone, to every letter indicated by the other; and thus they could converse, according to the "Prolusiones" of Strada, though separated by vast mountain ridges, by foaming surges, and by pathless deserts.'

'Ah, that we had each such a dial, dearest; but it may not be, for surely such must have been the work of infernal agency!' said Bryde, and so in her days would have been deemed even a lucifer match, and most assuredly the electric telegraph, of which Strada, the famous author of '*De Bello Belgico*' in the person of Lucretius, thus gives us, strange to say, somewhat of a dim foreshadowing. 'But to assist you in escaping,' said Bryde, returning to the subject nearest her affectionate heart, 'money is requisite——'

'And I have—none!'

'Sir Baldred is quite poor just now; the cattle plague has almost ruined our farmers, and half rents only have been coming in; but I sold well—or rather I should say, the ground bailie and the grievance of the Home Farm, sold for me on Lammas day some sheep that I had—a bell wether and some ewes—I am quite a little farmer you see; so here are a hundred guineas for you in a silk purse of my own netting.'

'Oh, Bryde, though the rightful successor to five thousand a year, I have never possessed so much money as this, and never may unless I get back my lands of Dalquharn from the whig slave to whom Lord Isla gave them, and how can I deprive you——'

'Not a word,' said Bryde, as she took his face between her soft little hands, and by an application of her own cherry lips effectually stopped him from saying more.

Dalquharn's eyes filled with tears as he surveyed her with looks of love, and again pressed her to his breast.

'I am so glad,' said he, 'that poor Mitchell escaped the fangs of the elector's beagles! Have you heard aught of him?'

'Only that he is still at the castle of Callender with the Boyds,' replied Bryde in a low and cautious whisper, for she could not be in a prison without remembering that walls might have ears.

At that moment, Steinie Lockyett knocked again on the door, and somewhat urgently, to inform his lordship and the young lady that the waves were whitening fast in the offing, a mist was coming over the Isle of May, the breeze was freshening and the boatmen were anxious to return shoreward; for, if the weather became rough, their boat might be stove against the rocks, as there were no human means by which it could be beached upon the Bass.

These tidings imperatively hastened her departure; she applied her handkerchief to her eyes to remove all traces of her late emotion, and resumed her capuchin and mask, as the entire population of the castle turned out to see her re-embark.

Among others, were the two ladies already mentioned, and near the inner gate stood Lieutenant Livingstone and Ensign Congalton,

both in full uniform, each with his cocked hat under his left arm, and with sword sash, and gorget on.

Both bowed low to their fair visitor ; and, on the sentinels preventing Dalquharn from passing out with her, by simply crossing their muskets at the gate—a movement which made the blood rush to his temples—Livingstone drew off a glove and took Bryde's hand, saying :—

'You must permit *me* to be your escort now, Miss Otterburn ; the descent is steep and slippery, and you cannot reach the boat unassisted.'

She gave a farewell glance to Dalquharn, full of secret intelligence and sorrowful meaning, and was led away by the Laird of Saltcoates, who, when he chose, could bear himself like a courtly gentleman. She passed out of the castle and down the perilous way, that led to the fissure in the rock, where people landed and embarked.

A few minutes more saw the boat at sea, its sails spread and the oars out, as it flew before the wind and flowing tide, and Bryde's figure lessened fast to the loving eyes of him who watched her from the gun-battery, nor did he cease to wave his handkerchief, or turn to leave the place, till the boat had disappeared in safety within the little haven of Cauty Bay.

He was then sensible, for the first time, that two persons were conversing and laughing near him. They proved to be Mr. Congalton and his friend, Miss Polly Dalton, to whom he had been somewhat freely criticising the air and dress of Miss Otterburn, who had sorely piqued him, by barely honouring him with a glance.

'I thought her charming—poor thing !' said the girl, with something of sadness in her tone ; for, perhaps, in her heart, she contrasted the correct toilette and pale purity of Bryde, with her own tawdry costume and rouged cheeks ; 'her dress was quite that of a woman of fashion.'

'Faugh ! a fig for such fashion, say I ; how could she be aught but odd, whose *mode* comes at best from the Lawn-market of Edinburgh,' said Congalton, who was what the late Mr. Thackeray would decidedly have termed a 'Scotch snob,' though such carrion were scarcer in 1745, than they are in this age of steam and telegraphy, and then he began to sing,

'Make your petticoats short, that a hoop, eight yards wide,
May decently shew how your garters are tied ;

'With fringes of knotting, your dicky cabob,
On slippers of velvet, set gold *a la daube*.
But mount on French heels when you go to a ball,
'Tis the fashion to totter and show you can *fall*—'

'Mr. Congalton !' said Dalquharn, stepping close up to this officer, and cutting short his ditty ; 'were I not your prisoner, I should trounce you on the spot—compel you to eat your own words ; and

a time may come when I shall force you to apologise for this insolence.'

'I doubt it,' replied the ensign, saucily, and, withal, fiercely, too, as he cocked his hat over his right eye, and stuck his left hand into the hilt of his sword; 'but zounds, 'tis very well, sir, and time, place and circumstance, suiting, I shall be quite at your service.'

He turned on his heel abruptly and retired, while Dalquharn, though furious at his bearing, soon forgot it, at least for a time, as his interview with Bryde had inspired him with fresh love and tenderness, and to these, the money she had given, added a hope that he might yet escape; for many a castle gate has been opened by a golden key; so, anxious for solitude, he left the ramparts, and took his way up the rock, towards the chapel and little Hermitage, in which tradition and history record that St. Baldred lived and died.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

A PLOT LAID.

'——— Nay, good youth,
Till what I purpose can be put in act,
Do not o'erprize it. Since you've trusted me
With my soul's nearest, nay its dearest secret,
Rest confident, 'tis in a cabinet locked
Treachery shall never open. I have found you
More zealous in your love and service to me
Than I have been in my rewards.'

Massinger.

How was he to dispose of the hundred guineas so generously given to him by his disinterested love? Who was he to tempt—who bribe first? Old Steinic Lockyett or the sentinels, and which of these, as they were always being changed? The very means given thus to assist an escape, added to his perplexity; for they might take the money on the one hand, and betray his purpose on the other; he had heard and read of such things; and yet, if they did so, they would only be acting true to the general selfishness of human nature, true to their salt, and loyally to the king they served.

He frequently retired to the greater solitude of the ancient Hermitage, to think the more deeply, and to consult with himself, but could never come to a conclusion, as how or with whom he would begin.

A few days after the visit of Bryde—an episode which made him an object of greater interest in the eyes of Miss Patty Maylie and pretty Polly Dalton—he found himself followed to his solitude one evening by the latter young lady, who heedless of his cold and somewhat repelling reception of her, would insist upon seating herself near him on some blocks of fallen masonry, where she adjusted

her ample skirts of faded brocade, with the faintest air of coquetry. Edged with deep falls of lace, her sleeves were short, and revealed the whiteness and taper form of her finely rounded arms. We may mention that there were times, when Dalquharn in his simplicity of character, was doubtful whether or not those fair residents on the Rock, were actually wedded to the two men who treated them so strangely and so harshly; but if so, they certainly never took other names than their own; but that custom was not uncommon in Scotland, especially in those days, for long after marriage, women among their friends were familiarly known by their maiden names.

She remarked the beauty of the evening, and the effect of the setting sun upon the opposite coast of Haddington, the blueness of the sea and sky, to all of which he assented.

She then said something of the dreary life led by those whose evil destiny cast them on such a place as this island-rock, to which he assented also with much cordiality, and then there was a pause, during which, Miss Dalton, who had been playing with the deep falling tucker of her boddice, bent her bright eyes smilingly on Dalquharn's face, and opening and shutting her huge green fan, which was covered with faded spangles, spoke again, after heaving something like a stage sigh:

'Heigho! if I had only accepted the handsome offer of Sir Timothy Tawdry of the Buffs, I might have been driving along Piccadilly, like a woman of fashion, with a suite of diamonds sparkling about me, in a gilt coach, with a page on each step and two tall footmen behind, instead of fretting myself into a frowsy frump on this nasty Scotch island!'

'Might not Sir Timothy come to the rescue still?'

'He eloped with Miss Susan Spangles, of Covent Garden, and they have gone on the grand tour, and so I missed the gilt coach and being my Lady Tawdry.'

'A gilt coach—is that happiness?' asked Dalquharn, who was somewhat amused in spite of himself, by the girl's manner, and not ill-pleased with her roguish beauty.

'Yes, sir—I beg pardon, I mean, my lord; it is one of the elements of happiness, and is as necessary to a woman of quality, as her sedan and link-boys, her pomander ball, *etui* and appendages; or, as the "Guardian" says, "the gilt chariot, the diamond ring, the gold snuff-box, and brocade sword-knot" are to a fine gentleman.'

'"Provided he casts his eyes on them but *once* a day," the paper adds. You see, I know the "Guardian,"' said his lordship, smiling.

'Oh, I doat on it, and on all Mr. Addison's writings in the "Spectator." Do you remember a paper of his, in which he humourously describes a country squire, enquiring anxiously at the Tower, whether any of the royal lions had fallen sick, on tidings coming to London, that the city of Perth had been taken, and that the old Pretender had fled?'

'He whom you stigmatise as a pretender, madam, I acknowledge as His Majesty, King James VIII.,' said Dalquharn, with a haughty smile, as he reverentially lifted his hat, which was sorely worn and battered now, for the term 'pretender,' even in this year of the world, jars on the ear of a well-bred Scotsman.

'Pardon me, my lord,' said the girl, colouring 'La! I did but speak at random, or as those about me do.'

'Let it pass, madam.'

'I thank you, sir—my lord, I mean.'

'The idea of the squire you alluded to, arose from an old English superstition,' said Dalquharn, willing to relieve her momentary embarrassment. 'In ancient times, it was customary to name the lions in the Tower after the reigning kings; and thus the fate of the royal animal was thought to be mysteriously connected with His Majesty of England.'

After a little more conversation, Dalquharn began to discover that this girl was meant for a better fate than had befallen her in life, as she seemed to be familiar with the writings of Dryden, Pope (who had died at Twickenham in the summer of the preceding year), of worthy Dicky Steele, Tickell, and all the current literature of the time; but he also perceived how unwise it was of him, circumstanced as he was, to be conversing with her so familiarly in that little secluded ruin.

He hinted something to this purpose with one of his pleasant smiles, and was moving away, when she laid a hand on his arm—a quick and pretty hand it was—and said,

'My lord, you wish, doubtless, to escape from this!'

'It would be folly to conceal from you that I do; but it seems a physical impossibility.'

'It is not.'

'Ah—indeed,' said Dalquharn, coldly, as he suspected some snare; 'but how, madam?'

'By a plan of mine—a very simple one.'

'Woman's wit and sympathy are proverbial, Miss Dalton; but this plan—'

'Is that your lordship shall escape disguised as a woman, and I shall dress you; experience has made me clever enough at the toilette.'

'You will dress me?'

'Yes—I,' said she, laughing.

'Gadso, I should be glad to escape in any fashion or costume; but my dear girl, I am nearly a foot taller than you, and my appearance in your fardingale and capuchin would never do! The Scots Footguards of the Elector are not such asses as you think them.'

'Lord Nithsdale escaped from the Tower in his lady's hood and cloak.'

'But he was a little man.'

'Lockyett, the warder's wife, is as tall as you.'

'A great raw-boned grenadier of a woman—well?—'

'To-morrow evening she and I are to go ashore, to make certain purchases in yonder gloomy little town. I shall endeavour to get possession of her long grey cloak and the red plaid in which she muffles her head, as all the lower class of women in this country do—what sound is that?'

'Nothing—or the surges of the sea below.'

'If I can but secure her co-operation; and if not, her person under lock and key when the time comes, you shall accompany me to the boat; and when once clear of the island, we have nothing to fear.'

'Unless being missed while within range of those twelve twenty-four pounders, and so forth, on the gun battery.'

'Surely, I saw a shadow—but will you risk it?'

'Tis only that dwarf alder-bush waving,' said Dalquharn, for close by them grew one of those tiny shrubs, called Dane's blood, as they are supposed to have sprung from where the invading Vikings were slaughtered.

'But will you risk it?' she added.

'Risk it, my dear girl? To be sure I will! Set me but once again on yonder beach, and I will give you—'

'Oh, my lord, I seek nothing.'

'Eighty guineas in gold, to share with the wife of the warden.'

'Eighty guineas!' exclaimed she. 'Had I but ten, I would betake me to London, though I should travel all the way by the waggon!'

'Then we may mutually assist each other!' said Dalquharn joyously. 'At what hour to-morrow do you leave this hateful Rock?'

'At four in the afternoon.'

'At four, God willing, I shall be on the watch then.'

'Where?'

'On the gun battery, and await a signal from you, as to how I am to get my disguise.'

'Agreed, my lord, agreed—how good of you to trust me.'

'Ah, how shall I ever thank you enough, and how pray for you? for to you, Miss Dalton, I shall owe my life, and more than life or liberty either—an escape from a horrible death!' exclaimed Dalquharn, in a tremulous voice, while his eyes filled with an emotion, of which the poor girl was not insensible, for her soft cheek flushed with what seemed real and pure pleasure, in being able, perhaps, to atone for past errors, by the performance of one good action.

'So, ho,' said a voice. 'You here, sir, and stap my vitals: you too, Polly—eh?'

And Mr. Congalton, of that ilk, with hat uncocked, and hair unpowdered, somewhat flushed and unsteady in step, appeared at the little arched door of the hermitage.

Miss Dalton grew very pale, and attempted to conceal her surprise, or carry away suspicion by commencing with a pretty saucy

air to sing a song, which was rendered famous some twenty years after, in a comic opera at Covent Garden—

‘Since you prove ungrateful, no further I’ll seek,
But go up to town in the waggon next week;
A service in London is no such disgrace,
And a register office will get me a place.’

‘You may go to the devil, so far as I am concerned,’ said Congalton, surlily; but Miss Dalton sang waggishly on—

‘Our Blossom went there and soon met with a friend
Folks say in her silks, she’s now standing on end!
Then why should I not the same maxim pursue,
And better my fortune as other girls do?’

‘It won’t do, madam—egad, it won’t do! I can’t allow either you or his precious lordship here, to put your trieks upon me or Pat Livingstone thus.’

‘You are tipsy, Mr. Congalton!’ said she, disdainfully.

‘Tipsy—how, you impudent baggage—’

‘Ah,’ said she, ‘there are some very good wine and brandy drank here, on which the custom-house forgets to put seal or brand.’

From this remark, Dalquharn justly supposed that the officers in command availed themselves of the facilities the isle afforded for getting their liquor duty free, for Congalton’s face suddenly became inflamed with passion.

‘Silence, you tricky jade—or I shall make you ride the wooden horse, with a couple of firelocks at each ankle—by George, I will! The escape was very nicely planned, but the performance won’t come off to-morrow evening at four o’clock. Hollo, there—corporal of the guard,’ he bellowed, at the top of his voice, to the sentinels on the gun-platform below. ‘Livingstone, my spruce cock, come here with a file of men!’

Dalquharn drew himself up loftily, and made a step forward, as if to interpose between the shrinking girl and approaching harm, for in his cups, Congalton was brutal enough, perhaps, to have struck her; and when flushed with just indignation, his lordship could assume an expression of eye, and a bearing or mien, that were singularly noble and dignified; thus even Congalton, though a gentleman of good birth and ancient family, cowered before him, notwithstanding his usual *etourdi* character.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

HOW BRYDE'S GUINEAS WERE SPENT.

'Alas! from the day that we met,
 What hope of an end of my woes?
 When I cannot endure to forget
 The glance that undid my repose.
 Yet time may diminish the pain,
 The flower, the shrub, and the tree,
 Which I reared for her pleasure in vain,
 In time may have comfort for me.'—*Shenstone.*

IN a very brief space of time, Livingstone was at the door of the hermitage, with a drawn sword in his hand, accompanied by two soldiers, with their bayonets fixed; and, on hearing his ensign's story, his eyes glared with rage, alternately, at Miss Dalton and his prisoner, whose entire plan Mr. Congalton was not ashamed to own he had overheard from first to last, and now detailed with some excitement of manner to his senior officer.

'How now, my lord,' said Livingstone, who, for some time past, had viewed Dalquharn with jealous dislike, and he knitted his brows with a rude air of menace as he spoke. 'Have you possessed yourself of a devil, or hath a devil possessed itself of you, that you seek to brave me, by tampering with my garrison?'

'Aye, 'Sdeath! and our wenches to boot!' added Congalton, coarsely.

'And you jade!' exclaimed the Lieutenant.

Miss Dalton's cheeks flushed scarlet, and her dark eyes sparkled with fire. She was not, perhaps, much given to controlling her temper; and now she bit her fan, stamped her foot on the ground with rage, and turning to Congalton, said,

'Fool that I was to follow here, a scurvy patch like thee!'

'Keep your tragedy airs, my fine madam, till you are once more on the boards of old Drury, with the float-lights in front, and admiring candle-snuffers behind,' he replied, laughing.

'Fore George, if David Garrick could see her now,' said Livingstone, in the same cool tone of bouter, 'he would bring her out as Janie Thomson's "Sophonisba."'

'Oh, Sophonisba! Sophonisba, *oh!*' exclaimed Congalton; 'I can hit off the part pretty well. Why, Polly, you would excel even Mrs. Pritchard or Mrs. Cibber!'

'Base taunter, I hate you now!' said she, turning from him.

'Bravo! do it again, my "fair Penitente;" and I shall try to be Lothario—sink me, but I will!'

Dalquharn manifested some proud impatience at this unseemly scene.

'My lord,' said Livingstone, grimly, and still keeping his sword unsheathed, 'you are pre-eminently dangerous. Not content with

leaguering for the subversion of King George's paternal government on the mainland—for mere practice, I suppose—you seek to upset mine on this renowned rock, and by money too—eighty guineas, no less! By all the devils! what have you to say for yourself?’

‘Simply that in either case I have only been doing that which the laws of human nature suggest and permit. In the last instance, I was but consulting my personal safety; in the first, I maintain that when any form of government becomes destructive of life, liberty, or happiness, and, more than all, of the national name and *honour*, it is the inherent right of the people to alter, subvert, or renew it, by force of arms.’

‘So we thought in 1688,’ said Livingstone.

‘And when a train of abuses, foreign usurpations, the violation of solemn treaties, such as the Act of Union, and the systematic designs of English ministers, seek to denude us of our rights as a nation, it is just to cast them down, and provide, by the edge of the sword, a new and safe guard for the future.’

‘Precisely what we thought in 1688,’ said Livingstone again, with provoking nonchalance.

‘As for King William,’ grumbled Congalton, whose family were old cavaliers, ‘I always considered him to be a vile Dutch souter-kiu, who was as like his own father as an apple is like an oyster, so d——n the ’88, say I, with all my heart!’

‘I am not here to discuss these matters with you, Congalton, or with his lordship either,’ said Livingstone, sheathing his sword with an air of solemn dignity and loftiness to which his last glass of brandy-punch had considerably added. ‘I am here simply to obey orders, and to answer for a state prisoner’s safe custody, body for body, to the king our master: and be assured, my Lord Dalquharn, the utterance of such opinions as yours would make every king in Europe anxious for your head, as well as our so-called Elector of Hanover.’

‘My head! and wherefore?’

‘Simply to prevent you from using it to the peril of others.’

‘Excuse me, sir,’ said Dalquharn, with a haughty smile; ‘but I feel that my head appears to much greater advantage on my own shoulders——’

‘Than parboiled on a stake, I grant you; but, my Lord, the crimes of which you are guilty——’

‘Of which I am accused—most falsely and injuriously accused——’

‘Tis all one, I suppose, to His Majesty’s government.’

‘Well, sir?’

‘Reuder it necessary, after the episode of this evening, that I must commit you to surer ward than the Blackadder Vault affords.’

‘A hard resolution, sir,’ said Dalquharn, bitterly. ‘I am one over whose head the axe is hanging; and to you, sir, as a Scottish gentleman——’

'I can listen to no more from you, my Lord Dalquharn, in presence of my men especially,' said Livingstone, with growing stiffness and hauteur.

'Sir, I adhere to the race of kings under whom my forefathers lived and died; under whom Scotland was true to herself; under whom all her hard struggles were made, and her battles for freedom and honour were fought. I adhere to a fallen monarchy, and you to the rising sun. You gain all, while we risk and lose all—it may be life itself; but never shall we forget our loyalty and faith! On our side are high principle and proud enthusiasm; poetry, truth, and devotion! On yours but the spirit of usurpation, of grovelling fanaticism and cowardly submission to a foreign rule!'

'Don't become melo-dramatic, my Lord: it's devilish stupid to be so anywhere, and on the Bass Rock especially. Conduct Lord Dalquharn to the vault at the east end of the castle under the Governor's house,' added Livingstone to the corporal, and then passed up the path beyond the hermitage, as if to close the interview; his ensign followed; and Miss Dalton was left to fan herself cool in mind and body.

Conducted down the perilous path towards the lower walls, past where, then as now, lay more than one coil of stout rope fastened to a strong cramp-iron, for the use of those who were bold enough to swing themselves over the rocks to gather the eggs of the sea-fowl—'dreadful trade!'—Dalquharn was led by the corporal, who, to do him justice, spoke with much kindness and commiseration, towards the extreme east end of the fortress, with a heart oppressed more by disgust and anxiety than just anger.

He knew not *where* they might place him now; for, when at Auldham, he had heard descriptions given of dreadful dungeons and cells in the castle of the Bass—mere caverns—whose entrances are perhaps forgotten now, where, after coils of rusty chains were relaxed before doors of solid iron, the prisoner was thrust into a chamber of stone, some eight feet by twelve in extent, with a small slit to admit the light and the keen sea-breeze together; where the feet plashed ankle-deep in water that oozed from the slimy walls; where huge wet moths, germinated among the corruption of the dead gannets, fluttered about in the chilly atmosphere; and where those who entered felt their breath and eyesight alike affected by the sharp and putrid air.

Such horrors he had heard of; yet it was into no such place he was ushered now; but simply a dry vault, arched, floored, and walled with solid stone, having a stone scat, a tiny fire-place, and a little window, six inches wide, which opened to the east. The access to this chamber was by a corridor, under that portion of the castle occupied of old by the Lauder family, and on the keystone of an arch he saw their crest, grimly significant at such a time—a tower with its portcullis down, and a man's head on the battlement, the motto being, '*Turris prudentia custos.*'

On being subjected to the ignominy of a search, dear Bryde's network purse was found, together with her hundred guineas. These were instantly handed over to the needy Livingstone of Salt-coates, and never more heard of.

The little oak door of the prison, swinging on its strong iron hinges, was closed, and Dalquharn was left in the twilight of the evening, seated on his pallet, and then a gush of ferocity and bitterness welled up in his heart!

A writer remarks, that 'those who act with the most consummate wisdom in the affairs of the world, often meditate very silly doings before their wiser resolutions form themselves.' Thus, Dalquharn, in the first transports of his fury and indignation, conceived the idea of overpowering or braining poor Steinie the warder and of sallying forth in search of Livingstone, that he might strangle that gallant officer, provided he could escape the bayonets of the sentinels. This was only one of many wild projects, which, however, passed away, as the silent night wore on.

If his position was bad before, in the Blackadder Vault, it was incomparably worse now! He was completely unnerved for a time; and as he thought over all the present insuperable difficulties, the future doubts and entire danger of his position, he seemed to have upon his frame the poisoned shirt of Nessus!

Many days and nights passed away, and he was neither asked to leave the Lauder Vault or visit the external air, so he began to surmise how the toads, which are found from time to time in the hearts of blocks of stone, felt as ages passed over them in darkness and silence, hunger and thirst.

All night long he heard the surges of the sea, as he had heard them at Auldhame, only louder, for now they were a hundred feet below his prison window; and dear voices that were hushed in death, or far distant then, and old memories of other days and years, came with the drowsy murmur in his dreams.

One sunny morning, the sharp boom of a cannon pealing from the seaward, made the prisoner leap from bed, and hurry to his little window, or eyelet hole, for it was little more; and lo! about a mile distant from the island, in the direction of Seougal Point, the spectre of his dreams by night and day appeared, in the form of a king's frigate, lying to, with her mainyard to the mast, her long pennant streaming, and her broad scarlet ensign waving in the wind; her white canvas and her tier of guns shining in the sunlight; and midway between her and the Bass was a boat full of armed marines, pulling straight for the landing-place, under the spur of the castle.

This alarming sight made the unfortunate young man grow giddy!

The fatal hour of eternal separation from Bryde Otterburn and his country—the hour of his departure for London; the scene of his doom had come at last, but could he be worse than in the seclusion and uncertainty he was enduring?

The appearance of the marines in the boat, red-coated and cross-belted, was certainly startling; all had on their knapsacks, and each man sat with his musket between his knees. Why should so many come for *one* prisoner? He had always been anticipating a catastrophe—something dreadful, and it had come at last!

The marines were landed, and the boat returned to the ship, which filled her sails and stood away northwards out of sight; and Dalquharn, who experienced an intense relief at her departure, had barely recovered his equanimity, when Steinie Lockyett informed him, on leaving his frugal breakfast of coffee and barleymeal bannock, that it was only a reinforcement for the garrison, of fourteen marines from the Fox frigate, under second Lieutenant Zachariah Pudge, and nothing more.

Why was the little garrison reinforced—what event was expected?

Steinie thrust his broad blue bonnet on one side of his head, and leisurely scratched the other, with a leer of intense cunning in his keen grey eyes, but declined to say, and hastily retired.

Dalquharn now resolved to seek Livingstone's clemency, and asked him to forward a letter to the Lord-Conservator of Scottish Privileges, at Campvere, who was a personal friend (and had certified the papers of himself and Sir John Mitchell), in the desperate hope that the influence of so distinguished an official might procure, if not his release, at least some amelioration of his present unhappy state.

But Livingstone treated every message sent by Dalquharn, through his only means, the warder, with studied neglect or contempt; and so the dreary days and the long and weary nights stole on.

And now that we have again mentioned the Scoto-Dutch official, whose rank and duties may seem a puzzle to readers, it might be as well to state who he was and what they were.

He was always a Scottish gentleman, resident in Zeeland, and was first appointed Lord-Conservator in May 1444, upon the marriage of the Princess Mary Stuart to Wolfred Van Borselen, Count de Boucquan, son of the Lord of Campvere. She was sister to that beautiful and gentle Dauphiness, whom the monstrous Louis XI. destroyed in her twenty-second year, and of Isabella of Austria, who translated the romance of 'Ponthus et Sidroïne' into German, for the amusement of her husband, the Archduke Sigismund—all worthy daughters of the princely James I. of Scotland.

The Lord-Conservator had especial charge of all that related to the privileges of the Scots in Zeeland, and of the Staple contract, entered into in 1444, between the city of Campvere and the royal burghs of Scotland—a contract always renewed from time to time.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

THE WHITE ROSE IN BLOOM.

‘There’s news frae Moldart cam’ yestreen,
 Will soon gar mony ferlie;
 For ships o’ war hae just come in,
 And landed Royal Charlie!
 Come thro’ the heather, come round him gather,
 You’re a’ the welcomer early;
 Come crown your rightful, lawful king,
 For wha’ll be king but Charlie?’

Jacobite Song.

THE end of August and the beginning of September were bleak and stormy, so much so, that though only two miles from the Haddington shore, for nearly four consecutive weeks there had been no intercourse by boat between the mainland and the Bass Rock. The garrison was on short allowance; all the salt provisions were consumed, and the greasy, rank solan geese, with their eggs, proved but a very sorry resort, at which Lieutenant Pudge and his marines especially grumbled.

Steinie, the warder, had always predicted that something remarkable was about to happen, as the hoopoe, a bird with a beautiful crest, which it can erect and depress at pleasure, and whose wings are crossed by bars of black and white, had been seen more than once upon the Rock. This bird, which breeds in Germany, but seldom visits our shores, and was always deemed the forerunner of some dire calamity, as at this hour the Swedes deem its presence a sign of coming war; and certainly during the seclusion of our friends on St. Baldred’s Isle, stirring events had been in progress.

A boat arrived one evening deeply laden with provisions, and soon after Steinie Lockyett hurriedly unfastened the door, and entered the chamber of Dalquharn (who, during the recent stormy weather, had been allowed occasionally to promenade on the walls) in a state of great excitement, with his cheek glowing, his eyes sparkling, and yet they were full of moisture.

‘Oh, my lord—my lord,’ said he, in a husky whisper; ‘allow me the honour of shaking your hand.’

‘Are you mad, Carle?’ asked Dalquharn, haughtily.

‘Deil a bit—deil a bit; and yet, wi’ joy, I am something like it, after a’! He’s come—he’s come—he’s come at last. Heaven bless and prosper him!’

‘He—who, fellow?’

‘The Prince—Prince Charlie; he’s come frae the north, wi’ a’ the wild Duinewassals at his back; and now, now he’s in auld Holyrood—the house o’ his ain forefathers!’ And fairly overcome by excess of emotion, the old man burst into tears, and covered his

face with his round blue bonnet. 'I am ane o' yoursel's, my lord—a true and lawful subject o' the king owre the water.'

'There is no mistake in all this, Carle Steinie?' said Dalquharn, in a low voice of suppressed emotion, as he grasped the old man's shoulder, and trembled violently.

'Nane—nane, by the hand o' my body!' replied the warder, using solemnly that old Scoto-scriptural asseveration: 'He come frae the far north, wi' thousands of blue bonnets and braid claymores at his back; they are a' wi' him, Tullybardine, Perth, and Athole, Lochiel, Lovat, and Glengarry—auld Glenlucket too, and a' that never failed king or country, when the English tykes were riving baith. Read the 'Mercuries' for yoursel', my lord; another week will see John Goukstone made o' the Elector and a' his rumpers, English as weel as Scotch!' As Steinie concluded, in the exuberance of his joy, he danced upon his bonnet.

Throwing down three sorely tattered and dingy little folio sheets of paper, which proved to be three 'Caledonian Mercuries,' Steinie, who seemed to be quite beside himself, rushed out of the vault; and soon after, in the height of his joy, got most disreputably tipsy, and in the face of Livingstone, of Saltcoates, Congalton, of that ilk, and the entire detachment of His Majesty's Scots Foot Guards, and the marines of the 'Fox,' under Lieutenant Pudge, he repeatedly consigned the Elector of Hanover to a very warm climate, and was borne off to bed, singing vociferously, 'The auld Stuarts back again!'

It was only after consulting the papers left with him, a joyous task, performed while his head swam and his heart beat high with awakened hopes of life, liberty, love and gratified ambition, of a restoration to Bryde and to his title and estates, that Dalquharn learned all that had transpired during the last few stormy weeks.

He soon knew that Prince Charles Edward Stuart had landed in the wilds of Moidart alone, at least with only seven men, (oh, to have been one of these! thought he), in the gallant hope to rally three kingdoms to his standard. To Highland honour and to Scottish loyalty, he trusted himself and his fortunes! He came, as he had lived, innocent of all the political errors alleged against his grandfather, James VII.; he came armed only with his own good sword, and his own hereditary right to recover the throne of his ancestors. All brave and honest men in Scotland believed in him; but the weak, the wary, the corrupt, the servile and the hypocritical, proved by far the most numerous, even in the Highlands, and now there were in Scotland few such chiefs as the fiery Lochiel and the lion-hearted Keppoch.

Fifty thousand swordsmen were then considered as the fighting force of the Highlands; but there came only twelve hundred or so, to the Prince's standard, when, on the 19th of August, it was unfurled in the narrow vale of Glenfinnan, at the head of wild Lochiel, on that spot where the commemorating pillar was erected by Mac-

donald, of Glenalladale, in 1815. It is a savage solitude, overlooked by rugged and lofty mountains, silent, solitary and lone, where only the flight of an eagle, or the scream of a wild bird, break the stillness now.

Of blue and scarlet silk, with a white centre, on which fair and royal hands in Versailles had embroidered the motto, 'TANDEM TRIUMPHANS,' with those significant emblems, a coffin and a crown, the banner, guarded on each side by a powerful Highlander, floated on the mountain breeze; and then baring his head, William Murray, the aged Marquis of Tullybardine, who had been an attainted exile since the war of 1715, held the staff with one hand, while reading aloud the commission of regency, dated at Rome, and signed by James VIII. of Scotland and III. of England. The Prince then made a stirring address in English, which few of the devoted Celts who were present could understand, but they threw all their bonnets into the air, where, as an eye-witness has it, they resembled a dark cloud, and they brandished their broad-swords, while wild hurrahs, and the wilder yell of the war-pipe, made the vale of the Finnan re-echo.

Captain Swettenham, an English officer of the 6th Foot or Guise's Regiment, was present on this auspicious occasion, together with Captain Marmaduke Wyvil, of the Buffs, who was on the staff of Sir John Cope, and both of whom had been captured near Fort William. They were handsomely entertained in the camp, and set at liberty by the Prince, who said to them as they departed—

'You may go, gentlemen, and tell Sir John what you have seen, and that we are coming to make war on him.'

The first blow was struck by Major Macdonald Tiendrish, one of the bravest in a land of brave men! With a few swordsmen, he surrounded and captured a company of the Scots Royals, and another of the 46th Regiment, under a Captain Scott, who, though severely wounded, survived to die, long after, a general in the days of George III.

George II. and his Walmoden, was on one of his protracted visits to his native Hanover, when these startling events occurred in the county of the clans. At this time, the entire British army consisted of only six troops of Horse and Grenadier Guards (including the Scotch troops, so spitefully disbanded by the king in the following year), there were twenty-two regiments of Horse and Dragoons, eight of which were in Flanders. There were seven battalions of Foot Guards, fifty-four of the Line, and ten of Marines; twenty-eight of these were in Flanders, Gibraltar, Minorca and elsewhere, thus leaving a great force at home to oppose the small but daring band of Highlanders, of whom the government were in such terror, that foreign aid was summoned, and in October there arrived in the Thames three battalions of Herzler's Swiss Regiment, and the battalions of Holstein, Gottorp, Villetts, Patot and Brack-

nell, and the Dutch of La Roque, landed at Berwick, the whole under Count Maurice, of Nassau.

Thirty thousand pounds, a foul bribe, for an assassination—a murder that, had it taken place, would have made Scotland for ever infamous in the annals of the world—was offered by the Privy Council, for the Prince's head. Fifty thousand were offered by the Irish Parliament, and six thousand by the City of Dublin, for the same amiable purpose; yet those eighty-six thousand pounds* proved no bribe to the starving shepherds, who protected their fugitive prince in the Highland wilderness, on the braes of Glen-morrison; after all hope had died for ever on the moor of Cul-loden.

The troops in Scotland at this juncture consisted of two corps of Light Dragoons, the 13th and the 14th; the Scots Royals; the 6th, 21st Scots Fusiliers; 25th or Edinburgh Regiment; nine companies of the 42nd, 44th, and 47th, with Laudon's Highlanders, and the 46th Foot scattered along the Highland frontier. Lieut.-General Sir John Cope, K.B., commanded the whole of this force, which he rapidly collected together; but he was outflanked by the Prince, who broke down into the Lowlands with a force that soon amounted to three thousand men, only half of whom were fully armed, the rest having only clubs and scythes.

Every day the Prince marched on foot at the head of his men, with his target on his shoulder; every river they had to ford, he was the first who plunged in; he bivouacked with them in the open field, and slept on the ground in his plaid; habits which made him their idol, even as Montrose and Dundee had been in the preceding century.

He marched direct for Edinburgh.

The citizens of that place had been apprised by the 8th of August, that he had landed, and straightway (as the danger was very remote) a prodigious bluster and warlike furore ensued, with much preaching and singing of psalms. Several volunteer corps were embodied, armed and clothed, and many divines of the kirk betook them to scarlet and pipe-clay, and swaggered about in cross-belts. The members of these corps were, to a man, animated by intense religious and political rancour against the House of Stuart, and were clamorous in their loyalty to the House of Hanover. In addition to these volunteers, were a body of armed excisemen, the city guard, two dragoon corps, and some companies of the 47th, in the castle. The whole city literally bristled with arms. Quiet old business men, doctors, advocates and solicitors, thrifty and cautious burgesses, and some dissenters of all denominations, were suddenly transformed into amateur soldiers; the marching and drumming in Close and Wynd, in market-place and street; the swaying of great guns up to the town walls; the digging of ditches and building of bulwarks were incessant; and the most noisy and active were the

* Hist. of the Present Rebellion; London, 1747.

Seceders, who after flaunting all day in scarlet, usually sung psalms all night in the Infirmary, to keep their courage warm and their spirits cheery; but spirit and courage ebbed together, exactly in proportion as the Highlanders drew near, and on tidings arriving that they had crossed the Forth by the deep and dangerous fords of Frew—that they were at Linlithgow—at Kirkliston, the terror of the volunteers could no longer be controlled, and many of those pious heroes stole ladders, scaled the city walls, and fled in the night.

In short, the unparalleled cowardice of the entire force in Edinburgh covered the city with ridicule and disgrace; and when the Prince's advanced guard, consisting of only *seven* horsemen, under Sir John Mitchell of Pitreavie, approached Coltleridge, the volunteers were seen running about the streets in utter consternation, bribing every soldier they met with sixpences, to take their muskets to the castle, 'for Godsake!'

Something of this consternation would seem to have affected even the officers of the 47th, who, at a council of war, proposed to capitulate, a suggestion, to which Joshua Guest, the new governor, who was a Jacobite, fully acceded, but was overruled by old General Preston, whom he had been specially sent to supersede, and who, as a Scotsman, was deemed unworthy of trust.

Preston, a veteran of King William's wars, undertook the defence of the castle, and bravely maintained it, though the city, without firing a shot, surrendered to the Camerons, who marched in through the Netherbow-porte at daybreak, on the 16th September, nearly eight hundred strong, with colours flying, led by the gallant Lochiel, their pipers playing 'We'll awa to Sheriffmuir aud haud the whigs in order.'

Lochiel, one of the most active and heroic of the Prince's chiefs, at once disarmed the city guard, seized the arsenal, and ere night-fall, the whole capital was in possession of the Highlanders, and all this occurred while the baffled Sir John Cope, who had followed them by *sea*, was laboriously disembarking his forces at Dunbar.

The Prince approached the palace of Holyrood on foot, passing along the Duke Walk (of which the trees alone remain now), so named as the favourite promenade of his luckless and misguided grandfather. Around him were his Leine Chrios—his living shirt of mail, or kilted body guard, composed of Highland veterans, each one in his eightieth year, all selected as men who had fought at Sheriffmuir and Glenshiel, in the revolts of thirty years before; and some were there who had shed their blood by the side of Dundee, on the Braes of Killycrankie. All those sturdy warriors marched bareheaded on this occasion, their white locks mingling with their silver beards, and all were armed with the terrible *tuagh* or Lochaber axe, and in their garish and varied tartans and mountain equipment, a wild and picturesque aspect they bore.

* Provost Stewart's Trial, &c.

A vast crowd were in the King's Park; loud huzzas at times burst forth, but generally the people were hushed into silence, and so deep were the emotions of many—especially aged persons—that they knelt down and wept.

The Prince wore a Stuart tartan coat, on the breast of which sparkled the order of the Thistle. He had scarlet breeches and long military boots; a blue sash was over his shoulder, and he wore a blue velvet bonnet, in which was the white satin cockade of his party—the white rose of York.

In the present age of cold mistrust and faithlessness, when poetry (we fear) exists no longer, and when broad fun is studiously made of everything, it is difficult to realize the deep and heart-felt fervour with which many who were present viewed their prince—the lineal representative of 'Fergus, father of a hundred kings,' but many sought to kiss his hands and to touch even his garments.

'The figure and presence of Charles were not ill-suited to his lofty pretensions,' says one who was present on this occasion. 'He was in the prime of youth, the twenty-fifth year of his age, tall, handsome, and of a fair complexion. He was about five feet ten inches high. Charles stood some time in the park to shew himself to the people, and then, though he was very near the palace, mounted his horse, either to render himself more conspicuous, or because he rode well, and looked graceful on horseback.'

At the moment he approached the palace gate, a shot from the castle struck the tower of James V., and dislodged some of the masonry. This episode seemed so insulting to the heir of the Stuarts when standing on the very threshold of their silent and deserted palace, that an angry groan—a species of roar—burst from the crowd.

And now at that gate where none could precede, there was no one to *receive* him, and the fair young prince paused and looked around with irresolution. The old Earl Marishal of Scotland, a broken and attainted man, was far away in the Prussian camp; the hereditary keeper was in the ranks of the enemy; the great chamberlain had been abolished, and there was no master of the household to act as usher now.

Then it was that old Sir Baldred Otterburn, of Auldham, leaped from his horse and drew his sword. Lifting his hat, he bowed low and said,

'Permit me to conduct your Royal Highness to the state apartments.'

Charles bowed gracefully and smiled at the quaint costume of the old cavalier.

'When I was last in Holyrood, I was but a bairn, a page in waiting on your royal grandfather, His Highness, the Duke of Albany and York. Oh, welcome, young prince of the House of Stuart, to the old regal home of your forefathers; and truly do I bless God that he has spared me to see this day!'

The aged baronet knelt to kiss the prince's hand, but emotion overcame him, and covering his face with his hands, he let fall his sword and wept. Many were moved by this sight, for the tears of age are always sad and stirring.

At the city cross, the Scottish heralds proclaimed Charles 'Prince of Wales and Duke of Rothesay, Regent of Scotland, England, France, and Ireland, and of all the dominions thereunto belonging,' amid great ceremony, while around it were Lochiel and his Camerons, with target and claymore, and a guard of noble ladies, all on horseback, with drawn swords in their hands and white roses in their hair; and few among them attracted more attention than Bryde Otterburn, who rode her favourite pad and showered from her lap the white cockades among the crowd. The trumpets were blown, and the people cheered and shouted 'God save the King!' just as they had shouted and cheered the proclamation of the Elector, as king of the same realms some thirty years before.

Save that her lover was on the Bass, Bryde was nightly in her glory now, and leaning on Sir Baldred's arm, shone with great brilliance in the Prince's drawing-rooms, one evening at the Duchess of Perth's rout, next at the Lady Elcho's dinner; at Lady Strathallan's tea-tables, or Lady Balmerino's gay card parties. (Poor widowed Lady Balmerino! Yesterday we stood by the green mound that covers her grave in Restalrig, and thought sadly over all that had been, and blessed our stars that we lived in less romantic and happier times!)

Events progressed rapidly now.

Leith was wantonly bombarded by the 'Ludlow Castle,' and somewhat savagely set on fire by Captain Beaver, of the 'Fox' frigate, but fourteen days afterwards, that unfortunate ship was cast away in a gloomy November night on Tynninghame sands, when all on board perished. The corpses of her crew covered all the links of West-barns, where they are buried. Her wreck was long visible at low water, and not very long ago, some masses of it, with cannon balls and coils of rope, were cast by a tempest on the sands of Belhaven.

On the 20th of September ensued the signal defeat of the entire army of Sir John Cope at Prestonpans, by the half-armed and half-clad Highlanders, who fought him under incredible disadvantages, without cannon and without cavalry!

'Follow me, gentlemen,' cried the Prince, as he led them to the charge, 'and by the assistance of God, I shall this day make you a free and happy people!'

The Highlanders then pulled off their bonnets, says the 'Scots Magazine' for that month; looked up to heaven, made a short prayer, and rushed on! In *seven minutes*, by the claymore alone, they swept Cope's well-trained veterans from the field, in hopeless confusion. Nearly all the infantry were either killed or taken, and next day the Jacobites of Edinburgh were regaled by the unusual

spectacle of the captured cannon, baggage, drums and military chest (with six thousand sterling, in it), 'the standards of the 13th and 14th Dragoons, the 6th, 44th, 46th, 47th, and Laudon's Regiment, together with fifteen hundred prisoners, eighty of whom were officers,' who were marched through the streets, with one hundred pipers in front, their instruments making the lofty stone mansions of the venerable city literally shake, to the old air of—

'The King shall enjoy his ain again.'

One officer alone distinguished himself prominently on this ill-fought field of battle. Colonel Gardiner, a sanctimonious zealot, whom Doddridge's childish memoir has rendered almost ridiculous, after his regiment, the 13th Light Dragoons, had fled, placed himself at the head of a corps of infantry, and fell, mortally wounded, near the old thorn tree which still survives, and which, in more primitive times, was traditionally a rallying tryste of the fairies, and there he expired, within a few yards of his own fireside at Bankton.

The Prince, the moment the battle was over, dispatched Sir John Mitchell (who was wounded in the arm by a musket shot), to Edinburgh for all the surgeons he could collect, and he forbade all ringing of bells and all demonstrations of joy for the victory, 'as it had been obtained by the effusion of blood, and had involved many unfortunate people in great calamity.'

Flinging away their standards, the Dragoons, who used their spurs more than their sabres, alone escaped in safety from this sanguinary field, and they halted first at North Berwick, where, under threats of instant fire and sword, they demanded a ration per man of food and beer, but they were speedily got rid of by the sagacity of our former acquaintance, Bailie Balcraftie, who desired Starvieston, his clerk, to come running in by the west gate, shouting that 'the Highlanders were at Gulane!'^{*} on which alarming intelligence the whole brigade, without waiting for bread or beer or orders, wheeled off to the left by threes at full speed for Dunbar; and in consequence of having saved some expense to the little burgh by his tact, the Bailie (who said as the troopers departed 'true it is that the wicked fleeth, when no man pursueth') was forthwith elected Provost, *vice* Douglas, his predecessor, who had turned all he possessed into cash 'and joined the rebels.' As for the valiant Sir John Cope, he never drew bridle till he was beyond the Scottish borders and safe in England, from whence he never took the field again.

After this unexpected victory the Prince's little army swelled to some seven thousand men, the utmost strength it ever attained; and ten thousand more Highlanders would have joined, but for the energy and influence of Duncan Forbess of Culloden, (Lord President of the College of Justice) which were exerted in a thankless and merciless cause, as the sequel shewed.

^{*} For this episode, see 'Lamp of Lothian.'

CHAPTER XXXIX.

HOPE DAWNS ANEW.

' Struck with amaze, yet still to doubt inclin'd,
 He stands suspended and explores his mind,
 What shall I do? Unhappy me! who knows
 But other Gods intend me other woes,
 Whoe'er thou art I shall not blindly join
 Thy pleaded reason, but consult with mine;
 For scarce in ken appears that distant Isle,
 Thy voice fortels me shall conclude my toil.'

Odyssey, Book v.

THE reader may imagine the emotions with which Dalquharn, in the solitude of his sea-girt prison, heard of this sudden, rapid, and unexpected career of triumph, and that Charles Edward Stuart, victorious and Prince Regent of Scotland, was actually holding his state councils and military levees in the palace of Holyrood, and had there received M. de Boyer and the Marquis de Guilles as ambassadors from the king of France, with whom 'the Elector of Hanover' was at war!

It might be supposed that this wonderful turn of the wheel of fortune, should have caused some change in the mode of treatment to which Livingstone and Congalton subjected a prisoner whose friends and cause were so manifestly in the ascendant; but the reverse was the case. Old Steinie Lockyett's sudden ebullition of rebellious loyalty procured his expulsion from the island, and to the care of a sullen and taciturn English corporal of Pudge's marines, from whom he had nothing whatever to hope, and to whom the stern performance of duty seemed a second nature, Lord Dalquharn was now committed, with very strict orders indeed for his detention and supervision.

If the power of the Prince was supreme in the adjacent shires, as Dalquharn (who was ignorant of his strength and the number of his army) flattered himself, he could not be left to linger in the prisons of the Bass; but then the Ludlow Castle and other frigates of the ill-fated Admiral Byng's fleet, were cruising off the mouth of the Forth, and in case of any attack, a signal from the summit of the rock would soon bring them into the narrow strait between the islet and the mainland.

The captivity of so valuable a follower as Lord Dalquharn was brought before the Prince's council at Holyrood, by Sir John Mitchell; but the island was known by old experience to be impregnable, and the matter stood over for a time, the blockade of the castle of Edinburgh being the primary object of the Highland army.

To an enthusiast, and one whose mind and temperament were naturally stirring and active, to be kept lingering hopelessly in prison, while battles were being fought and won, and when a Jacobite army was in the field with the Prince at its head, was madden-

ing! At all hazards—even that of death by drowning—Dalquharn resolved on an escape. He had resolved on that nearly three months ago, and was further from it now than ever.

Often in the silence of the night, when finding sleep impossible, he thought over all the celebrated escapes of which he had read or heard; and the result of his reflections was, that those afforded by fortune, or unexpected chance, rather than by mature and deliberate planning, were generally the most successful; and also, that those attended by violence and bloodshed, were seldom or never so.

Every night now, he was carefully locked up, after sunset, and visited each morning by the corporal of the guard. A boat he knew came with provisions from the shore every Saturday evening; it was usually manned by four seamen, and he conceived the idea, that if he could quit his vault, he might pass himself off as one of those men in the twilight or make a rush through the three gates, which were always open at that time for the admittance of the garrison stores. In that case, he would have to risk the sentinel's fire, at less than half-musket range; but if he could reach the boat and secrete himself in her, among the empty casks and sacks with which she usually returned, or if he could conceal himself under water, or cling for a time to her keel, he might attempt to swim for the mainland.

He knew that he was an expert and powerful swimmer, though confinement had somewhat impaired his strength; yet he was not quite a Leander, and the sea, between the island and mainland, was rougher than the Hellespont.

Something, he felt, must be done, or his brain would turn, and death in any fashion was better than madness, or the sickening misery of hope deferred, and being daily menaced with the danger of a transference to England.

He examined the door which closed his vault; it was composed of double planks of solid oak, nearly six inches in thickness, and studded with iron nails, the flat head of each being larger than a crown piece. An iron lock of enormous size and strength, and curious in its intricacy, secured it by two turns of the key, which shot the steel bolt several inches into the massive stone wall; so to an unskilled hand, any hope of picking or removing it was hopeless, even if he had the requisite tools for doing so.

This door hung upon two iron hooks, which were secured into the stone wall with lead, and the hinges were two bars of iron, each fastened by eight square-headed bolts, screwed into the oak. Escape by that grim barrier seemed hopeless. Then his window was only six inches broad, and overlooked the vast profundity of wall and rock, and sea below.

His little fireplace was without a grate, and he could see the flue ascending far above his head; a little patch of blue sky at its summit, gave light sufficient to shew, that at every few feet, it was

crossed by iron bars, which were built into the stone wall, so that scarcely a sparrow could have escaped by that avenue.

Up there, however, he concealed the broad blue bonnet which his warder had left on the floor, and which he thought might prove a useful head dress, if he had to disguise himself. His beard had grown to a length now, that excited his own surprise, and sometimes drew a smile from the taciturn corporal, for those were the days of close shaven chins and flowing perriwigs.

A poker and pair of tongs, each secured by an iron chain to the jambs of his fireplace, were there; but the circumstance of their being guarded thus, rendered them useless either as tools or weapons. On every hand he was baffled; Dalquharn was in despair, and after a final examination, sat long with his aching head between his hands, buried in a tumult of thought.

The vault he occupied had been without a tenant since the last of the many 'inter-communed' prisoners, who for conscience sake had pined there, was liberated; and this person, the latest of 'the martyrs of the Bass,' was John Spreul, apothecary in Glasgow, who was set free on the 12th of May, 1687, after five years of captivity in that horrible place.

On examining the fire irons, Dalquharn perceived that the chain which secured the poker to the jamb of the mantelpiece was old, rusty and in some places decayed. A violent wrench caused it to part, and he found the poker in his hand with one solitary link adhering to it.

Here then, was a formidable weapon wherewith to beat down, or disarm, the English corporal; but Dalquharn's heart, even while the fierce idea occurred to him, recoiled from the contemplation of an attack on an unsuspecting man, though the latter never appeared without a drawn bayonet in his hand.

To what use was this suddenly acquired implement to be turned? It was fully thirty inches long, and though of great strength and furnished with a ponderous iron knob, was useless against the giantie lock of his door. Long and anxiously he pondered over it and surveyed them both; but at last there flashed upon his mind a new idea!

He placed the link which adhered to the poker over one of the square headed nails that secured the hinges of the door. It fitted **exactly**, and thus he had a wrench with a leverage which the screws completely failed to resist. The bolts were rusty, and ages must have elapsed since they were fixed into the oak planks; the latter were decayed and worm-eaten now, for perhaps they were coeval with the time when Walter, son of Murdoch, Duke of Albany, tenanted that chamber in 1424, by order of James I., and now, with every turn of this impromptu implement, Dalquharn drew the first bolt forth at least an inch.

At last it fell at his feet; his heart beat wildly and the drops of perspiration started to his temples. At that time he was without

dread of interruption ; breathlessly he resumed his task, and after meeting with more or less resistance, in the course of half an hour, he had removed four of the square-headed bolts from each hinge !

At this rate of progression, ere night-fall, the great barrier which had so long secured him in his cell would be lying at his feet ; but such speed would only mar the result to which he hopefully looked forward.

This occurred on the evening of a Thursday ; the boat by which alone, he could expect ultimately to escape, would come—unless a storm intervened—on Saturday evening. In less than three days now he would be free—free or sleeping among the sea weedy rocks six hundred feet below !

‘ Fool that I have been, not to think of some such scheme ere now ! ’ he exclaimed ; ‘ I might have been free weeks ago ; I might have shared in the glories of Preston, and been now the husband of Bryde Otterburn ! ’

Enough had been done for one night, however. He replaced the fire-iron in its place, where it usually stood unnoticed ; but, as no precaution should be omitted, he contrived to adjust the chain so that it seemed entire. The four iron bolts he had removed, he concealed under the palliase of his bed, and after night-fall, hurled them, unseen into the sea.

Then a fear seized him that they might be missed, and that the orifices in the hinges might attract the eye of the corporal, and a cold tremor passed over him at the contemplation of transference to a lower, darker and stronger vault, than that he now occupied ; but his imagination was fertile, or it might be that misfortune and suffering had sharpened it, for with the first ray of dawn he was up and had prepared a species of paste, by kneading up the remains of a candle with a piece of bread, and colouring it by the soot and lime of his chimney, he made a composition not unlike the rusty bolts ; and fashioning imitations of the square-heads, placed them over the holes ! and so well were they done, that they might have defied detection, unless subjected to a more minute inspection than the marine corporal was likely to bestow upon them.

That evening four more of the bolts were removed, and quietly dropped into the sea ; and now but four others, two in each hinge, remained, and these he was compelled to leave untouched till the last moment, lest the ponderous door might fall when his visitor, the corporal, swung it to or fro ; and with intense anxiety now, Dalquharn examined the poker with its solitary link, which had done him such good service ; for if its strength failed him, even in the removal of the last bolt, his labour would have been in vain, and his hoped-for enterprise, a failure !

The morning of Saturday dawned ; it was clear, but grey and sombre. That was fortunate Dalquharn thought, and portended a calm day, ensuring the arrival of the boat, and with a hopeful and a prayerful heart, he looked at the fertile shore, that seemed to

vibrate in the rays of the morning sun. When he had been first brought to the Bass, the corn was waving in ripening ear in the great square fields and on the sunny slopes of East Lothian. September had come; and now the golden grain was all cut and housed, and the country was covered by brown stubble. He had been brought to the isle in mid-summer, and now the second month of autumn was passing away.

There the black crows in great companies were wheeling aloft in the welkin, or sousing down into some ferny hollow, where the carcase of a dead sheep lay unknown to all save themselves; the many tints of autumn, russet, brown, and golden yellow, were appearing among the once brilliant green of the woods; the leaves of the ash trees were turning crimson, and those of the sturdy oaks were growing crisp and brown, and ere long their pride would be rustling in the cold November wind, as it swept along the upland slope, to gather them under the hedgerows, or by the side of the runnels that gurgled downward to the sea.

Dalquharn could scarcely take food during the whole of this exciting day, but he felt intense thirst, and nearly drained the great black leather jack of water, which the corporal brought filled every morning for his use.

He spent the hours in watching the sky and shore, for he trembled lest the former should overcloud, and the latter look dark and nigh—the precursors of a stormy evening; but the air continued mild and soft, while a species of smoky haze floated in the hollows of East Lothian, and the green hills of Traprain and North Berwick stood out clear and sharply against the depth of blue beyond.

At an angle of the eastern ramparts a sentinel was leaning on his musket. He was apparently immersed in thought, for that island solitude seemed conducive alike to taciturnity and reflection. He was one of the Foot Guards, who, when on duty there, usually wore plain Lowland bonnets in lieu of the sugar-loafed grenadier caps, in which they appeared elsewhere. He hummed a song at times, and a verse of it came floating upward on the breeze to Dalquharn's ears,

'The morn-wind is sweet 'mang the beds o' new flowers,
The wee birds sing kindlie on hie,
Our gude man leans owre his kailyard dyke,
And a blythe auld bodie is he.
The *Book* maun be ta'en, when the carle comes hame
Wi' his holie psalmodie;
And thou maun speak to me of our God, Jeanie,
And I will speak to thee!'

The soldier was doubtless a native of Galloway, for this was a scrap of a sweet, sad, old Covenanter's song, peculiar to that province, and in thought at that moment his mind, perhaps, was far, far away from the isle where he sojourned, among the wilds of Glenkens, or by the black pouring linns of the Dee. Dalquharn, who

was a native of the same wild country—for there lay his forfeited estates—felt his heart stirred within him, and he was superstitious enough at the time to take the song for an omen of good success.

CHAPTER XL.

THE ATTEMPT.

'Where's then the saucy boat,
Whose weak untimbered sides but even now
Co-rivalled greatness? either to harbour fled,
Or made a toast for Neptune. Even so
Doth valour's shew and valour's worth divide
In storms of fortune.'—*Troilus and Cressida*.

SLOWLY passed away the hours of that eventful day, and the mind of Dalquharn was in such a fever of impatience, that time seemed to stand still like the old palace clock at Versailles, that had no mechanism, and only one hand, which was placed at the precise moment of the death of the last king, and moved not during the whole reign of his successor.

At last evening drew near, the sun was sinking behind the great green cone of North Berwick, throwing the purple shadow of the Bass for miles along a sea that was crimsoned by his rays. Dark and stern, in sombre masses, the towers and cliffs of Tantallan rose above the deep.

Ere long the last ruddy rays were lingering on the distant Lammermuirs, and so intently was Dalquharn, from his little window, watching the approach of evening, that he was all unaware of the taciturn corporal having paid his farewell visit, bayonet in hand as usual, and of his having doubly locked the door for the night, until he heard his departing steps in the paved corridor without.

Then instantly the prisoner, with an audible prayer on his lips, set about his ultimate preparations. Incoherent and unintelligible, it was nevertheless a heartfelt prayer which he uttered, and there was an Ear above that heard and recorded it all.

With a small pair of scissors he clipped close off, the long and somewhat remarkable beard which he had cultivated and worn for the last three months; he then grimed his chin and eyebrows well, and, as a further disguise, untied his hair, and, in the country fashion, let it float over his shoulders, from under the flat, round, blue bonnet, which he drew from its place of concealment. Even Bryde would not have known him then, so thoroughly was he metamorphosed!

With the slender contents of his cloak-bag, he made some judicious alterations in his costume; and, as the boatmen usually carried the provisions into the garrison without their coats, he resolved to make his final essay in his vest and shirt sleeves.

He soon removed the four final bolts, and once more addressed himself to the window to listen. His heart was beating wildly now!

What, if by some strange chance or evil destiny, the boat failed to come on this momentous night? What, if on the way to it, as was likely enough, he should meet his custodian, the corporal, or Congalton, or Livingstone, or any soldier who might recognise him? He ground his teeth at the idea, and grasped his iron weapon ominously.

Suddenly his quickened ear detected a familiar sound that sent the life-blood coursing through his veins, and then back into his heart—it was the measured cadence of oars in the rowlocks; then he heard a shout—a voice hailing from the sea, and another responding from the walls. Anon, amid the chafing of the surge, he thought he could detect far down below the jarring of the boat and its side fenders, at the rocky landing-place, but that was merely the effect of fancy.

The hour—yea, the moment had come, when all was to be ventured and won, or all for ever lost!

Luckily for him the sun was completely set now. He knew that some time must inevitably elapse before the various baskets, casks, and sacks of provender for the garrison were borne in and emptied; but the fever of his impatience was too great to be resisted, and at this critical moment, at the risk of spoiling all, and casting his chances for ever away, he lifted the massive door out of its place, and issued into the corridor, at the end of which there was, he knew, another barrier, that opened at once upon the steep stair, which descends through the centre of the fortress, directly eastward, under the portcullis and the three gates that lead towards the sea.

Alas! this door could be opened only from the outside, where it was secured by an iron bolt.

His heart died within him, and a cold perspiration suffused his forehead, while he seemed to live a lifetime in the agony of a moment. A rapid glance sufficed to show him that it hung upon two hooks, as the doors in old Scottish castles generally do, and that the wood work fitted loosely into the stone. Aided by his friendly lever, even while he could hear the laboured breath and heavy feet of the laden boatmen and soldiers passing with their stores into the upper portion of the fortress, where the barracks are, he proceeded to unhinge the door, by lifting it upward off the hooks, and, at a third or fourth desperate effort, succeeded in throwing it open; then he issued forth!

As, from past experience, he already anticipated, the gates and the way to the sea stood open; but close by the inner barrier and portcullis, was a marine sentinel with his bayonet fixed and musket shouldered. He was looking outward, with his back towards the fugitive, who, mechanically, and like one in a dream, approached him. Dalquharn had sufficient presence of mind, however, to

throw over his shoulder two or three empty sacks that lay in the way, and to take on his arm a large, empty basket.

In another moment he had passed the outer gate unchallenged ; he was fairly out of the abhorred castle of the Bass, and descending the sloping plateau of rock towards the fissure where the boat was moored.

'Heyday—hollo, you sir!' cried a marine from the gate he had just quitted.

Dalquharn turned and saw the speaker trundling a beer-barrel after him.

'Ahoy—take this with you,' he added, but Dalquharn hastened on, heedless that the other anathematized him as 'a lazy Scotch lubber,' for 'English' and 'Scotch' were somewhat injurious epithets in those days, and continued to be so for long after.

Dalquharn's first idea, on leaping into the boat, was to conceal himself under some of the empty lumber which had already been cast into it. As yet, none of the rowers were there, but he knew that they would soon come ; and as for perching himself on a ledge of rock until the night deepened, that was physically impossible, as the sides of the Bass are everywhere as slippery as those of an iceberg, and descend straight as a plumb-line into the sea, where they do not impend.

The united shout of many voices, and the appearance of many faces looking eagerly through the embrasures of the ramparts in the twilight, announced to Dalquharn that his escape had been discovered already!

There was not a moment to be lost, though the boat was large and almost beyond one man's management ; despair endued the fugitive with double his usual strength, and he cast loose the painter, and shoved off from that perilous shore, escaping two musket-shots that were fired at him by the sentinels at each end of the walls.

A number of soldiers now, Foot Guardsmen and Marines, came rushing noisily down the rocky ledges to the landing-place, while on the gun-platform appeared three figures, whom he knew to be the tyrannical Livingstone, the sneering Congalton and the corpulent little Lieutenant Pudge, who were gesticulating violently and somewhat barbarously providing themselves with muskets.

Sculling with all his strength from a rowlock in the stern, and skilfully forcing the oar alternately from side to side, reversing the blade at each turn, so as to give a motion like that of a fish's tail—an art he had learned when boating on his native Dee—Lord Dalquharn contrived to get this heavy craft—heavy at least for a single hand—to the westward of the castle—and so out of the line of any cannon or musketry they could bring to bear upon him, as the walls almost entirely face the strait towards Tantallan ; but the tide was ebbing, and he found to his agony, that he struggled in vain against

it. The wind was from the westward, and thus, despite his painful efforts, the boat was drifted fast towards the fatal Bass.

Three twenty-four pounders belched forth their flame and smoke, the noise of their explosion scaring thousands of gulls and gannets into mid-air, while their triple roar, as it pealed away into distance, together with the clanging of the great bell of the castle, and the burning of some blue lights, which shed their unearthly glare from the red, old time-worn walls, upon the slimy cliffs and seething water, with a weird, ghastly and singular effect, announced that a prisoner had escaped from the Bass, and would, consequently, put all the people along the shore on the alert to gain, perhaps, the reward for his recapture.

In a few minutes more, Dalquharn felt all his strength depart from him, and he sank despairingly on the stern thwarts of the boat, which was now driven with considerable violence upon the western side of the cliffs, against which the wind was rolling the ebb-tide in a high and dangerous surf.

By this time, the great boat of the garrison had been lowered from the powerful iron crane, and Congalton, with several soldiers and marines, with loaded arms, had pulled away in pursuit.

Darkness had come on, and the moon had not yet risen ; but they could see that the fugitive's boat was not, as they supposed, being sculled towards the shore. Where then was it ? Erelong, they could discern something tossing about in the white surf, close under the cliffs on the north-west side of the island, and it proved to be the boat of Dalquharn, capsized and floating keel uppermost. Near it in the water were a man's bonnet and some empty baskets.

"Poor devil!" said a soldier, with something of commiseration in his tone ; "it must be all over with him now."

"Well—zounds! the sea hath cheated the headsman," was the coarse response of Congalton ; "about with the boat, and pull in for the landing-place !"

CHAPTER XLI.

THE WARRANT.

—'Now your father's doom
Is fixed—irrevocably fixed. This night
Thou shalt behold him, while inventive cruelty
Pursues his maimed life through every nerve !
I scorn all dull delay. This very night
Shall sate my great revenge !'—*The Grecian's Daughter.*

BALCRAFTIE, whose wadsets over some of the lands of Auldham, gave him great interest in the property, and an influence over the dwellers thereon, learned from some of the latter, that Sir Baldred, on a certain day, was to return from Holyrood, of which he had

been appointed Lord Keeper by the Prince, since that time when, in absence of all officials, he had taken upon him the function of usher. He had now thrown off all the slight disguise he ever assumed, and had publicly cast his lot with the fallen dynasty, just as he would have done thirty years before, but for that lucky accident in hunting, which saved, perhaps, his life, and, no doubt, his family estates from the ruin and confiscation which fell upon all who joined the Earl of Mar in 1715.

The knowledge that he was about to return, made Balcraftie at once conceive one of his daring and dastardly schemes, and he resolved that never more should the old baronet cross the threshold of Auldham, if he could prevent it.

The Scottish officers of state (almost invariably ministerial tools and corrupt and venal placemen), the judges of courts, and other officials, had all fled to England, on the advance of the Highlanders to Edinburgh; so Provost Balcraftie procured from the Lord Advocate, who was then concealed at Berwick, a warrant for the apprehension (and conveyance to that place, or to the castle at Carlisle) of Sir Baldred Otterburn, a traitor and rebel in arms; for though a chief magistrate and justice of the peace for the constabulary of Haddington, Reuben Balcraftie was far too cunning, with his ulterior views, to put his own name to this document, with which his staunch henchman, the lean and lanky Jabez Starvieston, returned by the waggon from Berwick on that very evening, when, ignorant of all the terrible events that were transpiring at the Bass, it was arranged by the Prince, that Sir Baldred was to demand the release of Lord Dalquharn from that place, under a flag of truce, and to threaten, in the king's name, if he was still detained, that military execution would be done upon the estates of Saltcoates and Congalton, in Lothian.

Balcraftie had made up his mind that, as the reward of his loyalty, the Lord Advocate would appoint him a species of commissioner or judicial factor over the Auldham property, by which means he would yet have Bryde Otterburn more completely at his mercy; and once in temporary possession, he would proceed to "displenish" the lands, and turn all movable stock and other property, plate, pictures, and so forth, into cash, lest, by a turn in the tide of events, he might be deprived of all but his precious wadsets; and if the Prince proved in the end victorious, he might be shorn even of these, and all he possessed in the world!

The vault in Tantallan was no longer of use since the discovery of the passage thereto, and the fatal death of Gage, so his seafaring friends had to find other places of concealment along the shore, and there is no lack of such in that district. That it should have remained so long undiscovered by the officers of the customs is not surprising, when we know that so lately as about the year 1810, the keep of that great ruin was the resort of a gang of desperate robbers, headed by an old sailor, who had been wrecked on the Fidra, a

rocky islet that lies in the Forth, four miles distant from the Bass. For a long space of time, larders and roosts were emptied and sheep carried off; people were attacked and robbed on the highways; the manor houses of Seacliff and Scougal, and the home farm of Auld-hame, were broken into and plundered, none knew by whom. Mysterious lights were seen from the seaward, to glitter high up in the ruined castle, exciting the astonishment and fear of the fishermen when sailing up the river at night; for there, in the fourth story of the Douglass's stronghold, the gang lurked in security, ascending and descending by a rope ladder, which was drawn up to their den by day, thus cutting off all communication with the world below. These lights proved the source of a discovery; the robbers were captured and banished from Scotland.

To make more secure of Sir Baldred's capture, and prevent any rescue by his tenantry, Baleraftie applied for and obtained a subaltern's party of La Roque's Dutch Regiment from Berwick; for, at this time, all King George's troops in Scotland were shut up in the Highland forts, in the four great castles of the Lowlands, or were prisoners in the hands of Charles Edward.

Eighty infantry officers of various ranks, taken in the late battle, he liberated on their parole of honour within the walls of Edinburgh. Towards the end of September, he sent them all to Perth, and marched the non-commissioned officers and privates to Logierait, in Athole. Many of Laudon's Highlanders enlisted in his army; but eighty who declined to do so, got money to take them home, after swearing that never again would they bear arms against the House of Stuart.

Nothing was spoken of now but the projected advance into England, and a proclamation was issued, warning all farmers within five miles of the capital, that their horses would be required to convey the baggage and cannon of the army towards the English border; and this movement was to be made, fearless of the forces that were gathering in the south, and of those that were coming from abroad. Three battalions of guards, and seven of the line, were recalled from Flanders, and six thousand Dutch troops, who had been in garrison at Tournay and Dendermonde, landed in England. Taken by express capitulation, 'that they should *not* perform any military function before the first day of January, 1747,' their appearance in England was a violation of the law of arms, but that was a trifle of the Ministry of George II.; and well might Prince Charles say in his proclamation, 'When I hear of Dutch, Danes, Hessians and Swiss, the Elector of Hanover's allies, being called over to protect *his* government, is it not high time for the King, my father, to accept the assistance of those who are able, and have engaged to support him?'

Meanwhile, the Lords Elcho and Balmerino, with Sir John Mitchell and others, were making rapid progress in the formation of the corps of Life Guards, and four troops of about fifty men each,

were enrolled, clothed, and mounted. They joined the camp of the Prince's troops at Duddingstone, where the white tents covered all the green slope of Arthur's Seat, to the northward of the old church of that beautiful little village.

Lord Elcho commanded the first troop. 'Their uniform,' says the '*Caledonian Mercury*,' (the Prince's organ), of the 30th September, 'is blue, trimmed with red and laced waistcoats.' They are to consist of four squadrons of gentlemen of character.'

'The pay of those devoted gentlemen was only sixpence per diem. To each on enlisting, was given a shilling, having on the obverse, '*Jacobus VIII., Dei Gratia*,' and on the reverse, '*Scot. Ang. Fra. et Hib. Rex. 1716*,'—a coin that sells for thirty times its original value now.

In the fond hope that his friend Dalquharn (whose presence, as a kinsman of Viscount Kenmure, and of the Earl of Dumbarton, would have great influence at the Prince's court,) should yet be free, the good Sir John Mitchell was content, as yet, with a very subordinate rank in these Life Guards. The residence of Bryde Otterburn at the little court now formed at Holyrood, shed a bright ray of light over it in his admiring eyes, and when she went abroad, unattended by Sir Baldred, whom a life of gaiety wearied and 'worried,' Mitchell had the glory of being her cavalier; and for his captive friend's sake he watched over her with the love of father, brother, and lover, mingled in one; and for her he would freely have shed his heart's blood, this gallant and single-hearted gentleman.

In Holyrood, Bryde, to her intense satisfaction, occupied apartments (in the north wing), which was used of old by Queen Mary, whom, with a pardonable weakness, she imagined she resembled, as nearly every pretty girl in Scotland fancies she does at the present hour.

Happily, all unaware of the horrors that her lover was about to encounter, Bryde, on the same evening, was shining as the centre of attraction at a drum in Lady Balmerino's house at Leith, which was a great rendezvous for the Jacobite chiefs and officers, as she was as celebrated for her beauty and winning manner, as her husband was for his hospitable table and merry conviviality.

After leaving 'my lady's drum,' an hour or two before Dalquharn achieved his escape—if escape it was—from the prisons of the Bass, Sir Baldred, accompanied by Bryde, mounted, and attended by one armed serving man, left Edinburgh—by the Watergate and suburban village called the Abbeyhill—for Auldham. At the same time fifteen soldiers of La Roque's regiment, wearing the yellow Dutch uniform, arrived at North Berwick by a covered waggon, under the command of Sub-Lieutenant La Roque, the Count's son, and were quartered in the Tolbooth by Balcraftie, who had his spies on the road, and knew well the time when, and the place where, to pounce upon his victim.

The plans of this enterprising genius were worthy of those he

sprung from! The antecedents of his parents were detestable. His father, the torturer of the Privy Council, who last applied 'the question' in Scotland to Neville Payne, an Englishman, under a special warrant from the merciful and pious King William, for his services on that occasion, and the skilful manner in which he crushed the limbs of that unhappy gentleman, was promoted to be gudeman, or keeper, of the Tolbooth at North Berwick; and therein Reuben Balcraftie was born—his mother being a condemned gipsy, who, like the guillotined woman in the repulsive romance of Jules Janin, by an intrigue with her jailor, contrived to add a few months to her horrible life; and of all the bargains she ever concluded this was the most terrible!

'A baron's coronet frae King James!' muttered Balcraftie, alluding, in his reverie, to a rumour that Sir Baldred would be created Lord Auldham. 'Let his skull, then, wear it on the towers o' Carlisle! Many an affront hath that auld dyvour put upon me; and many that proud minx Miss Bryde too; but ere morning she shall be in my power—hard and fast—hard and fast—even as her leman is, on yonder rock, the Bass! Lord Auldham, forsooth!—a dour and haughty carle who always received me booted and spurred, as a hint that he was about to take horse, and wished our interview to be as short as possible. Noo, he has to take horse for Carlisle yetts—ha, ha! ha, ha!'

After sunset the Provost gave the officer of the Dutch soldiers the warrant, and, accompanied by them, issued from the town to beset the highway; but, as they marched past the castle of Dirlton, the booming of the cannon was heard from the Bass, and on looking back they saw the sparkling rockets ascending, and the ghastly blue-lights flaring on the prison walls.

Balcraftie was puzzled what to think of this. No captive had ever achieved an escape from there, so that idea never occurred to him. He thought that some party of the Prince's people had assailed the isle by sea, and if so, he knew that by the four years' defence of that formidable castle after the Revolution of 1688, it was completely impregnable, and could be taken from the clouds of heaven alone.

Whatever happened his foe was in safe custody.

The Dutchmen marched for some four Scottish miles or so along the road, yet met no one answering the description of those they sought; and when perfect darkness had set in, they were on the confines of Luffness Muir.

'Strange, unco strange, that it should be on this place!' muttered Balcraftie, with something of a shudder, as he glanced fearfully round him; for there it was, some eight years ago, that Sir Baldred's only son and heir—Bryde's father—had fallen by a pistol-shot, fired through the back of his head.

Lieutenant Claude La Roque now halted his men, and made them fix their bayonets, and prime and load, with ball-cartridge.

CHAPTER XLII.

ON LUFFNESS MUIR.

'Fu' aughty simmer shoots
 O' the forest ha'e I seen,
 To the saddle-laps in bluid
 I' the battle ha'e I been;
 But I never kenned o' dule
 Till I kenned it yestreen—
 O, that I were layed
 Whar' the sods are growing green !'

Lament for Lord Maxwell.

SIR BALDRED rode a strong, clean-limbed old hunter, that had carried him many a mile over moss and fell after the foxes of the Lammermuirs; he had his sword, and in his holsters a pair of long pistols. His servant, Archie Birniebousle, a son of the old butler, was similarly mounted and armed, but had in addition a musketoon slung across his back, for he was a private in the Life Guards.

Bryde, with her pretty face masked, a pleasant protection from the chill wind that came whistling from the seaward, rode her own cherished pad by his side, and night had thoroughly set in when they crossed the Esk and passed rapidly through the old woods of Pinkycleugh and the scene of the recent battle.

Bryde looked at it with a little shiver, and rode beside her grandfather in silence; for many a grave lay there. He was silent too, for both were full of their own thoughts; but had Bryde guessed for a year and a day, she would never have discovered what was passing in the busy brain of old Sir Baldred.

Appointed Lord Keeper of the Palace of Holyrood, and finding himself high in favour with the winning young Prince (who, as Regent, had bestowed upon him the Grand Cross of the Bath), he had beheld with suddenly-awakened emotions of pride and ambition how much that ill-fated heir of Britain had distinguished Bryde at all his drawing-rooms, his reviews in the King's Park, and his levées in the Palace, and how he seemed to prefer her as a partner in the dance, beyond even the Duchesses of Gordon and Perth, and all the titled dames (and there were many—proud and jealous too) who thronged his hastily collected court.

What if the Prince loved Bryde, and should marry her? What if he, the Laird of Auldham—bothered by wadsets, bad rents, and the cattle plague—should become the father of a line of kings, far stretching into futurity, like Banquo's issue, and some with 'two-fold balls and treble sceptres?' Had not such alliances with subjects been common in Scotland long before a stranger sat upon her throne, who ruled her with hot hate, and spoke the German tongue?

Was not the mother of Malcolm Canmore the wife of 'the

gracious Duncan,' but the daughter of a miller at Fortevoit, as old Andro Wynton tells us? Then there was David I., who wedded the daughter of his liegeman and subject the Earl of Northumberland and Huntingdon; for Scotland in those old times was sometimes bordered by the Tyne and sometimes by the Humber. Ermengarde de Beaumont, the queen of William the Lion, was but an earl's daughter; and the queen of the second Alexander was but a child of the Count de Couci. True; but before that marriage she had been Queen of Jerusalem. The victor of Bannockburn wedded a daughter of the Earl of Ulster; and the second David, a daughter of Sir John Logie of that ilk—the hapless Lady Jean—who died of a broken heart in a foreign land, but no man knows where! Robert II. wedded a daughter of the Earl of Ross: and Robert III. wedded Annabella Drummond of Stobhall; for all those Scottish kings, so true to their country in the times of old, were of the people's blood, and proud of their Celtie name and royal clan.

'Oh, 'tis plain—plain as a pikestaff!' exclaimed the old man, like Alnaschar lost in a realm of brilliant dreams, amid which he forgot, for the time, all about poor Lord Dalquharn in the prisons of the Bass.

'What is plain as a pikestaff, grandfather dear?' asked Bryde, surprised by the sudden exclamation.

The old man chuckled and said,

'In time you may know, sweet one; but not now—not now.'

'I wish the way were plainer at all events—'tis very dark,' said she.

'A little time and the moon will rise; but keep a firm hand on your horse's bridle, darling, and shorten the reins, for the road is rough and full of deep ruts; and these Longniddery woods are dark and ecrie.'

Bryde rode on cheerfully, and all unaware of the triple crown her doting grandfather was fashioning for her. With the success of the Prince's cause, she now fully linked the rescue of her lover from the Bass; his restoration to title, estate and position, and more than all, to her sweet little self! Ah, how much she must love him for all he had dared and endured! As for the reptile Balcraftie, with whom the world was yet prospering, his punishment, she had resolved, would come anon; but at present it was almost a minor consideration.

'If *that* happen whilk I hope for, lassie,' said Sir Baldred, still pursuing his own train of thought, 'who can say, but for past faith and loyalty, I may be created Lord Auldhame and Viscount Otterburn of Seacliff—who knows—who knows? More unlikely ships have come to land!'

While he indulged in these dreams, it must be borne in mind, that the worthy Baronet knew nothing positively, of the engagement between Lord Dalquharn and his grand-daughter, though he often suspected some such matter was on the tapis; for his visitor had

been, by circumstances, prevented from informing him of the actual state of matters; thus Sir Baldred was at full liberty to count over the old royal alliances on his fingers, and to revel in the most flattering visions his ambition inspired, or his fancy suggested.

Rapidly they traversed the woods of Gosford, and saw on their left, the stars reflected in the Bay of Aberlady; and ere long they spurred their horses harder to pass speedily the fragments of a ruined house, to which local superstition gave an evil name; for there in the days of the Reformation, dwelt a wicked Laird, who came into the world with both hands clenched, and with an entire set of teeth, from which John Knox, (the future Reformer) when baptising him at the font, predicted that he would be a cruel and bloody man. And so it proved: for when the storm burst forth in 1559, and the temporalities were torn from the church, he it was who slew a Carmelite of Aberlady, rifled the church, made a posset cup of the chalice, and cut himself doublets and trunk hose out of the rich taffeta altar cloths; who gave feasts in Leut, and held a high fête on Good Friday; but who, as he rode forth in his bravery, on the Saturday following, deriding a tempest of lightning and wind, which was dashing many a ship upon the shore, was struck dead from his saddle, on Luffness Muir by a storm-bolt, or meteoric stone, which fell from heaven!

His house was haunted by his unquiet spirit, and was abandoned by his heir, who flung the keys thereof into the Kelpies Pool in the Peffer, where they were long seen to glitter among the pebbles, and are yet sometimes visible on the anniversary of his doom: so his lands passed to grim old Sir Alexander Hamilton, General of the Swedish artillery, who built thereby, the now ruined fortalice of the Redhouse.

So as Bryde and her two companions thought of those old tales, they pushed on all the quicker, and soon saw before them the waste of Luffness Muir.

The family which Sir Baldred respected most in the world, was the House of Stuart, and next to that, his own, which he was wont to aver, possessed Auldham before the Stuarts succeeded the Bruces on the throne. He was prouder too of his baronetcy than any man of similar rank would be in these days. M. Ferré de St. Constant, in 1814, stigmatised the new peers of Britain, as mere nabobs, merchants, and bankers, whose servility had bought their titles, 'and who, instead of shedding their blood for the state, have sucked up its marrow; so,' he adds, 'the title of baronet, which was formerly confined to the performers of military exploits, is now given to army agents, contractors, and shopkeepers.'

But it was not so in the days of our last civil war; thus as he rode on, Sir Baldred thought of his old ancestral estate, and felt all the satisfaction of being the owner of green hills and waving woods, of farm and field, of teeming loch and flowing river, of lowing herds and woolly flocks. Every man must feel this pleasure, though he

became the lord of all these only yesterday ; but with Sir Baldred, to be Otterburn of Auldham, brought all the past, historic, traditional, feudal and family memories of long, long remembered years. Few in the constabulary of Haddington could say when there was *not* an Otterburn of Auldham ; and the fancied glory of his race seemed to the fine old Laird, to be but a ray of the sturdy old Scottish glory of other years.

He knew that his family shield was without a stain of political dishonour, and few men in Scotland can make such a boast to-day. Through long, long years of war with England—war that knew no peace save a short and ill-kept truce—his people had been loyal *à la morte* to their native kings, whose last representative he had left in Holyrood ; and though the Prince was but a lad, and he an aged man, he had knelt and prayed God to bless him, with all the patriarchal loyalty and fervour of a Scottish gentleman of those stormy days when men's hands were hardened, less by the use of the hammer and spade, than by the hilt of the sword. And so in the enthusiasm of the moment he began, in a voice that was somewhat cracked and quavering, to sing the Royal Archers' march ; for those same archers were in secret, but a society of Jacobites whose loyalty was never so fervid, as when over the punch-bowl.

'Tis now the Archers Royal,
A hearty band and loyal,
A hearty band and loyal,
That in just thoughts agree ;
Appear in ancient bravery,
Despising all whig knavery,
Which brings to foreign slavery,
Souls worthy to live free !

But now Bryde reminded him that they were traversing Luffness Muir, a place said to be of ill-omen to his family in ancient times ; there in 1715, he had broken a leg when hunting, and there his only son had fallen by the hand of a robber and assassin !

Though all cultivated now, the muirland waste was then open and bare, yielding only rushy grass and whin bushes, a wild and desolate place, where in his young days he had been wont to hunt and bring down, by a single bullet, many a five and twenty pound bustard ; for these links (or downs) were then a favourite haunt of those birds, the largest and most shy of all the Scottish land fowl.

'Sir Baldred,' cried his servant, suddenly unslinging his musketoon, 'gang warily if it please you—armed men are on the muir.'

'Armed men, say you, Archie ?'

'Yes, sir.'

'Where ?'

'Just in front.'

At that moment something like a summons—a loud exclamation, was heard ; and in a foreign language apparently.

'Speak again—who are you ?' cried Sir Baldred reining up, and drawing his sword, adding, 'keep behind me, Bryde, darling,' as he

now saw several figures before him, but dimly and uncertainly, in the starlight.

'Halt—wer da?' (who goes there) demanded a voice, as a number of soldiers came suddenly round in extended order, and in the form of a semi-circle, with their bayonets at the charge.

A slight scream escaped Bryde's lips on seeing this array.

'Rendre—monsieur—surrender?' said a voice in imperfect English. It was Lieutenant la Roque who spoke.

'Surrender—Sdeath and the devil—in the name of whom?'

'In the name of Robert Craigie, of Glendoick, Lord Advocate of Scotland,' said a person, coming forward.

'Surely I should know that voice,' said Bryde.

'Weel, you may, Miss Otterburn—'tis I, Provost Balcraftie, come thither, by force o' stern duty, on a most sorrowfu' errand; but anxious to save your venerated kinsman, my gude friend, Sir Baldred, from receiving harm at the foreigner's hands.'

'Oh,' moaned Bryde, in sudden horror and anguish; 'wretch—is it you?'

'I am to surrender in the name of Glendoick!' muttered Sir Baldred; 'the skulking Perthshire land-louper! I would he were here, within range of my pistols, instead of being in safe hiding on the English border, like a Hanoverian rebel as he is! And thou too, Balcraftie—villain and murderer of my son—art come on his foul errand?'

'Tak' back your injurious words, Sir Baldred,' whined the other; 'I'm your friend Reuben Balcraftie, Provost and Elder o' North Berwick, praised be heaven for its mercies.'

'Wretch—dare you speak of friendship to me?' exclaimed Sir Baldred, firing a pistol at Balcraftie, so suddenly that the earthly career of our enterprising magistrate was nearly ended. As the shot whistled through the fore-cock of his beaver, it elicited a half-stifled shriek from Bryde, and something very like a malediction from Balcraftie.

'My hand hath lost its cunning,' said Sir Baldred; 'but I hope to see you hung by the neck yet—in the face of the royal host.'

'A royal host! ca' ye that rabble rout o' Highland mohocks, at Duddingstone, a royal host?' said Balcraftie, whose rage or fear now got the better of his usual discretion. 'A rieving gang o' backsliders, tainted either wi' Popish, Pelagian, Arminian, or Socinian heresies, or steeped to the lips in utter Paganism, and a' whomling doon the slippery brae that leadeth to the flames o' perdition; kirk-ruining, zeal-quenching upholders o' the false and perjured House of Stuart—a race doomed, even as the prophets o' the Covenant hae foretold, like brands to the burning?'

'Foul kite,' exclaimed Sir Baldred, choking with rage, as he sought to spur his horse over the speaker, and tread him under foot; 'hypocrite—mayst thou be accursed!'

'Thy maledictions may end, Sir Baldred, even like Shimei's cur-

sing of David,' said the Provost, suddenly, becoming gentle, as he remembered his habitual bearing of pretended suavity and meek Christian humility.

Sir Baldred was past his seventieth year, yet he disdained to yield without fighting, even as he would have done in his rash boyhood, when King Charles was on the throne. He shortened his reins, and made a furious and sweeping horizontal blow at the charged bayonets; but Lieutenant La Roque, by a circular parry in reply to a thrust, wrenched away the old man's rapier, which flew from his hand into the air. He was also deprived of his pistols, and made prisoner, somewhat ignominiously too, for his feet were instantly secured by a rope to his horse's girths.

'Ride, Archie,' cried he to his servant, 'away to the camp at Duddinstone, and tell Sir John Mitchell the evil that hath befallen us.'

'Harm him not, I pray you, good gentlemen; harm him not—he is very old!' said Bryde, to the stolid and, we are sorry to say it, somewhat brutal Dutch soldiers, who at once plundered their captive of purse, watch, and rings, and who did not understand a word she uttered; but La Roque did, and he said, while politely lifting his hat, for he was a Frenchman,

'Fear nothing, mademoiselle, and you may accompany him, if you please.'

'Thank you, sir, oh, thank you; but to where?'

'Le chateau—le chatelet de—de—parbleu—I have forgotten,' stammered the young Frenchman.

'The castle o' Carlisle,' said Balcraftie, through his teeth, while his cruel, vulture eyes glittered like fish scales in the dark.

'I am a Scottish subject, sirs,' said Sir Baldred, with something like a great sob in his throat; 'a subject of the king of Scotland, born many years before the time of that hated union, which puts me, a baron of Parliament, in your power! What care I for the unlawful suspension of your Habeas Corpus Act?—it was never meant for us; but to be caught in the toils, snared, tracked, run to earth, and the prisoner of those Southron landloupers at last! Oh, black sorrow and woe be on the hour when King James crossed the Borders, with his sword in its sheath!'

The Dutchmen laughed at the ravings of the old man, as they led his horse away by the bridle, and Bryde rode by his side, with his right hand clasped in her left, as she strove to soothe and cheer him.

Slowly Balcraftie rubbed his hands over each other, and chuckled in the dark, and leered after them with fiendish glee, as he heard Bryde sob.

'If that spruce young lieutenant but bear in mind all I've told and hinted,' he muttered; 'and if he uses his opportunities, the countryside will see nae mair o' you or your fine airs, my braw madam.'

In the agony of that time she forgot even her lover, and thought only of her poor old, doting grandfather, and what he was enduring, on being so suddenly hurled from the high and happy pedestal on which he had placed himself, and of all he would have to suffer at his years, in being marched under escort, in the chill autumnal weather, over the rough mountain roads, by which they would have to travel for more than eighty miles, to the castle of Carlisle!

CHAPTER XLIII.

CARLISLE.

'My father's blood's in that flower top,
My brother's in that hare-bell's blossom.
This White Rose was steep'd in my love's blood,
But I'll aye wear it in my bosom.

'When I came first by merry Carlisle,
Was ne'er a town sae sweetly seeming;
The White Rose flaunted owre the wall,
The thistled banner wide was streaming.'
Old Ballad.

WITH morning came to North Berwick, the startling, but to Balcraftie, most welcome, intelligence, that the Lord Dalquharn had been either shot or drowned, in a gallant but desperate attempt to escape from the castle of the Bass.

Everything seemed to favour and to prosper with him. In one night three great enemies had been removed!

Four days after this, Reuben Balcraftie, Provost of North Berwick, and Justice of the Peace for the shire of Haddington, found himself duly commissioned and appointed, by the fugitive legal authorities, to take charge of the lands and estate of Auldham, belonging to Sir Baldred Otterburn, of that ilk, 'under ward, in our castle of Carlisle, for treasonable practices, and complicity with the vile Popish Pretender to the throne of these realms.'

We are loth to accompany the ex-Bailie to the old estate and manor house, over which he roamed in the plenitude of his power and legal authority; making inventories of everything in stable-court, in barn, and byre, noting the living and moveable stock; how he broke open all lockfast places in search of treasonable papers, money, and jewellery; how he numbered the pictures, and counted the plate, defiling with his covetous fingers, and wrenching from its ambre, the ancient heirloom and palladium of the house, St. Baldred's silver tankard in the hall; how he did not even respect Bryde's pretty little bed-chamber, but turned her wardrobe and desk outside in, and viciously struck, with his clenched hand, the laced pillows on which her soft cheek would never more repose; how alternately he shrunk from and scowled in grotesque and vulgar defiance at the mailed portraits and ruffed ladies, who looked at him staringly, and disdainfully, out of the canvasses whereon Vandyke and Jameson had depicted them.

He rubbed his coarse hands with ill-concealed glee, and half-closed his cunning eyes, as he compelled the enraged butler to uncork a bottle of the best port, and seated himself in the baronet's own peculiar leathern chair, planting his hobnailed and square-buckled shoes on the velvet tabourette which Bryde's own hands had wrought, kicking away the while an old and half-blind terrier who usually occupied it.

Then he looked over the stubble fields that stretched far away westward to the base of Berwick Law, and felt himself to be at last—at last—supreme there, and in a fair way with his wiles and his wadsets, to occupy and become hereditary lord of those lands for which he had perilled his sinful soul, and which, to use his own phraseology, he had coveted, even as Ahab did the vineyard of Naboth.

The evening of that fourth day which saw the Provost in possession of Auldham, was closing on its late lord under very different circumstances.

On the northern verge of that wild district known as Eskdalemuir, a place surrounded by the heathy summits of lonely and silent hills, the Dutch escort had found themselves compelled to halt. The roads were rough; the scenery stern and rugged; the peaks of Etterick Pen and Loch Fell, each more than two thousand feet in height, towered into the autumn evening sky, and the setting sun cast their giant shadows far eastward along the waste of purple muirland. An intense stillness, a mighty hush of all nature seemed to pervade the place, nor was it broken by the note of a plover or the whistle of a curlew.

The Dutch had piled their arms, and were chatting and smoking by the side of a runnel, in which they dipped from time to time their hard black biscuits.

Two horses were hobbled by the roadside; they were the old hunter of Sir Baldred, and Bryde's handsome pad; and where were their riders?

The long and rough journey by mountain paths and deep rivers, together with his mental sufferings, had proved too much for the poor old man; and long ere La Roque (chiefly perhaps to win favour from Bryde) had relieved him of the useless bonds, Sir Baldred's failing strength and spirit were completely gone; he was no longer able to ride his horse or even to hold the bridle, and now he lay in a half stupor upon the grass, with his head in the lap of Bryde, who strove hard to soothe him and to conceal her own sorrow and alarm, for now her velvet mask was off, and the observant Frenchman could perceive at leisure, the piquant character of her fresh and blooming beauty.

'Grandfather—dearie, dearie,' said Bryde in his ear; 'your poor hands are cold—very, very cold!'

'Aye, lassie, and so is my heart—cold as the winter of 1707, when I saw puir Scotland—a dead kingdom—a kingdom now no

more—lying in her winding-sheet of snow—white over hill and muirland.'

Even at that moment the ruling passion was strong within him, and he closed his eyes wearily.

'You see, sir, he sleeps—a little time pray, and we shall proceed again,' said Bryde to La Roque, who bowed as if assenting, and hammered away with a flint and steel to light his pipe which had a gay china bowl, of which he was a little vain.

This lieutenant, son of a French Protestant refugee (who like most of those refugees for conscience sake, ended in having neither conscience or religion) was a very handsome young man. His black hair was unpowdered, and flowed in natural curls; he had a black moustache, sharply pointed, with a clear olive complexion; well defined, but straight eyebrows, with bold, dark, saucy eyes, and a full, red and voluptuous lip; every way, he was good-looking enough to be a dangerous fellow.

Strongly made, his fine figure appeared to great advantage in his bright yellow uniform, which was faced with scarlet velvet and elaborately laced with silver. He wore a little triangular hat edged with white feathers, and had scarlet velvet small clothes, and long, black, military boots. A white buff shoulder belt, on the gilt plate of which was the lion of Nassau, sustained his long, straight sword.

For some time past, he had been observing Bryde with great attention and ill-concealed admiration; but she was too much occupied by her own griefs to heed either his glances or his presence. He saw the helpless state of the poor old man, and the utterly friendless condition of the girl; both circumstances made him conceive the most daring ideas—ideas that were chiefly and originally suggested by Balcraftie, whose evil seed had not been sown in vain.

The tears fell fast over Bryde's cheek—large round tears that filled her dimples—as she watched the deathly pallor of her grandfather's face, and felt assured, that soon—oh, very soon—she would be quite alone in the world!

'Whence comes all this bitter—this most excessive grief, Made-moiselle?' asked La Roque, in what he meant to be his softest and most insinuating voice, as he knelt on one knee by her side.

'My grandfather is old—so very old—'

'Ah—of course—and old people must die.'

'Die? alas—yes; but hush—we disturb him, sir.'

'Old—true,' said the Frenchman, whispering so close that his moustache almost touched her beautiful ear; but when once we are at Carlisle, he will soon recover his wasted strength.'

'Carlisle!' repeated Bryde in a voice of mingled grief and anger, for to her who had never been out of sight of the Pentland Hills, it sounded like speaking of Tobolsk, to Polish exiles halted somewhere about the banks of the Volga, so little did people move from

honic in those days, and so limited were their ideas of distance and their means of locomotion.

'Oh, sir,' said Bryde, after a pause, looking imploringly in the face of the young Frenchman; 'they cannot have so little heart as to put him to death—at his years!'

'They—who, Mademoiselle?' he asked with a bland smile.

'Those English among whom we are going.'

'Those English do very odd things. They have put a foreign king on their throne, and are bringing over whole armies of Dutch, Swiss and Hessians to keep him there, in opposition to a British prince, followed by a purely British army. 'Tis very droll!'

'Ah—yes—what have they not done, those Scottish whigs and English traitors?'

'Diable—yes!' assented La Roque, whose ideas of what they had done, were very vague indeed.

'Are not thirty thousand pounds offered for the Prince's head, by their parliament?'

'Morte de ma vie! 'tis a charming blonde, with lovely brown eyes,' muttered La Roque under his breath, 'but your great grief, Mademoiselle—'

'My great grief—well?'

'Tells me that you must have other causes for it, than what I see.'

'How?' asked Bryde with surprise.

'A lover, perhaps—a little *affaire du cœur* it may be.'

'Sir!' she exclaimed indignantly.

'Ah—tres bon! that beautiful blush tells me all; it tells me—'

'That your language and looks offend—nothing more, sir.'

'Ouf—ehut—parbleu! as you please, Mademoiselle,' said La Roque, rising with an imperturbable smile as he withdrew a few paces and replaced his tasselled pipe in his mouth.

'What the devil shall we do?' thought he; 'stay here all night if her old man can't ride—a rare business, and in no way contemplated by the *marche route* furnished to me by Monsieur the Governor of Berwick.'

Insular prejudices, fortunately, rather than actual experience, has inspired every genuine Briton with a contempt of foreign soldiery, and a wholesome dread of permitting them to tread our soil. In Scotland, in those days, even our own troops were not very popular, and the sound of a drum near a village, was sufficient to make every careful housewife rush to the hedge-rows to secure her linen, if it chanced to be drying thereon. Bryde now began to view La Roque with mistrust and alarm, though those were times when 'an unprotected female' might ride with pistols at her saddle-bow; and only some twenty years before (about the time when Bryde was born), the public had seen Helen Maegregor, sword in hand, routing Tyrawly's South British Fusiliers at the Pass of Lochard; but the conduct of our troops in Scotland, was often singularly brutal.

Thus, in the year 1746, that party of His Britannic Majesty's Light Dragoons, who, under an officer, brought to Edinburgh Castle the captive Duchess of Perth and the Viscountess of Strathallan, treated these noble ladies with every indignity, stripped the Ladies Mary and Amelia Drummond of their clothes, and tore the wedding-rings from their fingers with their teeth, just as the 'faithful' scpoys did to our women at Cawnpore, or as certain gallant Cossacks might do in Warsaw to-day.

La Roque was not however without compassion, and, at a farmhouse which stood near the moor in a secluded glen, he procured an old two-wheeled vehicle, called the Italian chair, which was then very common in Scotland, when the roads were generally narrow. Into this Sir Baldred was lifted, and cosily muffled up in an ample border plaid, with other comforts freely given by the farmer's wife, whose Jacobite sympathies were speedily awakened, and seemed so keen, that she would readily have put her whole household at the disposal of the sufferers, who set out on their way once more.

La Roque now rode beside Bryde on Sir Baldred's horse; the chaise being horsed by the farmer, and driven by one of his servants.

The Dutch shouldered their long, heavy muskets, grumbling in guttural consonants, and smoking heavily as they plodded on through Eskdalemuir towards Ewesdale, and as the night deepened, the whole train disappeared from the eyes of the farmer's sympathising household, who watched it long from the summit of a slope.

The third day from this saw it entering Carlisle, followed to the gate of the castle by a mocking, taunting and pitiless crowd. Every injurious epithet that national animosity and political rancour could suggest, were dinned into the ears of the terrified Bryde, who shrieked from time to time as stones were hurled at the little chaise, round which the Dutch soldiers marched with their bayonets fixed.

La Roque boiled with fury, and used the flat of his sword freely, and did not feel himself or his escort safe, until the great gates of the noble old castle were closed behind them by the soldiers of the 1st Regiment of Foot Guards, some of whom then formed its garrison.

From the little Italian chaise, Sir Baldred, now unable to stand or walk, was conveyed at once to bed, in a chamber which was apportioned to him as a prison, in that part of the fortress which was built by David of Scotland before the battle of the Standard.

There Bryde was his sole nurse and attendant, by night as well as by day—ministering as only a gentle, thoughtful and loving woman can minister; and with mingled satisfaction and horror, she afterwards looked back to those times in that gloomy old castle of Carlisle, and its grim, quaint towering keep, with pointed and grated windows, when longing for home, with a fever—a passion that could not be satisfied—a heart sickness, during which, in the long, long nights or last weeks of a gloomy autumn, she wept

silently and unseen for the past days of youth, pleasure, safety and plenitude, in dear, dear Auldham—Auldham, that, though she knew it not, had another tenant now!

Then came the terrible reflection, that if by her care and ministration she prolonged, or even saved her beloved grandfather's life, to what end or purpose did she save or prolong it? The scaffold—the judicial shambles of the Hanoverian Elector, perhaps.

She was frequently visited by La Roque—more frequently than she desired; but as ‘the rebels were advancing,’ no one knew by what route, his orders were, to place himself with his party under Colonel Durand, in the castle of Carlisle, and hence his protracted sojourn there.

‘Home, take me home, Bryde darling, from this strange place—home, lest I die here!’ the old man would say, querulously, at times; and amid the gloomy chambers of that old Saxon keep, he sighed for the sea-breeze that came up Auldham Bay, and rustled the oak woods of his ancestral home, the home of his boyhood, manhood and age—the cradle of his brave old stainless race.

Weaker and more ailing he grew daily, and one morning, a great shock was given him, when the thunder of cannon pealing a salute from the walls, seemed to shake his prison to its strong foundations. He feebly asked what this portended, and when told that the battery was being fired in honour of His Royal Highness the Duke of Cumberland, as Captain-General of Great Britain, having arrived at Litchfield, to take command of an overwhelming force, British and foreign, against the rebels—tidings of which joyful event had just come—a gloomy foreboding of future sorrow and defeat came over him; he clasped his thin and tremulous hands, and turned his face to the wall.

‘God’s will be done,’ he muttered, ‘perhaps the last Laird of Auldham has lived long enough!’

After a time he turned to Bryde—poor girl, pale, hollow-eyed and unslept—who in the dim light of the autumn morning, as she struggled through the ponderous bars of the window, could see the coming change, and in the filmy orbs, that expression which is seen but once in the human eye—an awful one—which the loving and the dutiful never forget, till that dread hour, when in turn, it shall inevitably overspread their own.

‘Bryde,’ said he, clasping her hands in his own; ‘I am dying, lassie, at last—dying, my bonnie Bryde—going to the far awa land, where your father and mother await me. When I am gone—you will be free, for oh, my sinless one, even the false German carle cannot make a traitor of thee! Oh bury me, lassie, if you can, north of yonder Solway—and in Scottish ground, for well I trow that English earth will never hold me—never hold me!’

The poor old enthusiast then continued to mutter prayers for Bryde, for the young Prince, for his exiled king and distracted country, and then for Bryde again, until all who heard, and they

were many now, for Bryde in the excess of her grief and terror had summoned them—were deeply moved, and how could it be otherwise—for after nearly eighty years of life, the aged man was now face to face with Death; and, moreover, the dying who pray are but a short space distant from One who reads the hearts of all.

That night he slept away into eternity, with his head on Bryde's shoulder, and then the cup of her great grief was full to overflowing.

The chaplain of the garrison (who was afterwards killed by Cornet Gardiner, of Cope's Dragoons, in a duel about Miss Pattie Maylie) had—very properly, he thought—some religious scruples about reading the service of the church over a Presbyterian; and after a consultation with his bishop, declined to be present at the interment, despite the tears of Bryde; so next day, that venerated old man, who was deemed a Prelatist in his own country, was buried in England, without a prayer or ceremony, in the ditch before the castle wall; and there he still lies; for notwithstanding his hate and fear, and his love for the land that lay beyond the Border, English earth held him fast and sure. And it was currently said, that on the night he died in Carlisle, the ghostly drummer beat a loud and last angry chamade in the avenue of Auldham, and the roll of his spectral drum was heard to die away on the skirt of the wind to seaward. Sceptics have always existed, and some there were who asserted that the drum was beaten by certain drunken Jacobites, who were on the march from Dunbar to the Prince's camp at Duddingstone.

No mourner stood by that unhallowed grave, save Bryde, who was alone now, and almost without money—alone in Carlisle, and with no friend, save the dangerous La Roque.

CHAPTER XLIV.

THE CAVERN OF THE BASS.

'Ah me! when o'er a length of waters tost,
These eyes at length beheld th' unhop'd for coast,
No port receives me from the angry main,
But the loud deeps demand me back again.
Above sharp rocks forbid access; around
Roar the wild waves; beneath is sea profound!
No footing sure, affords the faithless sand,
To stem too rapid, and too deep to stand.'

WHEN Dalquharn felt the boat dashed again and again on the cliffs, which rose sheer above him to the height of many hundred feet, he felt all hope die away in his heart. He made no effort to push off once more, for in resisting the mighty force of the water, urged against the isle by the ebb tide, his strength seemed but as that of

an infant, and almost heedless now he heard the shouts of the pursuers, and saw their boat advancing through the gloom.

Thick as gnats in the sunshine, the giant solan geese, whose wings measure six feet from tip to tip, were flying above him in mid-air, where they seemed like snow flakes against the sky of night. Like an ocean tower of vast extent, solemn, impending, and terrible, rose the place of his captivity:—

'Dread rock! thy life is two eternities—
The last in air—the former of the deep;
First with the whales—last with the eagle skies:
Drowned wast thou, till an earthquake made thee steep!
Another cannot have thy giant size!'

Suddenly, by the reflux of a wave, the boat was capsized, and Dalquharn found himself struggling in the cold, dark water. He had always anticipated some horrible catastrophe, and it had come at last!

He was a stout swimmer, and strove to avoid being dashed by the waves upon the perpendicular rocks, but they proved too strong for him. Once he was thrown against the flinty bluff with such force that he nearly became insensible; the second wave would have destroyed him, but instead of hurling him on the wall of rock as he expected, it washed him gently on into gloom and utter darkness, and after a few moments of deathly terror and bewilderment, he found himself in the place of which he had heard so often, the famous cavern by which the Bass is perforated from east to west.

There he found firm footing on a ledge of rock, breathless, faint, and though he knew it not then, bleeding from several wounds and bruises. He now hoped that his pursuers might come to his rescue; as their boat came sheering round near the cavern's mouth, he was about to hail them, when the cruel and coarse speech of Congalton made him pause, and the boat was put about and pulled away from the entrance, which is half blocked up by a mass of rock, that at every reflux of the waves, shows its terrible tusks above the foam.

Dalquharn's situation was doubtless one of intense horror, and calculated to inspire the bravest man with dismay! It was terrible to be alone—utterly alone—any time, by day or by night, in the solitude of that vast cavern, with the mountain of rock above, and the profundity of sea below—gloom and darkness, apparently—solid and palpable blackness everywhere, save at the lofty entrance, where the stars shone coldly, and the sky gave indications that the moon was about to rise.

Erelong she rose, and her pale light, that made a long and shining path of tremulous silver across the waste of waters, penetrated the deep solitude where the poor shivering fugitive sat on his ledge of rock, afraid to move, lest he should fall into the water that filled the lower portion of the cavern, and which, for aught he knew, might have no floor or bottom but the ocean bed, hundreds of feet below.

In, and further in, stole the moonlight through that cavern, long,

deep and solemn as the Valley of the Shadow, revealing a terrible, yet fairy-like scene of 'drear and ghostly uncertainties'—of many lengths and depths of alternate darkness and silver sheen, by which Dalquharn was able to perceive that the entrance to this grotto—the wonderful and terrible handiwork of God—was apparently a hundred feet in height, its roof bristling all over with tiny tufts of rock fern and brown algæ; the sea, still and waveless within, was its floor, and all this was visible by the tremulous rays of the moon, which illumined the slimy sides, the strange plants, and the water, with ten thousand points of prismatic light, like the abode of fays or water-nymphs in a German romance.

The tide was still ebbing, but uncertain of his position, Dalquharn never moved from the piece of rock on which he was seated, and ere long the moon passed away, though her path of light remained upon the waters; and then he knew that the weird shadow of old St. Baldred's chapel high over head, would be cast drearily athwart the sward, even as the darker shadow of the lofty isle would be cast for leagues along the sea.

The cavern was sunk again in utter gloom; it seemed to have become colder than ever, and to be full of dropping dams and chilly currents of air, that swept through it from east to west.

What was to be the end of this perilous adventure? He was too feeble to attempt to swim from the island, and dared not again to brave, with his wasted powers, the terrible surf that boiled around its rocks. Moreover, were he skilful as Leander, he could scarcely make the trial by day, without being seen from the garrison and fired on; and for the same reason, no boat could approach his hiding place from the land side unnoticed.

Was he to linger there and die of starvation, or of thirst, of which he already felt the acute pangs?

If he died, how long would he live ere death came? Was he ever likely to be found; and if so, after the cormorants, gulls, and perhaps the fish had half devoured him, would his bones ever find a human grave?

These were moments when the multitude of thoughts, and the greatness of his misery made him almost mad! Then he would feel as if he must be in a dream, and should ultimately waken to find himself in his old vaulted prison in the castle above, instead of being where he was, some hundred feet and more below it.

There were thoughts also of fearful black creeping things swimming about in the water, that made him shudder; and ere long, his eyes, accustomed to the darkness, began to fashion strange, fantastic, and horrible faces of giant size, in the angularities of the rocks, where the pale starlight revealed or touched them; and these faces seemed to frown, or mock and jabber at him, till he fancied himself becoming insane.

The heavy and oppressed panting of his heart had passed away now, and after a time he became gradually more composed. He

wrung the brine from some of his garments; they dried on him rapidly, and though greatly chilled, he knew that the salt water had no evil property, so he strove to be hopeful—to be thankful that he had escaped the musket shots from the castle, and death by drowning after. He strove also to keep awake (lest he should fall into the chasm of water which he supposed was beneath him), and thus he endeavoured to wait with patience till morning dawned.

So the dark and melancholy hours passed slowly and miserably on.

From a heavy and dull sensation of drowsiness and oppression, more the result of reaction and lassitude than actual slumber, he was suddenly roused to consciousness by the sea flowing roughly over his ankles, and by the sound of the surge reverberating like thunder in the cavern.

The wind was from the east now; it was freshening, moreover, and was bringing with it the tide from the German Sea. As the latter met the river's downward flow, the waters rose rapidly in the cavern; and as Dalquharn thought of flood tides, and knew not how high they might rise, the dread of being drowned helplessly, and ignominiously, like a rat in a vast drain, rushed vividly upon him, and he was compelled, at all hazards, to climb upward in search of another, and more secure resting-place; and ultimately he reached a nook that felt comparatively dry and warm.

But a cry escaped him—a cry that wakened a hundred strange echoes, and he nearly fell from his perch, as he seemed to dislodge an uncouth animal, as large as a dog, but with a peculiarly soft and velvet-like skin, which slid down past him, and splashed deep into the water below. Then, as he saw it swim away from the mouth of the cavern and disappear, he knew that he had only tumbled from its lair, one of those sea-otters, which used to be so numerous on the shores of the Forth in those days, and, according to Sir Robert Sibbald, especially on the Fifeshire coast.

At last the tide began to ebb again; the roaring of the waves grew less; the grey light of dawn stole over the sea, and as it penetrated the cavern at each end, Dalquharn was able to observe it in all its wonderful details. Its average height throughout is not more than thirty feet, and its length about one hundred and eighty yards. He could traverse it safely, and was glad to do so, that he might thereby restore warmth and action to his stiffened limbs.

At the western end is a beach of fine gravel which is never covered save by flood tides; a deep, dark pool lies in the centre, and a wilderness of weed-covered boulders spreads to the eastward. There Dalquharn found one of the oars of his boat, lying just where the ebb-tide had left it. Of this, he at once possessed himself and deposited it high up in a place of security.

Crabs and limpets were there in plenty; but he feared to eat lest he should thereby increase the thirst that tormented him; and there,

too, among the dark boulders, were vast numbers of purple, sea anemone, of wondrous size and beauty.

The scart, the kittiwake, the turtle-dove, and other birds flew wildly about the cavern mouth, as if in wonderment to see a human being in such a place. There were times when Dalquharn imagined that he heard the drum beaten in the garrison; but it must have been mere faucy, as no sound could reach him there.

He took a scat near the western mouth of this horrible place, to which he had become somewhat used, and watched intently for a passing fisher-boat. He saw numerous vessels bearing up and down the great river, and many fisher-boats, too, but they were far away on the Fifeshire side, or at least, beyond hail.

As the hours passed slowly on, his impatience and his thirst increased together, and he sighed for the mariue corporal's black-jack of spring water in the vault, which he hoped he had left for ever. He was beginning to conceive the idea of attempting to swim for the laud, if favoured by the flowing tide, and before his strength became totally exhausted, when suddenly a large fisherboat came in sight, with her brown, wet sides shining in the sun, three bluff, weather-beaten fellows on board, with their blue bonnets drawn well over their eyes, and her lug sails swelling out in the breeze, as she came before it, sheering close in, and unusually near to the rocks.

Dalquharn uttered a shout of joy and entreaty, and throwing his oar into the sea made a spring towards it. He caught it with one hand, and swam vigorously and despairingly with the other towards the boat.

He was both heard and seen!

Down went the rudder and the lug sails together; the boat lay to under bare poles; strong hands seized him: he was dragged on board, and then a stupor came over all his faculties.

Some brandy was poured between his lips; hard and rough, but honest hands, chafed his kindly, and when he became sufficiently recovered, he found himself, lying—not on a luxuriant bed certainly—but on a pile of oysters and damp nets at the bottom of a great fisher-boat, which was tearing westward before the wind, past the little rocky isle of Fidra, with the dreaded Bass, all reddened by the afternoon sun, looming above the ocean, some five miles or so astern.

At last he was in safety!

He was beyond the reach, too, of Livingstone of Saltcoates, whom he never saw again, as that officer was killed, two years afterwards, when serving with the Scots Foot Guards at the unfortunate battle of Val in Flanders.

Not long after the period of our story, the castle of the Bass was abandoned and dismantled by the government, and since then, it has been permitted to become an open and desolate ruin.

CHAPTER XLV.

DALQUHARN IN EDINBURGH.

'Tis an honourable man :
A lord, Meg, and commands a regiment
Of soldiers ; and, what's rare, is one himself,
A bold and understanding one ; and to be
A lord, and a good leader, in one volume,
Is granted unto few, but such as raise up
The kingdom's glory.'

Massinger.

THE fishermen gave Dalquharn a warm, rough overcoat of Campsie grey, a species of stuff that has been woven in Strathmore since the days of James VI. The garment had a strong odour of tar and herring-seales, but he was too cold and miserable to be over-nice or particular.

The fishermen had been dredging for oysters at a distance off the Fifeshire coast, and had heard nothing of the last night's alarm at the Bass ; he informed them, that in the dusk he had fallen overboard from a letter of marque brig, and that an oar had been flung to him, by the aid of which, and by swimming, he reached the cavern under the Bass.

This completely satisfied the curiosity of the fishermen, who, on seeing that he was very weak and wasted, redoubled their kindness. From them he learned that the Prince was still at Holyrood ; that he had a fabulous number of Highlanders in his camp at Duddingstone ; that the sea was covered by the King's ships ; but that the Elector was losing heart or courage fast, and that many regiments of Dutch, Germans, and Swiss were coming over to fight his battles and defend England.

Evening was closing when the boat stood round Luffness Point, and was hauled up for the Bay of Aberlady, to which place the fishermen belonged. As this was unpleasantly near the Bass, and the story of his escape might have spread thus far along the coast, as soon as the boat was moored alongside the little pier, he quitted his protectors with genuine gratitude on one hand, and wise precaution on the other, and departed at once for Edinburgh.

The night proved a very dark one ; the sky was covered by masses of cloud, and no moon was visible. Ignorant of the way, Dalquharn proceeded with great difficulty. The roads seemed deserted, and no one was abroad, for the time was perilous and the arm of the civil law was paralysed. The way-side cottages, then few and far between, had all their doors and windows secured, as the inmates had a wholesome dread of the alleged plundering propensities of the Highlanders, for many thieves and footpads assumed the white

cockade, for the mere purpose of highway robbery, until shot or hanged by the Prince's provost-marshal.

Hence, at every dwelling where he knocked or sought information, he met with obstinate silence, or the threat of having a bullet put into him; so he had to stumble wearily on in the dark, steering in what he supposed would be the direction of Edinburgh, and keeping to the highway along the sea shore, the old Roman road from Dunbar to Cramond.

He had no dread of molestation, for he had nothing to lose; a shilling which he found in a pocket of the old coat given to him by the fishermen being the whole extent of his finances.

At midnight—he heard the hour tolled from a church steeple—he found himself on a high, narrow, and ancient bridge, beneath which a broad river flowed, and which seemed to connect two small towns, then sunk in sleep, and dark and unlighted.

This, a wayfarer informed him, was the bridge of Inveresk, and that seven miles further would bring him to Edinburgh. He had made so many detours, and had wandered so far already; he had undergone so much fatigue and suffering since his escape, and had been so completely deprived of sleep and rest for nearly forty-eight hours, that his courage sunk on hearing this; yet after a time, he pushed resolutely on, and on passing some salt-pans, the lurid glare of which shed strange and weird gleams on the sea, and far along a wide and desolate expanse of flat and sandy beach, he lost all traces of the path, and for hours wandered about a vast and dreary common of many miles in extent.

Here and there lay hollows or pools of water, and the whole surface was rough and covered by the moss-grown roots of aged trees. In some places, a few great oaks of vast size and beauty, still lingered to cast their shadows on the waste, which then lay eastward of Edinburgh, extending from the palace gardens to the sea, and was known as the Figgate Muir, though five centuries before it had been a royal forest, where the snow-white bull was hunted by the Scottish kings, and where William Wallace mustered his brother patriots, prior to the recapture of Berwick.

Overcome by intense lassitude, Dalquharn lay down under one of those old trees, and fell into a deep and dreamless slumber.

When he awoke, the morning sun was high in the clear blue sky; the waves were rolling in silver foam along the far extent of yellow sand that stretched away to the eastward, where the green woods of Pinkey and Wallyford, with the hills of Haddington, closed the landscape.

The verdant slopes of Arthur's Seat, the white tents of Duddingstone camp, and the smoke of the grey city that towered high into the blue welkin met his eye to the westward, and just as he roused himself to proceed, the covered waggon from Berwick came slowly rumbling along the old paved Roman causeway, and the driver, a good-natured fellow, offered for the shilling our hero possessed, to

convey him to the city, and Dalquharn gladly availed himself of the easier mode of locomotion, which this humble conveyance afforded.

Among the half-dozen of poor folks who were travelling townward by the waggon, was one who immediately recognised Dalquharn, and of whose interest in his affairs the young peer had not the least suspicion. This personage was no other than the lean and shrunken drudge of Balcraftie; Mr. Jabez Starvieston, who shrunk from observation in a dark corner, and watched the fugitive with those keen, cruel, and hungry-looking eyes, which, together with his mean and vicious nature, local scandal said in whispers, he inherited from the ex-Bailie, on whose business he had been sent to Edinburgh (concerning the sale of certain moveables at Auldham), and for whose interest and purpose he resolved not to lose sight of Dalquharn.

A short time afterwards, the latter saw with joy the towers of Holyrood, and found himself approaching the Water-gate of Edinburgh, where a guard of Highlanders was stationed. With something of mingled wonder and pleasure, he surveyed the half barbaric, but picturesque costume of those sturdy Celts, who were all clad in the bright Cameron tartan, and were armed with dirk, claymore, and pistols, together with muskets and bayonets, no doubt gleaned up from the field of Preston, or found in the arsenals of the city. On quitting the waggon, his first welcome was a strange and unpleasant one, for an advanced sentinel deliberately cocked and levelled a musket at him, and in some gibberish of his own, demanded—so far as Dalquharn could understand—money.

‘I have nothing, fellow!’ replied his lordship, sternly, for the black muzzle of a loaded piece never has a pleasing appearance, when levelled at one’s head.

‘Hoich—oich! tak ye tat, then, puir tcevil!’ said the Celt, thrusting a sixpence into the hand of Dalquharn; and this coin, as the fellow seemed fierce and irritable, and was bristling with weapons, he felt constrained to accept; but he had not proceeded ten paces before he was halted by the charged Lochaber axe of another, who, oddly enough, had added to his paraphernalia the crimson sash and gold eye-glass of some officer, who had probably fallen at Preston.

‘Here, fellow,’ said Dalquharn, proffering the sixpence; ‘take this, in the devil’s name—’tis all I possess.’

But the Highlander shook his read head, muttering, ‘She only wanted a little penny for a sneeshin (snuff), and that the sixpence was too much,’ adding, as he shouldered his terrible axe, ‘oich—got-tam—she’ll pe a Ninglander, I doubt nae.’

The guard was entirely composed of men of the Clan regiment of Lochiel, and the officer in command now appeared at the archway, which was called the Water-gate, but was simply then a half-

circular rib of stone, that spanned the street, and was surmounted by a round knob or ball.

He was a handsome young man, in full tartans, with the belted plaid, and wore a bright green jacket, trimmed with gold, and fastened—not with buttons, but rows of elaborately chased clasps. His powder-horn, pistols, dirk, and sporran, were glittering with silver mounting, and he wore in his blue bonnet the eagle's wing, to denote that he was a gentleman, and the invariable white rose to evince his loyalty, for he was Ian nan Fassiefern (John of the Alder's Point, the woody promontory that still stretches into the beautiful Highland lake), the *Tanister* of Lochiel, or next heir to the chief.

He spoke English slowly, and with difficulty, and with equal difficulty could he be made to understand that the squalid personage who addressed him, and sought to approach the palace, after quitting the common waggon, was Henry Douglas, Lord Dalquharn, of the Holm, in Galloway, but those were the days of strange disguises and of wild adventures.

'Can you inform me where I shall find Sir Baldred Otterburn—he is with the Prince's court?'

'As Lord Keeper of Holyrood, he has usually resided at the palace, I believe,' replied the Cameron; 'but he has gone—'

'Gone—has he left?'

'Fatally for himself—yes.'

'Explain, sir—I pray you, explain!' urged Dalquharn, with alarm in his manner.

'He left Holyrood for his own house of Auldham two days ago, and has not been heard of since.'

'Not heard of since?' repeated the other, in a breathless voice.

'At first it was supposed that some crime had been committed, or that an accident had befallen him, as his horse was spirited, and the good baronet is old and frail; but now it is known that he has been arrested and conveyed under a Dutch Guard towards the English Border.'

'By what route?'

'That is unknown; but Sir John Mitchell, with forty of the Life Guards, scoured, in vain, the Berwick road as far as Greenlaw.'

'And Miss Otterburn—'

'Ah—one of the most charming young ladies about the court! She is, unfortunately, with her grandfather, a prisoner in the hands of the Elector's troops.'

Closely, and within earshot, skulked one who could have informed them fully of all the details of that episode on Luffness Muir.

Dalquharn stood for some time with a bewildered air, overwhelmed by these unexpected tidings; but the young Highland officer, who felt great commiseration for him—for sooth to say his appearance was miserable and woebegone in the extreme, said—

‘In what can I serve you?’

‘By informing me, if in your power, where I may find Sir John Mitchell, of Pitreavie.’

‘Does he ride with the Prince’s Life Guard?’

‘I presume so—but as a prisoner in the Bass, confined closely and barbarously, I have heard but little of what transpired in the world beyond.’

‘I think Sir John will most probably be found at the Laigh coffee-house, about a mile from this. Do you know the city?’

‘No—I am a stranger here—almost a stranger in the land, sir; I have been exiled in France since my boyhood,’ was the sad reply.

The keen eagle-like eyes of the Highlander sparkled, and he shook Dalquharn’s hand.

‘We have had one day of vengeance already,’ said he, ‘and others are to come! I shall send a friend, who will guide your lordship.’

The officer retired, and in a minute or so, re-appeared with a tall and powerfully-made Highlander, in the prime of life. He was six feet four inches in height, but singularly handsome and athletic, with his thick dark brown hair gathered in what was named a club. His jacket, with deep cuffs and low cut collar, was of fine white cloth, braided with narrow gold cord; he wore the Macintosh tartan, and was fully armed with sword, dirk and skene, pistols and target; but indeed no Highlander then ever appeared otherwise, so that one might almost fancy they slept with all their weapons about them.

He looked curiously and a little disdainfully at Dalquharn; but lifted his bonnet with grace and courtesy, on being informed by Fassiefern of his rank and unfortunate circumstances.

He was Gillies Macbane, a gentleman of the Clan Chattan, whose name and character for courage, were conspicuous even in that little army of volunteers, where all were brave.

‘Gillies will conduct you, my lord, and if I can serve you further in any way, fail not to command me. Among the Camerons any one will show you my tent, which is next to Lochell’s in the camp at Duddingstone. That same tent was lately Sir John Cope’s; but ’tis not the worse for that.’

As Dalquharn proceeded up the long and picturesque vista of that thoroughfare, which so many painters have depicted, and so many novelists and historians described—the scene of so many conflicts and great national events, since King David saw the miraculous cross come out of the flaming cloud in the wooded ‘hollow between two hills,’ and since Guy of Namur’s Flemish knights fled in defeat, for shelter to the castle-rock—the old High Street of Edinburgh—the ridgy backbone of our modern Athens—he met many a toper going home in the early morning, with a wig awry and sword reversed; the shopkeepers in the Luckenbooths and Lawn-market were taking off their shutters and displaying

their wares freely now, for strict order was maintained by the guards of Highlanders who were placed at every point, the old gendarm-erie or local police of the city, having been disarmed and dispersed. Matters had gone peacefully in Edinburgh since the blockade of the castle had been withdrawn by the Prince, humanely to save the city from its destructive batteries; provisions were openly and plentifully conveyed into the garrison; but the Union Jack still floated daily in defiance, from the great dark bastion of the Half-moon.

As he proceeded with his guide, (who, to tell the truth, was a little ashamed of him) up that long and stately street, Dalquharn was struck with surprise on seeing the poudrous doors, studded thickly with nails and swinging on immense hinges, that closed in every turnpike stair, and the head or entrance of every close and wynd. All these doors had been hurriedly prepared and hung in their places, as a security against the supposed rapacity of the Highlanders. Those barriers are all gone now; but in hundreds of instances, their massive hooks are yet remaining in the walls and archways.

Close by, like Dalquharn's shadow, glided Starvieston, in his rusty, sad coloured garments, with shrunken limbs and cadaverous visage, 'ueed and oppression starving in his eyes,' like the lean apothecary of Mantua.

Near the cross and Parliament Square, where King Charles's statue now wore permanently a wreath of laurel, was a high tene-ment of quaint aspect, that rose from a deep and shady arcade of arches and pillars. In the first story of this was the Laigh (or lower) Coffee-house, and just as they approached the door, there came forth a military looking personage, clad in a blue uniform, faced and lapelled with scarlet, and laced with broad bars of gold, a scarlet vest, and white breeches, long boots and buff belts, his troopers' sword and spurs jangling on the pavement.

He was Sir John Mitchell in the uniform of the Prince's Life Guards, with a white *peruke a la Brigadiere*, in mien and bearing, seeming better than ever, with his sturdy figure, bronzed face, and clear grey eyes. His own brown hair, shorn short, was now thickly seamed with white; but he looked jolly and pleasant as usual, and was full of hope and high enthusiasm for the good old cause.

'How now, Macbane?' said he, 'what cheat-the-woodie bring you here? Not a recruit for me, I hope, for—what!—how!—God save us all—'tis my friend the Lord Dalquharn!' he suddenly added, and took him in his arms.

'Escaped from the Bass, by something like a miracle, Mitchell, and in the plight you see me.'

'I' faith—'tis a melancholy one; but it can be amended. Come with me—come with me, (adieu Macbane, with many kindly thanks) come inside with me; I bide at this coffee-house all night, but my duties keep me at the camp or palace all day. Come, my friend,

and make a toilette that may beseem you, and then we shall have breakfast together. My wardrobe is most ample now—I captured one of the cavalry baggage carts at Preston. I have a thousand things to ask you and a thousand more to tell. Escaped from the Bass? Zounds—how did you accomplish that feat? No mortal man ever did so before. Even the Covenanters had but one way of quitting it—in their coffins. It was arranged that Sir Baldred was to have demanded your release from the Laird of Salt-coates, under protection of a flag of truce—poor Sir Baldred—you have perhaps heard of his fate?’

‘Fate!’ repeated Dalquharn in a faint voice.

‘And dear Miss Bryde, too?’

‘You make me tremble for worse than yonder Highlander told me.’

‘Worse—what could be worse than to be prisoners of the Hanoverian Elector, when we know the unparalleled barbarity to which he subjects them—or his ministry, ’tis all one—carried off within a few miles of his own gate, too.’

‘Balcraffie has been at the bottom of this.’

‘Devil a doubt he has.’

‘The subtle villain!’

‘Justice will never be satisfied until we give her a stout rope with a tree at one end of it, and that fellow at the other.’

Sir John soon had his friend under the hands of a barber and valet, and when, in the course of half an hour after, he appeared in a suit of light blue velvet laced with silver (which whilom belonged to Cornet Gardiner, of Cope’s Dragoons), cravat and ruffles of fine lace, his fair hair dressed with a blue ribband, a handsome silver-hilted hanger, tilting up his buckram stiffened skirts, and a hat smartly cocked, with a white silk rosette on it, Gillies Machane would have had some difficulty in recognising the scarecrow, of whose absurd appearance he had felt ashamed, when traversing the streets. As Mitchell said—when they sat down to chocolate and a rasher of bacon and eggs in the coffee-room, ‘he looked every inch a lord, and lacked but a well-filled purse now.’

‘True,’ sighed Dalquharn; ‘but a quarter’s rent of my Galloway estates, would make me feel myself a rich man.’

‘Bye ye yet,’ replied Mitchell, ‘and in good time you may yet have by the throat the truckling whig who brooks them.’

In the next box sat Mr. Jabez Starvieston, supping a huge bowl of porridge and butter-milk, and listening the while with his large, cat-like ears strained to catch every word that fell from the two friends, who were quite unconscious of his vicinity.

‘We have now nearly two hundred fine fellows enrolled for our Life Guard,’ said Mitchell, in the course of conversation.

‘So many—and altogether, in camp?’

‘More than six thousand.’

‘About half the number only that marched with the Earl of Mar

to Sheriff Muir!' exclaimed Dalquharn, with a tone of disappointment and regret.

'True, but we live in hope; every day fresh men are joining us. and the Elector won't get rid of us in a hurry, I suspect, for as Gay has it in his sarcasm,

'Soldiers are perfect devils in their way,
When once they're raised, they're cursed hard to lay.'

'And your rank is—'

'Only lieutenant,' said Mitchell, colouring, for he had too much good taste to tell that he had resolutely declined a troop, to the end that its command might be given to his young friend, whose civil rank was higher than his own.

'Surely, my dear Mitchell, considering your years—'

'Come, zounds! I'm not so devilish old, after all—only forty-eight, and a bonnie lass may fall in love with me yet.'

'Well, then, considering your sufferings and losses—your thirty years' exile, and that you served with my Lord Balmerino in the Scots Grey Dragoons, I think that his Royal Highness the Prince Regent, might have bestowed upon you a higher rank in his Life Guard, than merely that of lieutenant.'

'True; but consider all are not so single-hearted as I; think how many fears there were to soothe—how much ambition to flatter, while I have neither, but for the success of King James's cause. This is no time for me to grumble or repine. The Elector once fairly beaten and safely housed in—Herrenhausen (I was about to say a hotter place, God forgive me!) I may be colonel of a dragoon guard corps yet; and may, after all, die a general officer in my old house of Pitreavie.'

Dalquharn was now free, at liberty, and at length among his friends, and had become a sharer at last in the desperate game for which he had so long panted; but withal he was most unhappy. The absence, the capture and loss of Bryde, with the doubt and mystery that involved the whole affair of her seizure, filled him with an intense anxiety, in which his companion, who loved her with the most disinterested of all passions, fully shared; but still he strove to be hopeful and cheery.

'Come,' said he; 'plague on't, man; don't let your heart fail you. I know what you are thinking of—our dear Bryde, is it not?'

'Of what—or of whom else—can I think now?' exclaimed Dalquharn.

'Action, my friend, is the best cure for your complaint just now. We'll have a stoup of claret and then ride over to the camp. The wine is excellent here, and the living is cheap, as it would need to be, considering the state of our rent-rolls and our pay! Ah, do you remember how often over a bottle of claret and a supper of Dutch herrings and salad, at the Hotel der Nederlander in Campvere—with a pipe of tobacco, too, and all for forty stivers—we used

to talk about the time that has come at last—the time we scarcely hoped to see—when the white rose would be in full bloom, and the “auld Stuarts back again” in Holyrood? God keep them there! I don’t much fancy this projected advance into England. It is a flat and open country, without military positions of the rugged kind, that suit a small force like ours. Then the mass of the people are indifferent to the cause, and care not whether a Scot or a German sits on their throne, while many view us with the rancour of other days.’

‘And the Prince, you say, wins the hearts of all?’

‘Yes—he assuredly possesses the great hereditary charm of his race. Egad, ’twas a wise axiom that of Henry IV of France.’

‘What about?’

‘Sweetness.’

‘How, Mitchell?’

‘For there are more flies caught by one spoonful of honey than by ten tuns of vinegar. His Royal Highness goes to an entertainment—a little supper—at the house of the Lord Provost to-night.’

‘Openly? Hush—is there not a person in the next box?’

Mitchell peeped in and saw Starvieston to all appearance fast asleep across the table, with a roll of paper in his right hand.

‘Well—and the Prince goes there—’

‘Secretly,’ said Mitchell, in a whisper; ‘I also am invited, and shall present you to-night, but we must go armed to the teeth, and be ready for any emergency, for the house is in perilous proximity to the castle guns.’

They went forth from the coffee-house, leaving Starvieston with the roll of paper at his ear, for he had ingeniously fashioned it funnel-wise into a species of trumpet; and hence he had heard all—ALL—that the Prince was going in secret to the mansion of the Lord Provost, which was, he knew, within musket-shot of the castle gates, and that if he was secured, taken, or slain, by his—Jaboz Starvieston’s information—thirty thousand pounds would be his prize!

Wealth, enormous wealth, seemed to be within his grasp; but his coward heart trembled and seemed to stand still with fear at the magnitude of the dastardly conception—the vastness of the foul scheme it conceived.

‘Thirty thousand pounds—thirty thousand pounds!’ he continued to mutter, and the shining gold seemed to glitter on every side of him, as he issued into the now sunny and bustling street, and after several long pauses and fearful self-communings, took his way slowly and stealthily towards the gate of the fortress.

CHAPTER XLVI.

GENERAL PRESTON.

'Urged, nathless on by the fury,
Of their fendal rancours hot;
For never can huagry wolf hate wolf,
As can hungry Scot hate Scot!'

Ballad.

It was with much internal quaking of the heart that Mr. Jabez Starvieston glided stealthily up the castle-hill on his peculiar errand, nursing his courage chiefly by thoughts of the admiration, if not envy, his skill and treachery, and his wonderful good fortune too, would assuredly excite in the breast of his master, mentor and tyrant, Reuben Balcraftie, of whom the conception of this plan to win the favour of His Majesty's ministers, was quite worthy.

As he approached the gate, by the then open and uninclosed area which is now named the Esplanade, and saw the lofty Half-moon Battery with its black arched port-holes, its tier of bristling cannon, and the hostile standard flying defiantly above them, he felt his heart almost fail; but he fanned his courage as he thought of the thirty thousand pounds, and walked slowly on, till two sentinels, posted at a trench and bulwark recently formed across the castle-hill, commanded him to stop, and made him spring nearly a yard high, as they brought the muskets to the 'ready' and he heard the click of their locks.

This newly-formed outwork of earth, had been an additional defence conceived by General Preston; but it had been stormed by the Duke of Athole's Highlanders, who, with the loss of one officer and twenty clansmen, drove in the 47th Regiment, under a fire of round shot from the depressed guns of the Half-moon, and of canister from some brass field-pieces. One of the latter was still lying dismounted in the trench, as Starvieston scrambled over it, and was roughly collared by two sentinels of the 47th or Peregrine Lascelles' Lancashire Regiment, who demanded his purpose, and surveyed him with mingled curiosity and contempt, to both of which this Scottish worthy was perfectly insensible, having been pretty well used to endure them, since the days of his infancy, now some thirty years before.

On stating that he wished to see the Governor, he was asked 'which Governor?' for there were actually two: General Joshua Guest, the newly appointed English commander, who, although his monument in Westminster Abbey eulogises his brave defence of the fortress 'against the rebels,' as a cavalier at heart, was only too glad to subside into a cypher, and leave the responsibility of maintaining the place to the late Scottish Lieutenant Governor, whom he had been specially sent to supersede, General George Preston.

The privates of the Lancashire Regiment addressed their visitor

in a wonderful accent, and he replied in a patois which they deemed equally so.

They demanded his business with the general. That, however,—lest others might share his secret and get the expected reward—the legal and acute Mr. Jahez Starvieston was too reserved and cautious to tell; but he resolutely asserted that his message was on the king's service, and must be given to the governor—and the governor only!

The soldiers seemed surly fellows and were about to trundle him over the trench, when the altercation attracted the attention of the officer in charge of the barrier guard, who, from the battery at the *tete-du-pont*, called authoritatively, to 'search the Scotch scarecrow, and if he was without arms, to pass him, if he had any message to deliver.'

By the intervention of this personage—a spruce young captain of Lascelles' Foot, in a scarlet uniform, faced with white, and laced with silver, a long waistcoat and small clothes of white kerseymere, a Ramillie wig and conical cap with the white horse of Hanover thereon—he was speedily passed into the fortress, up a steep and winding pathway overshadowed by many grim gates, a deep archway and an iron portcullis with a jagged row of rusty teeth; and ere long he found himself in a small pannelled room in the house of the Lieutenant Governor, the windows of which faced the dark walls and rugged rock of the citadel or inner castle.

It was low in the ceiling, gloomy as dark wainscot could make it, and plainly furnished with massive and antique tables and chairs of black oak; and Starvieston's stealthy and timid eyes glanced hurriedly from a trophy of old swords and matchlock-pistols, that had seen service in the wars of the Covenant and Claverhouse, to some pikes and muskets that stood in a corner, and then to some printed 'standing orders for y^e Garrison,' with a copy of the identical proclamation, which in the name of His Majesty King George, offered the sum of thirty thousand pounds sterling, 'for the head of the vile Popish Pretender, now in arms against our royal crown and authority.'

This document alone cheered him, for the room had something in its aspect rather chilling.

In that sombre chamber, on the 7th of January, 1743, died the aged and gallant William Macintosh of Borlum, in the fifteenth year of his imprisonment, for his share in the rising of 1715, after writing on the wall an invocation of God's blessing on King James VIII., with one of his teeth, for which he had no further use; and in that room once yearly, as the soldiers tell us still, a spectre is heard—heard but not seen. At midnight there distinctly comes the sound of a man in heavy boots rushing frantically across it towards the window, which, however securely it may be fastened, he throws violently up, and springs over it with a shriek. Then the window recloses by its own weight, and all becomes still; but tradi-

tion avers that long ago a soldier committed suicide thus, in remorse for having sold to the government a Jacobite prisoner, who proved to be his own father.

Starvieston heard the strange sound of wheels grating on the oak floor; the door was dashed violently open, and in a wheeled arm-chair, which was pushed forward, by an old and weather-beaten valet, in a uniform waistcoat, pipe-clayed small clothes and brigadier wig, General Preston made his appearance, and it was an appearance, somewhat remarkable.

'D—n my limbs!' he exclaimed, while viciously grasping his crutch, 'are you the infernal scarecrow I have been brought in here to see? what the devil can you want with me—eh? Speak out, or by all the fiends I'll bring you to the halberts!'

Starvieston felt his heart sinking to his heels; he could but gasp and survey this ferocious commander and wish himself in safety outside the gate of the castle, which he regarded as a species of trap into which his avarice had lured him.

General Preston, a veteran of the wars of King William, had come over with the Dutch in 1688 to fight against Viscount Dundee, at Killycrankie, where a goodly slice of his skull, which was shred away by the trenchant claymore of a Cameron, had to be replaced by trepanning. He had an arm broken by a musket shot, at Steinkirk, and was left for dead under his horse at the battle of Blenheim. In the prime of life he must have been more than six feet in height; but now in his eighty-seventh year—for he was born during the usurpation of Cromwell—he stooped considerably. Though hopelessly disabled by gout, his complexion was still bronzed and weather-beaten; he had an ill-healed old sword cut, which rather disfigured his nose, and he had few or no teeth remaining. His face was a mass of wrinkles, and his brow wore a permanent and terrible frown; but his eyes were keen, sharp and fierce as those of a rattle-snake, and, owing to his lack of incisors, there was a hiss in his voice sufficient to remind one of some such reptile.

He still, with the eccentricity of age, adhered to the long flowing wig of King William's time, an ornament that east the hair of a man completely in the shade; as Holme, writing in the year of the Revolution, assures us that the adoption of great wigs so generally by men, 'was quite contrary to the custom of their forefathers, who got estates, loved their wives, and wore their own hair. In these days,' he adds, with simplicity, 'there be no such things.'

The general also adhered to the hat of the period, turned up on two sides only, and edged with white feathers. He had his cravat of Flemish lace passed through a button hole of his buff waistcoat, like the military bucks of 1690, and his ample scarlet coat, like the former (which had huge thigh flaps), came nearly to his knees, also in the fashion of the Revolution, for he doted on the memory of King William, in a manner that would have enchanted my Lord Macaulay, and certainly have found him a place in his brilliant

romance of history. But the general had one unpleasant peculiarity, that pertained unto the gentlemen of his time, and particularly those of 'our army of Flanders;' he swore so fearfully that we shall have some difficulty in retailing the conversation which ensued between him and his trembling and terrified visitor.

Notwithstanding his age, wounds, and infirmity, so indefatigable was General Preston, in conducting the defence of the castle, after the council of war, at which General Guest and the officers of the 47th proposed to surrender it, that every two hours by night and day, a party of soldiers wheeled him round the various posts and batteries, that he might personally see if all were on the alert against a surprise; and whenever an unfortunate Highlander appeared, however casually, he ordered him to be fired on, and in some instances with round shot or grape.

After surveying the lean, cadaverous, and stealthy-eyed visitor, in the rusty and sad coloured clothes, and scratch wig made of a terrier's skin, which in no way improved his general appearance, as he stood in a corner, nervously brushing the three flaps of his scurvy old beaver, with his deep, square, threadbare cuff, the general, whose naturally diabolical temper, a recent fit of the gout had severely exasperated, thundered out,

'Sirrah—'tention! what the devil is your name?'

'Jabez—St—t—tarvieston—so please you, general.'

'Starvieston—you're rightly named, you hunger-eyed loon; and what are you?'

'Clerk to the Provost o' North Berwick, sir.'

'And what is your purpose?'

'A maist loyal one, at your service, general,' whined the other, who accompanied every answer by a bow and slight bending of the knees.

'Speak out, you son of a shotten herring,' roared the old Williamite; 'what do you want with me?'

'I'm your honour's maist humble servant——'

'Was it to tell me that you ventured into the castle of Edinburgh, troubling me thus?' shouted Preston, in a louder key, and uplifting his crutch.

'N—no, n—no——'

'What then—speak out, or I'll beat you into a jelly.'

With considerable trepidation, and an amount of circumlocution, which elicited many oaths, threats, and signs of fierce impatience from the old general, Starvieston related what he had heard in the coffee-house—that 'the Pretender' was on that night secretly to sup with the Provost, attended by a select few, the chiefs of his army and court; that the Provost's house was close to the castle, and that if they were all seized there by an armed party, through his humble instrumentality, he hoped that his honour, the general, would see that he got the reward so generously offered by the crown.

While the meagre visaged and trembling wretch proceeded thus, the stern old general clutched his formidable crutch, and eyed him with very saturnine expression of face.

'Hah—the Provost—a Stuart too,' he muttered; 'I ever suspected that loon to be a Jacobite, a traitor, it may be a papist at heart! for he and his cowardly psalm-singing volunteers—heroes from the desk and counter—surrendered the city, without firing a shot at the bare-legged Highland rabble; but I'll mar their handiwork—that shall I, sure as my name is George Preston!'

'Indubitably you will, general—indubitably you will,' said Starvieston, bowing and cringing.

'And so, wretch,' said the veteran, after a pause, pointing with his crutch to the printed proclamation, 'you would seek to gain the thirty thousand pounds offered for—for this young gentleman's head—eh?'

'I wad seek through your honour's grace, to be o' some sma' service to my king, and the covenanted Kirk as by law established.'

'Of course, and of some small service to yourself,' sneered the general, adding with a fierce oath, 'you hang-dog and dyvour-loon, I would rather you had not put this foul temptation before me! But since you *have* done it, a party shall surround the house of Provost Stuart, and carry off at the point of the bayonet, all who may be found in it. By this means, we may secure the Popish Pretender, if it be as you say. If not, we may capture at least some of those Highland disturbers of the peace.'

'And shall I win the promised reward, general—the promised reward?'

'Undoubtedly, and tacked thereto the curse of more than the half of Europe, while every hand in the Highlands will be itching to take you by the throat. Meanwhile, you shall stay here till this matter be ended.'

'Here!' exclaimed Starvieston, as his shrunkn limbs tottered with dismay; 'here, said you, sir?'

'Yes—what the devil do you mean by repeating my words?'

'But the Highlanders may storm the castle to rescue their Prince, and put ilka soul in't, to the edge o' the sword, as Argyle did at Duuavertie, and Monk at Dundee.'

'Let them try—let them try,' responded Preston, grinding his toothless gums; 'it has never been stormed yet, and 'sblood! it sha'n't be in George Preston's time. I have it—I have it,' he muttered to himself; 'one party shall march down the Castle Wynd to the foot of Donaldson's Close; another shall march to the Weigh-house, and blockade all the avenues to the High Street; thus every chance of escape will be cut off! Major Robertson shall see to it. Would that I could go with him—but this twinge of the gout—the thrice d—ned gout! And now, you sir—'tention! Zounds—what's your infernal name?'

'Starvieston, humbly at your honour's service,'

'And the devil's too, apparently. Well—you shall be kept close prisoner, till every man of my party return.'

'Wherefore, gude, worthy general?'

'If it is a snare,' said Preston, with a glare in his snake-like eyes, 'a lure, merely to draw my men into the town, while those Highland savages assault the fortress, woe be unto you—woe! And if it is only a mistake—a failure—'

'It may be sae, gude general,' urged the other piteously, 'it may be, and through nae short comings o' mine.'

'I care not the value of a brass bodle! if it is a failure,' hissed the old man through his toothless gums. 'I'll hang you owre the Half-moon Battery like a dog—yea, hang you in the face of the whole city—by the God of my kindred, I shall! Call the sergeant of the guard!' he bellowed to his valet; and so closed an interview that completely deranged the nervous system of the acquisitive Mr. Jabez Starvieston.

The night closed in—another cloudy and moonless one. In the gloomy seclusion of the Black Hole, a vaulted chamber above the Portcullis (a place wherein the Duchess of Perth and Lady Strathallan pined for twelve weary months, after the battle of Culloden), Starvieston was left to his own not over-pleasant reflection, and the society of certain lively rats, which, by their scampering hither and thither, evidently considered him an intruder on their premises.

It may be imagined with what emotions, as the general's savage threat recurred to memory, he saw the regiment of Lascelles (at least that portion of it which was not at the battle of Preston), and the rest of the garrison, after carefully loading with ball cartridge, defiling silently, but with measured tramp, through the dark archway beneath his prison, and issuing upon that terrible errand which he had suggested, and the sequel to which he could not foresee; but alarm and utter dismay were in his craven soul. He wept, he howled, he tore his scratch-wig and bit his long nails in the dark, and would gladly have forfeited all his chances of ill-gotten wealth by the sale of human blood, to have found himself once more at liberty and in safety on Luffness Muir, or the Links of North Berwick.

After the troops had departed, the barrier gates had been closed, and the guards were got under arms, so as to be ready for any emergency, no sound was heard in the vast fortress which overhung the silent city. There seemed a great hush—a preternatural stillness in the air of the autumn night—a strange quietness in and about everything; and amid it, in the darkness of his self-acquired prison, the trembling wretch, after the scared rats had departed, heard only the painful beating of his avaricious heart, as he pressed his throbbing temples against the rusty grating of the little window which still opens towards the far off hills of Fife.

Mr. Jabez Starvieston, like his protector and mentor, Mr. Reuben Balcraftie, had learned to quote Scripture most glibly; but now,

in this his extreme tribulation, no text or prayer occurred to him ; his soul was full of vague fear and loathing, and his tongue was loaded and tremulous with unuttered maledictions.

Dark as this poor wretch's own spirit was the blackness of the night without, and of the vault within ; he was just in the act of commencing a psalm in a shrill cracked voice, when a howl of terror escaped him, and he toppled down on his knees, for at that moment the explosion of musketry rang suddenly out upon the silence of the night in the city below, making the sentinels in their stone turrets at the angles of the ramparts peep out and listen ; but all became still again.

Meanwhile Major Robertson, a brave and careful officer who afterwards served with distinction at the battle of Val, divided his force, which consisted of some four hundred men, nearly the half of whom were the castle company, a veteran band which remained in existence until 1813, when their drums beat for the last time the old Scottish march, before the gates of the fortress.

One portion under a captain stealthily descended that steep and picturesque alley known as the Castle Wynd, through a gate in the old town wall of 1450, and wheeling to the left took possession of the foot of Donaldson's Close, placing a line of sentinels from thence towards the Candlemaker's Row, completely cutting off all chance of escape towards the south. They were without knapsacks, and all had the square skirts of their red coats buttoned back, to enable them to act with more freedom and activity ; and there was not a man of Lascelles' Regiment but who burned to avenge the loss and capture of their colours at the late battle of Preston.

Under the Major, the remainder took possession of the entrance to the close, and the upper end of the Bow, quite as effectually precluding all hope of escape to the northward.

The sentinels turned back all persons who approached in either direction the high, dark, steep and narrow street where the intended victims were. Few men were abroad at such an hour, for St. Giles's bell had tolled midnight ; scarcely a light was seen in the houses, and the meagre oil lamps that were still lighted, occasionally, amid the confusion of the city affairs, the seizure of funds and flight of officials, were all extinguished by order of Major Robertson, thus adding greatly to the weird aspect of the great mansions of stone and timber that overshadowed the street.

So early as the time of James V., but more particularly during the Regency of his widow, Mary of Guise, the streets had been lit by lanterns, which burned from five till nine in the winter evenings. These were found so unsatisfactory, that in 1684 a lantern with a candle in it was ordered to be hung from the first story of every house from five till ten in autumn and winter, under a penalty of five marks Scots for each omission ; and after the introduction of oil lamps in 1745, it was supposed that the *ne plus ultra* had been attained in Auld Reekie.

On the extinction of all the adjacent lamps by the soldiers, a solemn gloom involved all the streets and alleys about the West Bow, a thoroughfare of which now little more remains than the lofty dwelling of Weir, the wizard, who perished at the stake some sixty years before the period of our story. It was a place abounding in quaint antique mansions of the middle ages, beyond any other quarter of the city, and these presented the same striking aspect that they had done in the wild days of the Douglas wars, and the storm of the Reformation; and dark indeed were the traditions and the history of many of those old houses.

Their singular impending fronts, projecting on ponderous beams and grotesque corbels, piled story over story; their acute gables, dove-cot-like outshots, gloomy galleries and giant chimney stalks, all studded with white oyster shells; their dark vaults and profundities haunted by tales of ghosts, of human heads that dropped down the vents to grin and jabber on the hobs—sorrowful stories, too, of love and bloodshed; the deep *cul de sac*, where many a time and oft, in our ‘feudal raneours hot,’ a fugitive had to turn at bay and defend himself, sword in hand, or die; the vast height of some of the tenements, whereon the iron crosses that marked them as the property of the Knights of the Temple, and latterly of St. John of Jerusalem, crosses beyond the reach of reforming iconoclasts—all served to make this steep and winding street one of the most remarkable in Europe.

When partly demolished to make way for Victoria Terrace, in many instances secret trap stairs, pannelled hiding places, blood spots, human bones and concealed swords and daggers, that had done murderous work in the lawless times of old, were brought to light.

Between the crimson curtains of the tall narrow windows of a mansion which overlooked the middle of this quaint street, the bright radiance of many wax candles from within, streamed athwart the gloom without. The sound of many voices rang out upon the night; elsewhere all the houses seemed sunk in silence and darkness, as their inmates most probably were, in slumber.

This mansion Major Robertson knew to be the residence of Archibald Stuart, the Lord Provost; it was of that kind which in Scotland is termed ‘self-contained,’ and entered from Donaldson’s Close, the avenues to which were strictly guarded.

He posted forty men, with loaded muskets opposite those windows, with orders to shoot down or bayonet all who might attempt to escape by dropping therefrom with the aid of cords or curtains; and then he ordered the door to be at once assailed.

Immediately on this alarm being given, the lights in the house were extinguished; the sound of voices was instantly hushed within, and nothing was heard but the clatter of musket butts on the strong oak door of the Provost’s beleaguered mansion.

CHAPTER XLVII.

THE PROVOST'S SUPPER.

'Awa, whigs, awa—awa, whigs, awa,
 Ye are but a pack o' traitor loons,
 Ye'll ne'er do gude at a'!
 Grim vengeance lang has taen a nap,
 But we may see him wauken;
 God help the day when Royal heads,
 Are haunted like a mauken!'—*Jacobite Song.*

SOME time prior to this, about the hour of nine in the evening, Sir John Mitchell, in his Life Guard uniform and baronet's decoration, an orange ribband and badge with St. Andrew's Cross and the royal arms of Scotland, accompanied by his friend Dalquharn, attired as we have already described, quitted the Laigh coffee-house, and proceeding up the broad Lawnmarket, where a few dim oil lamps were now lighted, presented themselves at the mansion of the chief magistrate, where they were admitted, on Sir John showing his card of invitation, and giving a secret password, agreed upon, to an usher, a young merchant of Edinburgh, named Roderick Mackenzie—of whom there is much more to relate anon. He was armed with broad sword and pistols, and led them into the house, which, says the local antiquary, Mr. Robert Chambers, 'is of singular construction, and is as full of curious little rooms and concealed closets and trap-stairs, as any house that ever had the honour of being haunted.'

Archibald Stuart, the Lord Provost, a pleasant-looking man, in a bright cherry-coloured suit of velvet, with a bobwig, huge ruffles, and his insignia of office, received them at the door of the apartment, which was not very large, so that it seemed to be crowded by the company already assembled.

'You are the last comer, Sir John,' said his lordship; 'his Highness, the Regent, is already here.'

Dalquharn felt his heart stirred strangely by those words. It was something glorious to hear his long exiled prince thus spoken of by the chief magistrate of Edinburgh, even under the muzzles of the castle guns!

There was a subdued hum of voices; with the gaiety of rich coats and vests of brilliantly coloured silk, velvet, or cloth of gold, sparkling orders and rich embroidery, for here the crosses of St. Louis hung side by side with those of the Thistle and Bath. There, too, were bright, red and green tartans, well-powdered wigs, of two or three obsolete fashions (for the Scots then, as now, always adhered tenaciously to old modes), and the glitter of jewelled weapons, for all were fully armed with sword, dirk, and pistols.

The apartment in which they met would be considered much too small for such a titled assemblage in the present day; but what it lacked in size, it made up for in the comfort and richness of its furniture and decorations.

It was entirely wainscoted, even the ceiling was so, and, like the walls, was divided into deeply pannelled compartments, each containing a work of art—a landscape, fruit, flowers, nymphs and fairies—by the pencil of Norrie, a well-known fresco painter, who decorated thus most of the fine old houses of Edinburgh.

The mantelpiece of carved freestone, was lined with blue Delft-ware, that reflected the glow of the coal fire, which burned upon the hearth, between two grotesque iron dogs. The furniture of dark mahogany was massive, antique, and richly carved; but the leading feature was a very beautifully formed oak cabinet, little more than three feet high.

Surmounted by two magnificent china vases, each nearly five feet in height, it was a miracle of oak carving, and bore in each of the two pannels, into which its front was divided, the escutcheon of the surname of Stuart, a fess cheeque, for the worthy Provost, though but a merchant in the Cramers, 'was come o' gude kith and kin' (and what Scotsman is not?), and could reckon blood with the best in the land. Thus, his daughter Grizel was wedded to the Laird of Lees, in the Merse, as Sir Bernard Burke carefully records, and her descendants are now baronets of Great Britain.

Before this cabinet the Prince was standing, engaged in conversation with the Duke of Perth, the venerable Marquis of Tullybardine, sly old Simon, Lord Lovat, and one or two others, who wore clan-tartan truis, and short coats of the same material, but richly laced with gold. There too, was the frank, jovial, and convivial Lord Balmerino, in the blue and scarlet uniform of the Life Guard; and with him were the tall and stately Lochiel, and the venerable, the noble, and white-haired Keppoch, each in their home-spun clan tartans, with sporrans and cuarns (or shoes) made from the skins of the deer and goats, that ran wild on their own mountains.

The Duke of Perth, a lieutenant-general in the Highland army, looked handsome, brilliant, and animated; Tullybardine seemed careworn and full of thought, for the lines of age and anxiety were blended in his finely cut features; old Simon, of Lovat, looked fat, sleek, and sly—a kind of Dr. Johnson in the costume of a Celtic chief—with his head on one side, and a leer in his cunning eyes (just as we see him depicted in Hogarth's famous portrait) while listening to some joke of the half-witted Earl of Kellie.

'In spite of a very delicate constitution,' says Sir Robert Douglas, of Glenbervie, 'the Duke of Perth underwent the greatest of fatigues, and was the first on every occasion of duty, where his head or his hands could be of use; bold as a lion in the field of battle, but ever merciful in the hour of victory! With a heart open to all the delicate feelings of humanity, those mild and gentle affections that peculiarly distinguish the brave, filled his breast with universal benevolence, made him attentive to relieve the calamities

of the distressed, and put him always in remembrance that no distinction of party can blot out the character of MAN !'

Such was this noble peer who died an exile at the siege of Bergen-op-Zoom, and was buried in charity by the English nuns of Antwerp.

Tall, fair, and slender, the young Prince seemed the most striking of that stately and picturesque group, of which a photograph (could such a thing have been taken then and preserved till now) would have been priceless ! He was leaning on his claymore, his right hand resting involuntarily on the star of the Thistle, that sparkled on his coat, which was of the white tartan, known as the dress-Stuart, and was thickly braided with silver. His clear blue eyes and fine aquiline features were full of animation, and his thick fair hair, which had a ripple in it, like that of a young girl, was, as usual, queued simply with a knot of blue ribband, behind that stately head for which so many thousand pounds were offered at every market cross in Britain and Ireland.

'There is a majesty doth hedge a king !'

Was it the sense of this, or rather the stirring memory of Scotland's romantic past—that story of a war for freedom, 'red war that twenty ages round her blazed,' which welled up in the heart of Lord Dalquharn, on suddenly finding himself almost face to face with the son of his exiled king—that gentle, unrepining, and uncrowned king—whom, from earliest infancy, he had been taught to view as the sole fountain of all British and Scottish honour, the representative of that right divine, in defence of which so many loyal and noble hearts have grown cold on the scaffold, and on the battle field !

Sublime but silly bubble ! Though the Jacobites had Scripture for it, we can laugh at it now.

Loyalty, moreover, is a cheap commodity, when majesty is so often seen 'hedged' simply by the prosaic police ; and when happily no axe, or cord, or line of battle need be faced on British ground. We may be loyal to our heart's core ; but thank Heaven, the terrible *tests* that made loyalty like martyrdom, and rendered a belief in the old Scottish regal line, second only to a belief in Heaven itself, can no longer be applied.

Just as Sir Johu Mitchell took his friend by the hand, the Lord Provost, who had been looking over his guests, exclaimed, with sudden perturbation,

'My lords and gentlemen, there is present one person more than the number invited. We are twenty-two, including His Royal Highness—instead of twenty-one. Pardon me for having counted you ; but —'

'One too many ! And who is this person ?' exclaimed the Duke of Perth, with a hand on one of his pistols.

'Tis my friend the Lord Dalquharn, whom I take this—the

earliest—opportunity of presenting to your Royal Highness,’ said Mitchell, leading forward his friend, who knelt and kissed the hand of the Prince.

‘Dalquharn—Lord Dalquharn of the Holm—who escaped from the Bass Rock!’ muttered all present, crowding round, while a murmur of congratulation and applause greeted him; for all their party remembered vividly the loyalty, the genuine Scottish patriotism, of his father, and the bitter wrongs he had endured at the hands of a servile ministry.

‘Dalquharn, my dear friend, and my father’s most faithful adherent!’ exclaimed the Prince, as he shook his hand, and placed an arm caressingly on his shoulder.

‘I sincerely trust that I have not incommoded you, my Lord Provost, and more especially your Royal Highness, by presenting my young friend here?’ said Sir John Mitchell.

‘My worthy friend, Sir John,’ replied the Prince, shaking his hand with great cordiality, and smiling with that singular mixture of kindness and condescension which he peculiarly possessed, ‘be assured that I am not easily incommoded now. Adversity is the great school for kings and for kings’ sons too; and I have fully learned to make the most of time and of all things; and to appreciate the maxim of the Grand Monarque—“*L’exactitude c’est la politesse des Rois.*”’

A folding door was now opened, and a hot, steaming, and plentiful supper table, glittering with massive plate, quaintly cut crystal, and attended by eight valets in the royal livery, each with a brace of pistols in his girdle, could be seen in a handsome tapestried room beyond.

For obvious and politic reasons, none of the ladies of the Provost’s household were present; and when the Prince inquired for them, his Lordship, laughingly, reminded him that a woman’s tongue had caused the loss of Edinburgh Castle in the Rising of 1715.

‘You shall sit near me, my Lord Dalquharn. I must hear all about your escape from the Bass Rock, which seems to be like the Bastille of St. Antoine, the castle of Loches, or that on the Isle of Saint Marguerite—quite a devil of a place, in fact!’ said the Prince, as the supper party seated themselves with strict accordance to rank, the Provost having his royal guest on his right, and old Kepoch on his left, the Duke of Perth declining that place, and saying, laughingly, that ‘any king might make a peer, but that God alone could make a Celtic chief.’

‘The vacant troop of the Life Guard must be yours, Dalquharn,’ said Charles Edward.

‘Vacant, I fear, through the single-heartedness of one who has ever preferred others to himself.’

‘You will see to this to-morrow, Perth?’

The Duke bowed to the Prince, and made a memorandum in his note-book.

The supper-party consisted exactly of twenty-two, including the host and Dalquharn, and a jovial band they were, who pushed the flasks of port, sherry, claret, brandy, and usquebaugh rapidly round the board.

Some were there, young, noble, and gallant in bearing as the Prince himself, full of the romance, the gaiety, and enthusiasm of life, and of the cause in which they were all embarked for weal or woe, hopeful, with their good broadswords, 'to cut a passage to the British throne.'

Others were there, old cavaliers, like Tullybardine, Keppoch, and Mitchell, whose youth had long since gone; whose brows were marked by the lines of deep thought; who had endured years of exile, with its consequent penury and humiliation; whose hearts were full of gravity (even when they laughed with the loudest), full of memories of the devoted dead, and of the dangers they had dared together; who had laid their nearest and dearest in foreign graves, or been compelled to abandon them unburied, to the kite and the wolf, on the battle-fields lost by the shores of the Rhine and the Vistula.

'We have at last resolved on war, my Lord Dalquharn,' said the Prince: 'a war that shall win, I hope, the approving smiles of certain bright eyes, now far away in France. To the Black Eyes, gentlemen!' he exclaimed, draining a glass of wine; 'to the Black Eyes!'

'To the Black Eyes!' exclaimed all present, imitating his example; for this toast was known to be dedicated to the Princess of the House of Bourbon, by whom, in the end, this poor young prince was fooled, deluded, and made a mere tool, to further the wars and wiles of France.

'Yes,' he resumed, 'we are now bent on war—the last argument of kings!'

'*Ratio ultima Regum*—an old inscription I have often read on French field-pieces,' said Tullybardine.

'Alas! that it should be civil war!' exclaimed the Prince; 'but, to punish usurpation, what other course was left us?'

'Allow me to congratulate your Royal Highness on your recent glorious victory at Preston. I heard of it in the solitude of my prison on yonder terrible rock.'

'Good, my Lord: it cut me to the heart when I saw the poor Red Coats so slaughtered there, even as when I saw them borne down, in rout and disorder, before the Irish bayonets at Fontenoy. I could not but remember how, when my father the king served with the army under the Marechal Duc de Vendome, thousands of the British troops then serving in the field "recovered" their arms, and cheered—cheered him even in the ranks of France! I can assure you, Lord Dalquharn, that on that day at Preston, my heart,

in the moment of victory, bled for the vanquished, even as that of my royal grandsire did when he saw the slaughter of the soldiers at the Boyne, and cried, "Oh, spare my English subjects!" It was but the same sentiment that made his bosom fill with triumph, when, a spectator and in exile, he saw his own English sailors—whom he had led so often to victory—conquerors at La Hogue. "Ah!" he exclaimed, full of admiration and regret, when he saw the French fleet in flames, "none but my brave English tars could have performed an action so gallant!" You have doubtless,' continued the Prince, after a pause, 'heard of the arrest of Sir Baldred Otterburn, and Miss Bryde too—an arrest perpetrated on Scottish soil by Dutch troops? But we shall make those same Dutchmen smart for their interference in our affairs, when we take the high road for England!"

'When I was made a prisoner,' said Dalquharn, hurriedly, to conceal the flush that crossed his face on hearing Bryde's name, 'I was compelled to destroy the sword with which your Royal Highness honoured me, to save it from pollution by ignoble hands.'

'A sword—did I give you one?'

'Yes,' replied Dalquharn, a little mortified, 'when we last parted—'

'*Vrai—mon dieu—vrai!*' exclaimed Charles, who often used French; 'I forgot, and am perpetually forgetting, my dear Dalquharn. Kings have short memories—is it not so, Perth—thus the failing must descend to princes, who are the sons of kings, though our intrusive friend, the Elector, might dispute the proposition. Take this claymore, my lord,' said the gracious Prince, unbuckling a handsome steel-hilted broadsword, and presenting it to Dalquharn; 'twill make amends; I had it as a gift from old Glenbucket himself.'

Dalquharn bowed low, kissed the hilt and appended the weapon to his belt.

'You have heard, no doubt,' Charles resumed, while his blue eyes sparkled with indignation slightly mingled with drollery, 'of the handsome sum offered for my head by the authorities in London?'

'I have so heard, your highness—yea, with shame and just resentment?'

Old Keppoch twisted up his silvery white moustache, which he had reddened in a goblet of claret, and muttered something fiercely in the spirit of the Celtic song, which says bitterly,

We hate the Saxon and the Dane,
We hate the Norman men—
Their cursed greed for blood and gain,
And curse them now again!"

'They offer more for my head than for taking me alive! It says much for the generosity of my German cousin, the Elector; but

such lack of common honour and humanity, suits better the latitude of Herrenhausen, than that of Holyrood. Had the king, my father,' he added, sternly, 'perished by the hand of the hired assassin at Nonancourt, I had not been here as his regent to-day, in our ancient capital of Scotland.'

'God's wrath! and that dark plot,' said the Duke of Perth, with a sombre frown on his fine dark face, 'was alike worthy of its inventors—the Elector George I., and that base Scottish Earl, who was afterwards his ambassador at Paris.'

'True,' added Lord Lovat, who with his serviette was carefully wiping and returning to their places, the knife and fork of his dirk; 'but we should remember that the family which abetted King William in the massacre of Glencoe, and the torture of the poor Englishman Payne, is fit for anything. And who fears to speak of them? Sirs, know we not the Dalrymples of Stair?'

An angry but approving murmur went round the table, and more than one hand touched with grim significance the hilt of a dirk or the butt of a pistol.

With what stern satisfaction would the Jacobites have contemplated the retribution, which, on a Sunday in September, 1866, fell on poor George V., the good and amiable King of Hanover, when he futilely 'protested to the cabinets of Europe, against the annexation of his cherished and historic kingdom, by William I. of Prussia. His majesty having made the ordinary appeal of *right against might*, awaits the future with full trust in the justice of his cause, and holds to a firm hope that Heaven will not fail to end the intrigues, dishonesty and violence, whereby so many estates, along with Hanover, have been made the victims.'

Such were identically the words used over and over again by the House of Stuart and its devoted adherents in their day; but Hanover proved stronger than Heaven in the end; at least, to the Jacobites it seemed so.

Aware that Bryde Otterburn and Sir Baldred were in the hands of the authorities beyond the Border, Dalquharn was most anxious to learn when the rash and desperate idea of an advance into England, was to take place, but could gather no information on the subject from those around him, and he had not boldness to enquire of the Prince personally. Indeed, the intended movements and the line of march to be adopted by the different columns of the little army, were wisely kept, as yet, a profound secret.

The conversation was lively and unrestrained, and the hopes and high enthusiasm of all increased as the wine ebbed in the decanters, which were replenished repeatedly, and the convivial Lord Balmerino, at the request of the Prince, was just about to sing a stirring party song, and to mix a bowl of whiskey punch, in the manufacture of which he excelled, when the clatter of musket butts was suddenly heard at the street door, and the clamour of voices, loudly and authoritatively demanding admittance!

All started to their feet and changed colour; each man looked inquiringly into his neighbour's face, and then all turned to Prince Charles Edward, who, sternly composed and resolute, drew his sword and dirk, an example instantly followed by his officers.

The poor Provost was pale with terror and rage, and his eyes were full of tears, lest a suspicion of treason to the Prince should fall upon him.

'Betrayed—discovered—lost!' exclaimed the Duke of Perth, priming his pistols anew.

'Oh, *infandum*!' cried Lord Lovat, who was fond of using Latin; but he added with a terrible oath in Gaelic, 'the street is full of red-coats!'

Dalquharn looked from the nearest window, and there, sure enough, was a party of Lascelles' Regiment, in their three-cornered hats and white cross-belts, their loaded muskets and fixed bayonets, with the sergeants' halberts and officers' spontoons all glittering in the light which streamed from the windows of that room they were ordered to watch.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

THE CABINET.

'Oh pardon me that I descend so low,
To shew the line and the predicament,
Wherein you range under this subtle king.
Shall it, for shame, be spoken in these days,
Or fill up chronicles in time to come,
That men of your nobility and power
Did 'gage them both in an unjust behalf?'

Henry IV.—Part I.

RODERICK MACKENZIE, the young Highlander who acted as usher, now rushed in with his face livid, and his eyes blazing with rage, to announce that the Close was full of soldiers, and that every avenue was beset!

'Sirs, extinguish all the lights save one,' said the Provost; 'I shall in person confront those who dare thus to assault my house.'

'Stand by me, mylords and gentlemen,' said the Prince; 'for by my hopes of a heavenly rather than of an earthly crown, and by the souls of all my royal forefathers, I shall never be taken alive!'

'Nor I—nor I—nor I!' exclaimed all; 'we shall die with your Royal Highness!'

In the glorious enthusiasm of that terrible moment, the desire to fight for and die for his Prince, Dalquharn almost forgot Bryde Otterburn, or remembered only what she would feel, on hearing that his name might go down to posterity in the records of Scottish devotion, like that of a daughter of his house, Catherine Douglas, 'the tender and true,' who thrust her delicate arm into the iron

staple from which the bolt had secretly been removed by the regicides of James I.

'Keep together, gentlemen,' he exclaimed, 'we have each a life to give for Scotland and the son of King James VIII.'

Old Lord Lovat with a cynical smile, felt the edge of his clamore (as coolly as, ere dying, he felt the edge of the headsman's axe), and muttered

'Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori.'

He foresaw not the time when, on Tower Hill, eighteen months afterwards, he would smilingly quote the same line from his favourite Horace, within five minutes of his execution and eternity.

Meanwhile the thunder of musket butts on the door continued, and the windows of the dark and narrow close were filled with the night-capped heads and excited faces of startled sleepers, who peered fearfully and anxiously out to learn the cause of a disturbance so unusual.

'Mackenzie—Roderick Mackenzie,' exclaimed the Provost, gathering courage in his desperation, 'the cabinet—remember the cabinet—see to it on your life and reputation. Please your Royal Highness, and all of you gentlemen, to trust my friend, while I confront those red-coated rebels of the king!'

The door of the Provost's house was of great strength and was secured by a complication of those numerous bolts, locks, and chains, which were so necessary for safety in the olden time. It successfully resisted the united efforts of several musket-butts, so several bullets were discharged at it, in the region where the lock was supposed to be; but in reality its chief strength lay in a massive bar of oak which was simply drawn across it, the ends being received into the stone wall, for a foot or so in depth on each side.

After the half-bewildered Provost thought that a sufficient time had elapsed, he withdrew this bar, and with a branch candlestick in his hand, confronted the assailants, among whom he immediately recognised an officer, by his sash and gorget, as well as by a spontoon which he carried.

'Who are you, sir, that dare to assault my house at this untimely hour?' he demanded, sternly.

'I am Major Robertson of Lascelles' Foot,' replied the other, cocking his hat fiercely forward. 'Blood and wounds, you have kept us waiting a precious time, rascal!'

'Passing your oaths and injurious epithet with the contempt they merit,' said the Provost calmly, 'I demand your warrant, sir, for this outrage?'

'This is my warrant, sirrah—the blade of my sword,' replied this ferocious field officer, drawing his hanger, 'there are graven the crown and the king's cypher, G.R., enough, forsooth, for a pitiful trencher-scraping citizen and suspected tory.'

'Zounds, sir, this is intolerable! By whose orders are you

committing this act of housebreaking, forcible haimsücken and felony ?

‘Those of Lieutenant-General Preston, who will be answerable therefor.’

‘He *shall*!’ said the Provost, sternly, still barring entrance by standing in the narrow door-way; ‘know you not, sir, that by virtue of my office I am Lord Provost, Lord Lieutenant, and High Sheriff of the capital of Scotland, Admiral of the Forth, Colonel of the City Guard, and City Regiment—that all civil and military authority within the gates and walls are vested in my person, and that in resisting me, you violate the law ?’

‘The law be d—ned and carbonadoed, too!’ roared the Major; ‘when the drum beats the voice of the law is dumb.’

‘Alas! it would seem so.’

‘You are in gala costume, my Lord Provost; but that cherry-coloured suit scarcely becomes so white a face, and not white without reason, I warrant me! Harkee—in short, without further palaver or delay, we happen to know that you, who by a treasonable collusion, surrendered the city to the rebels and their mock prince, have now that person within your house, and we demand his body in the King’s name, dead or alive. ‘Sblood! dead or alive!’

‘Such an errand ill becomes one who bears the surname of Clan Donnoquhy.’

‘That is my affair, sir, not yours; now make way, or I’ll whip you through the body. Soldiers, guard well the door—bayonet all who may attempt to escape. Follow me, [twelve of you, and we shall unkennel this cur of St. Peter.’

The Provost was roughly thrust aside by the Major, whose patience the parley had exhausted, and whose party rushed all over the house to the great terror of its inmates, making a noisy and vigorous search. The debris of the supper, the half-finished decanters, the extinguished wax lights, the overturned chairs, some stray gloves, a cockade or so, of white silk ribband, were found, but not another vestige of the guests—all had vanished!

Beds were viciously bayonetted; pannels were pricked by halberds and perforated by bullets; carpets were torn up and the floors examined and sounded; shots were fired up the chimneys, and after an hour’s most careful investigation, the Major, who had a great desire to arrest the Provost, but scared to do so, was compelled to draw off his men, declare himself baffled, and return somewhat crestfallen to his ferocious old commander in the castle. There the latter was still seated in his wheel-chair, crutch in hand, awaiting the triumphant capture of the Popish Pretender, who long ere that time, with all his devoted friends, was safe on his way to Holyrood.

The quaint cabinet in the Provost’s dining-room has been described as a miracle of carving, but little more than three feet high, and any not acquainted with the arcana of ancient houses, would

suppose it to be a cupboard; but under this modest and unassuming disguise, it concealed a thing of no less importance and interest than a trapstair!

Conducted by Roderick Mackenzie through this secret avenue of escape, Prince Charles Edward and his titled friends reached the lower end of the West Bow, unseen and in safety, and traversing the spacious and silent extent of the Grass-market, ascended the steep and narrow street named the Vennel, under the shadow of the wall and bastille-houses of the old city fortifications, and from thence, by a detour near the Burgh-loch and Pleasance, reached the Palace of Holyrood in safety.

But all who were present that night at Provost Stuart's supper, had long reason to remember it, and their narrow escape from a sudden, and perhaps inglorious death!

There was one other personage who had exceeding good reason to remember the adventures that night—to wit, Mr. Jabez Starvieston.

By Major Robertson's report of what he had seen, there could be no doubt that an entertainment had taken place in the house of the Jacobite provost; but *how* his guests had escaped, was beyond the field officer's comprehension.

'Hah—Gad's mercy, and so they, and more particularly he, have given you all the slip, eh?' said Preston, grinding his toothless gums.

'Yes, sir. 'Sdeath, I don't understand it at all.'

'But I do—the house must have a secret escape which you have overlooked. Very glad on't—very glad! Egad, as I'm a gentleman and bear the King's commission, Robertson, an old Williamite whose zeal for the Protestant succession no scoundrel would dare to doubt, I should not like to have that young man's blood upon my old head, as Assynt had the blood of Montrose, as Argyle had the blood of King Charles! But that infamous reptile Starvieston who set us on this foul scent——'

'What shall we do with him?'

'He came hither in hopes of gaining thirty thousand pounds. Strap him to the halberts in the castle butts, and let the stoutest drummer in your regiment give him thirty lashes, laid on by tap of drum too; that will be one lash for every thousand he expected, and then trundle him out of the castle.'

This was literally done, just as grey daylight was breaking, and despite the shrieks, prayers, and blasphemies of Starvieston, he had thirty lashes, and one into the bargain, well laid on his bare and meagre back, by a sturdy drummer of the 47th; and feeling somewhat as if he had a ton of scalding lead between his shoulders, he crawled forth from the gate of that hated castle, amid the jeers of the guard, breathing vengeance and actions of damages, for false imprisonment, assault and battery to the effusion of his precious blood; and with his lacerated person, his blighted hopes, and his wrongs, he betook himself, by the first waggon from the White

Horse Cellar, back to his native region of North Berwick, there to lay his outrages and sufferings at the feet of his mentor, Provost Bulcraftie, whose faithfully attached drudge, toady, and factotum he had been through life.

Preston reaped nothing from his zeal for the House of Hanover ; he was soon after discarded, and died at his house in Fifeshire, forgotten, unrewarded, and in obscurity.

The Lord Provost was long and severely prosecuted for his share in those affairs. The poor man was conveyed as a felon to the Tower of London, but was sent home again to Edinburgh for trial before the Supreme Courts as a traitor, and narrowly—for Scotland teemed with time-servers—escaped with his life, after the ruin of his health and fortune.*

CHAPTER XLIX.

THE PRINCE'S COURT.

'Oh, Scotland ! realm of old renown,
Thou land of later wonder,
Pilgrims shall come to hail thy light,
Whom widest oceans sunder.

'I love to shape thy martial air,
When the foiled Roman found thee !
But dearer art thou to the soul,
With songs' broad halo round thee.'

Washington Irving.

FROM this night forward, the time of Lord Dalquharn was amply occupied, but chiefly in the camp at Duddingstone with the completion of that troop of the Life Guards to which he had been appointed.

All agreed that he was one of the most brilliant and distinguished looking men about the court. His figure was tall and round ; his features were classically regular ; his eyes a clear blue, with a calm, inquiring, but somewhat determined expression in them now, and his hair, as already described, was very fair. He was a graceful horseman, and was expert alike in the use of his sword and pistol ; he rode well and boldly, shone in every species of dance, the minuet *de la cour* especially, and was king of the Tennis Court at the Girth Cross.

In a paper, written evidently in the hand-writing of Sir John Mitchell, 'the order and ranking of His Royal Highness, y^e Prince Regents, Life Guard of Horse,' is given thus, at this period :—

* Patronised, however, by the English Jacobites, he became afterwards a banker in London, where he realised a large fortune.—*Kay's Edinburgh Portraits*

' First troop ;	David Lord Elcho, K.C.B., Captain.
Second "	Arthur Lord Balmerino, K.C.B., Captain.
Third "	Henry Lord Dalquharn, K.C.B., Captain.
Fourth "	Sir J. Mitchell, Bart., of Pitreavie and y ^e Ilk, K.C.B., Cap- tain.'

The poor Prince would seem to have bestowed the order of the Bath on all the leaders of troops.

Many of the cavalier bucks who joined those guards were in but indifferent circumstances, the result of the impoverishment and ruin that had fallen upon their families by adherence to a falling cause, but chiefly to the rising of 1715, in which so many estates were forfeited, and twelve of Scotland's noblest peers lost their titles. Many there were too, upon whose constitutions riotous days and nights, and the recklessness of foreign camps, where they sought to drown the recollection of all they had lost, now told severely.

Their costume was generally somewhat dilapidated, and they criticised each other's appearance freely, even at the risk of measuring swords, for most of them were out of pocket, and all ripe and ready for anything that would further the good old cause. Sir John Mitchell's faded green frock was ridiculed by the Laird of Bowhill, who appeared in blue velvet with tarnished silver; and Dalquharn's queued hair was quizzed by the Lord Dunkeld, who could boast of a court peruke, and a somewhat out-at-elbow green and gold suit; and whose attainted father, after being killed in the French service, left him in penury, with an only sister, who found a refuge from it, as a nun in the Val de Grace at Paris. All were free and funny in their remarks, at the ordinary which was their usual rendezvous; but after a time, thanks to the corporation of tailors, all erelong appeared in the blue, scarlet, and gold lace of the Life Guards, with feather-bound hats and long jack-boots, so called still, from their resemblance to a jack or long black leather stoup.

Lord Elcho, captain of the first troop, ultimately forfeited the inheritance of his father's title and estates, which were 'conveyed' past him to his younger brother James. His grandfather was vice-admiral of Scotland, and the fiery old lord, whom Dean Swift mentions in a letter, written in 1733 to Francis Grant of Cullen, as being in the habit of firing cannon on the Dutch fishermen, unless they brought to his castle of Wemyss a sufficient tribute of fish—the best they caught in Scottish waters.

Lord Balmerino, the captain of the second troop, was a man of undoubted courage, spirit, and resolution, and was a trained cavalry officer, having served in the wars of Queen Anne, as a captain in the Scots Greys.

The five hundred guineas given by Sir Baldred to Sir John Mitchell, (a sum worth more than double then what it would be now), had been most judiciously laid out by him; thus the troops

raised for himself and Dalquharn, fully equalled those of Elcho and Balmerino, and a brave and hopeful show the squadrons made, when occasionally they drew up in front of Holyrood, with their swords glittering in the sunshine, their crimson guidons waving in the wind, and all their trumpets sounding.

Dalquharn was presented by Lord Elcho with a fine black horse, which was so fleet of foot, that it had borne at its neck for three consecutive years, the Paisley Bell, which was given by King William the Lion, to be run for yearly at the Lanark races, where, unto this day, it is the yearly guerdon of the winning horse.

Cumberland's legions, English, Dutch, Swiss and Hessian, were gathering like a thunder-cloud in the south; but little heed was taken of that by the Jacobite party at Edinburgh, who fondly flattered themselves that all the north of England, more than half of London, and certainly the Welsh, would rise in their favour, the moment the Prince crossed the Scottish border.

Vain delusion!

Meanwhile in the grey metropolis of the north, time seemed to have gone almost to the middle ages; the present—the sour, prosaic, phlegmatic and Calvinistic present—had fled, and the romantic past had come again in all its warlike bravery and with all its wild enthusiasm!

A Stuart—a handsome and gallant young prince of the people's own Scottish blood, one with whom every plaided shepherd on the green hills of Appin or those of Ardvorlich could count kindred—was again in Holyrood; and again as in the days of James Duke of Albany and York, when the Princesses Anne and Mary gave balls and drums and tea-parties, there were assemblages of sedans and chariots gorgeous with gildings and heraldry, liverymen with sword and cane, linkmen with torches and flambeaux that nightly shed a glare on the old towers that had seen Rizzio's bloody corpse, buried under cloud of night, before the Abbey door of the Holy Cross, and Mary dragged a weeping captive to Lochleven; and there, too, were glittering crowds of gentlemen, with square-skirted coats, embroidered vests, swords and perriwigs; and tall old ladies (fearless in their loyalty), in tub-fardingales and nithsdale hoods—dames who, for half a century, had nightly prayed for that event, which had now come to pass.

In the Palace courts and corridors were seen the liveries, and heard the names of those whose memory and whose devotion are embalmed in history now; the Duke of Perth, the Earl of Mar, Tullyhardine and Strathallan, Elcho and Balmerino, Dundee, Dunkeld and Dalquharn; and on guard at the same pillared porch, where now our soldiers of the line tread hourly to and fro, were to be seen the bearded veterans of Sheriffmuir and Glenshiel.

On those nights when the Prince held a levee or reception, in the long gallery of the kings of Scotland, these sturdy, grave and keen-eyed sons of the Gael were posted with their Lochaber axes in the

corridors. They still claimed the privilege of being Charles's special body guard, or *Leine Chrios*, and viewed with a little jealousy the Lord Elcho's jack-booted guardsmen, who stood under the archways, carbine in hand, and had as yet a bearing more like yeomanry cavalry than like that of Her Majesty's Oxford Blues.

On the reception nights the scenes at the Palace were rendered singularly picturesque, by the component parts of the Prince's army and retinue. In chandeliers of crystal, hundreds of wax lights shed a brilliance on the long and usually sombre walls of the gallery of the kings, where the grotesque and imaginary portraits of Jacob de Witt's production, that bring something of ridicule upon those of Vandyke and Lely, looked down on the fair and splendid throng which pressed about the Prince. Many of those portraits were now garlanded with real or artificial flowers, among which the Thistle, the White Rose, and the Lilies of France were conspicuous, especially those of James VII. and his queen, Mary Beatrix d'Este of Modena.

The varied costumes, the flowers, lights and music, the splendid toilets and brilliant beauty of many of the ladies—for the noblest and best blood of the land were in the Prince's train—the gallant air and remarkable equipment of many of the Highlanders who had come from remote glens in the far north, with Lochiel, Keppoch, or Glengarry, all produced an effect upon the long-secluded prisoner of the Bass, that was certainly quite bewildering.

On those occasions the Prince always appeared with the insignia of the Garter, and the broad blue ribband which he wore was long afterwards preserved by Veitch of Bowhill (a gentleman who rode in Dalquharn's troop), and since whose death it has been placed among the Jacobite relics of the Scottish antiquarians: and nightly by the side of Charles stood Cluny MacPherson, captain of the clan Chattan, a splendid specimen of the old Highland chief, as heritable royal swordbearer, carrying the sword given to his ancestor by James V., with the single word *JESUS* graven on its blade.

Amid these gay scenes Dalquharn was generally sad and abstracted, for Bryde Otterburn was ever present in his mind, which yearned to know where she was, and how circumstanced, and *how*, it was fortunate, he could little imagine!

'Tis thirty years since I last saw so many white cockades on Scottish ground, and that was when my Lord of Mar was in the field,' said Lord Dunkeld.

'Thirty years,' repeated Graham of Duntroon, a stern-looking young man, who was titular viscount of Dundee; 'ah me, sirs! since those days in 1715, how many a loyal heart has grown cold, and how many a brave mountain warrior has gone to his last long sleep, beside the silent cairn, without the joy of witnessing a triumph such as this!'

'Gad, my lords,' exclaimed the cheerful Sir John Mitchell,

'when I served in the Scotch-Dutch—served for guilders rather than glory—I thought nothing could surpass the frauleins of Amsterdam, or the belles Bruxellaises——'

'But now you find them beaten hollow by the dames of Cannongate and Blackfriars' Wynd—is it not so?' struck in Lovat (who was a sad old rake), as he proffered his rappee box of Sèvres china: 'I vow and protest that the white taper arms, the bright eyes and blooming cheeks we see here would warm even old King David's blood—eh!'

'Shame ou you, my Lord Lovat,' said Lady Strathallan, a tall but passé belle in diamonds and powder, tapping him with her fan, as she swept past, attended by her two daughters, who were both celebrated for their beauty.

'Excuse me, noble Madame,' said the old Lord, bowing low, with his hand on his heart; 'but, as the old rhyme says—

"He was never cut out
For a court that's devout,"

so neither am I, Simon Frazer. Among such loveliness the heart flies to the head. Lady Amelia, your most humble and devoted servant—my Lady Mary, yours. Ah, Lady Strathallan, as my friend Horace hath it, "*Laudantur simili prole puerperæ*," &c.—

"The mother's virtues in the daughters shine."

And without understanding his meaning, the young girls passed blushing onward, believing that whatever Lord Lovat said must be something wicked, of course.

It was at one of these receptions that Dalquharn incidentally heard Lord Elcho mention, that among the wounded officers of the king's forces, lying in the Infirmary of the city, there was one of the Kentish Buffs named Captain Marmaduke Wyvil, concerning the care of whom Bryde's friend, Lady Haddington, had written him a letter.

The sound of his name brought back a tumult of emotion, of almost forgotten mortification, rage, and unmerited shame in the heart of Dalquharn. He resolved to visit this officer on the first opportunity, to have an explanation with him on the subject of Talbot Egerton's death, a crime which he now resolved to punish with his own hand.

CHAPTER L.

CHAGRIN.

'No might nor greatness in mortality
 Can censure 'scape: back wounding calumny
 The whitest virtue strikes. What king so strong,
 Can tie the gall up in a slanderous tongue?
 But who comes here?'—*Measure for Measure.*

LEAVING his quarters in the Laigh Coffeelhouse, early next forenoon, Lord Dalquharn proceeded by the Bristo Porte to a great building still known as the Royal Infirmary, which had been recently erected in a large open space near the site of the ancient Black Friary, and immediately within a portion of the second, or outer city wall, which was erected after the battle of Flodden.

It is a huge edifice, four stories high, perforated with numerous windows, having projecting wings and an elaborate front, in the centre of which our Jacobite officer recognised, through its laurel wreath and Roman costume, a statue of George II., a statue which he hoped ere long to see cast down like a false idol, and replaced by another.

In this building were all the wounded officers and soldiers of Sir John Cope's army, who had been conveyed thither in carts from the field of Preston. There the most eminent practitioners of the city attended them daily and nightly, and among the foremost in that work of charity and humanity, in which the sons of Esculapius are generally conspicuous, was Dr. Archibald Cameron, who accompanied the clan regiment of his brother Lochiel as a surgeon—a mild, amiable, and irreproachable gentleman, who was arrested, and most barbarously executed in London, as a rebel, *ten* years after the battle of Culloden, and whose fate excited the sympathy of nearly all England, which is saying a good deal in 1745, as the said Doctor was 'a pestilent Scot.'

The Prince was unremitting in his care and anxiety for the wounded soldiers of the Line, who had fallen into his hands. In a letter written to his father on the night after the battle, the reflection that his victory had been obtained over Englishmen, says Charles, had thrown a great damp over him, and he adds,

'I am in great difficulties how to dispose of my wounded prisoners. If I make a hospital of the church, it will be looked upon as a great profanation. * * * * Come what will, I am resolved not to let the poor wounded men lie in the streets; and if I can do no better, I will make a hospital of the palace, and leave it to them.*'

Who can compare these sentiments with those that inspired the horrors subsequent to Culloden, and marvel that to this hour, the

* Hist. Scot., vol. ii. p. 928,

name of Cumberland is execrated by every just and generous heart in the Highlands?

In the quadrangle, several soldiers who had undergone amputation, and were recovering, were seated on benches in the autumn sunshine, smoking and chatting hopefully, perhaps of their chances of Chelsea and a pension; and these poor fellows made efforts to rise and salute Dalquharn civilly as he passed them, for they could not forget how tenderly the active Highlanders cared for their wants after the battle, and supplied them with bread, wine, and ale, which they procured at Port Seton, and brought to the field for the sustenance and relief of the sufferers.

Conducted by a nurse, through many great wards and long corridors, and past several rooms, the doors of which bore labels such as these: 'Lee's Foot—six wounded officers;' 'Lascelles' Foot—sixteen wounded officers,' he was ushered into an airy, lofty, and white-washed apartment, which was minus a carpet, but was scrupulously neat and clean. The windows of it faced the west, and he could see the quaint, low, rambling buildings which formed the old University of Edinburgh, with the brown autumn woods of Lauriston, and the turrets and vanes of Heriot's Hospital shining in the distance.

A regimental cocked hat, considerably battered and broken, a brigadier wig, a red coat, somewhat stained by blood, &c., hung on pegs close by a bed, whereon lay Captain Wyvil, of the Buffs, propped up by pillows, with an ample white cotton night-cap on his closely-shorn head, and several books and newspapers (brought by his nurse and doctor,) littered round him.

He was pale and thin, for he had received a sword-cut in the left arm, a bullet in his right thigh, and had lost much blood, before he had been found, almost expiring under a hedge near Bankton House, into which he was borne in the sturdy arms of Gillies Macbane.

An old friend, Sergeant Tony Teesdale, who had been also wounded, but was now convalescent, was in attendance upon the Captain, who surveyed with a somewhat doubtful expression of face (wherein a species of sneer was blended with haughty surprise), the blue and scarlet uniform of the visitor, who now approached his bed, hat in hand, and said, while lifting his trooper's sword to prevent it jarring the floor,

'Your servant, Captain Wyvil—I am truly glad to perceive that you are in a fair way of recovery.'

'Captain Douglas—if my eyes do not deceive me?'

'Lord Dalquharn—I find that I must introduce myself again,' said the other, smiling; 'times have changed with us, Captain Wyvil—the Prince Regent is now in Holyrood.'

'And what may be your—your lordship's business with me?' asked Wyvil, coldly and languidly, as he closed the book he had

been reading; 'not to offer me the command of a regiment under that misguided young gentleman, I hope?'

'No, Captain Wyvil, though a time may come, when you will be glad to accept of it.'

'Never, sir—'Sdeath! what do you take me for,' said the other, with growing irritation, 'and what do you want?'

'You cannot have forgotten our residence together at Auldham, and certain events that occurred while we were there?' observed Dalquharn, with an air of annoyance.

'Gadamercy, sir, I am not likely to forget anything connected with my sojourn in this infernal country,' replied the captain, 'especially with a leg and arm such as these to remind me of it.'

'Those who dislike the country should keep out of it—the remedy is easy.'

'Well, sir—my lord, I mean—to the point.'

'I told you, Captain Wyvil, that within three months, I hoped to be at full liberty to explain to you, how basely your friend and brother officer, Mr. Egerton, was assassinated, almost in my presence, by a subtle villain, named Balcraftie.'

'Balcraftie—one of your psalm-singing Scotch pharisees—what—how—he, the magistrate—the Bailie?'

'The same, sir.'

'And he assassinated poor Egerton?'

'For some reason best known to himself, and sought to fix the stigma on me. Having discovered my name, rank, and purpose here, on the Prince's secret service, he made his own safety the price of mine. Him I dared not denounce, lest in turn he should denounce me, and hand over to the merciless government, certain papers and letters, of which he had possessed himself, together with the cypher thereto—letters which would have jeopardised the estates, titles, and lives of the Lords Kilmarnock, Balmerino, Elcho, and of many of the gallant and devoted gentlemen who are now in arms, together with my own. I could not *then* tell you all this, as I tell it to you now, sir. In three months, if my memory serves me rightly, I promised that all should be explained; but I was made prisoner and shut up in the castle of the Bass, and hence found it impossible to communicate with you, especially after the recent battle of Preston, as I knew not where you were—whether in England, or a prisoner of war in Athole.'

'You were shut up in the castle of the Bass,' said Wyvil, with increasing coldness of manner. 'On what charge, pray?'

'Alleged treason to the Elector of Hanover.'

'You mean King George, I presume?'

'I mean what I say.'

'Was there no other crime inferred?' asked the captain, fixing a keen and stern glance on Dalquharn's face; 'was there no other crime?'

The hot blood rushed to Dalquharn's temples, and then left him

deadly pale; there was a tingling in his ears, and an angry clamour about his heart; but ere he could reply, the captain spoke again.

'I read in a newspaper—the 'Evening Courant,' I think—'

'A vile organ of the government!'

'Well—that you had been sent to the Bass by the magistrates of North Berwick (chiefly by the instrumentality of Bailie Balcraftie), "for the wilful slaughter of an Englishman—one Johu Gage, an Exciseman." You seem to have a luck for such mischances, if one may use a paradox. If you shot Gage, you were quite as likely to have shot my friend, who certainly quarrelled with you and insulted you. It looks ill, sir—deuced ill, I can tell you; and 'tis not often that one pretending to the character of a gentleman—of a peer of the realm, egad!—lies under suspicion of two such ugly charges!'

These words stabbed Dalquharn like a sword; but making a tremendous effort to preserve his countenance and temper with this petulant invalid, he replied, calmly,

'The person who shot the poor Exciseman in that scuffle with the smugglers near Tantallan, was a French mulatto boy. I own myself to have been thus, in both fatal instances, the victim of circumstances, and of the aspect put upon them, by the subtlety of a matchless villain, whom I shall unmask and punish before to-morrow's sun rises!'

The captain gave one of his dubious coughs.

'If you, sir,' resumed Dalquharn, 'are still resolved to misjudge me, I must reserve all further explanations to a future time.'

'Be it so.'

'Here I shall say no more, but ask if there is aught in which I can serve you?'

'Personally not—but otherwise, you might.'

'Command me, Captain Wyvil.'

'You will serve me and all lovers of good order, by seeking to dissuade as many of your unfortunate compatriots, as you may have influence over, to disarm, disperse, and return to their homes, and to their allegiance. Trust not to the sympathy of England with you, and I tell you, that so sure as my name is Marmaduke Wyvil, that this pitiful revolt of a few discontented claus, will only end in the ruin of them all!'

'You might as well seek to stop the course of the everlasting sun, or roll a mountain torrent back to its source, as attempt to dissuade us now. The fatal die has been cast, and the sword drawn, I devoutly hope, for the last time, on British ground!'

The captain shook his head.

'I said to you once before,' said he, 'that we old English folks cared nothing for your House of Stuart, because they were Scots; so thought we but little of the House of Guelph, as foreigners—strangers, too; but then we could live in peace under the latter, and so, preferred 'em. Moreover, it is evident to me, that the

House of Stuart hath always found the greatest number of adherents among the unreasoning, the wildly enthusiastic and the weak—the weaker sex, certainly; and so I thought, when I heard of our pretty friend, Miss Otterburn, sitting mounted, sword in hand at the cross, while her exiled darling, King James VIII., was proclaimed by those Scottish heralds, whom I hoped to see hanged therefrom.’

‘On these points, you and I are not likely to agree, Captain Wyvil,’ said Dalquharn, haughtily.

‘I should think not, and some other points, too,’ replied the Captain, whose natural suavity seemed to have been displaced by sourness and hauteur, the result of his old suspicions of recent affairs, his two wounds, his captivity, and irritated national vanity.

‘Of those other matters to which you refer, I shall only be too happy to render you a befitting account, at another time, and in any fashion you please; and so, till then, sir, your servant.’

With these words, Dalquharn drew himself up to his full height, put on his cocked hat and retired. He left the hospital with the doubtful and angry dread that he was suspected by that brave, blunt and worthy officer, who had heard his story without believing it. This galled and enraged him beyond description, and made him long for the vengeance he meant to execute upon Balcraftie.

In fact, Marmaduke Wyvil, that stout John Bull, after the recent defeat at Preston, was in no humour to view the Scots with much favour, and Dalquharn he deemed a representative man among them. He could not but smile, however, at the anxious and sympathising letters which he received from his own family (at Hurstmonceaux, in Salop), who believed him to be lodged in a species of wigwam, and in the hands of people not much more civilized than those Choctaws and Cherokees among whom he had lately served in America—save that they were Christians—but strange kind of Christians, who had sold their confiding king for a groat, ‘who did not keep Good Friday or any other holiday, save the birthday of one George Heriot, who left them fifty thousand pounds,’ as an English traveller once related—who sat in their churches (kirks they called them) with their bonnets on—who all went bare-legged, lived on fish and oatmeal, and were in league with wild Irish thieves, soup-maigre Frenchmen, pestilent Italian Jesuits, the Pope, the Devil and the Pretender!

Full of intense chagrin, for his soul rebelled at the conviction that he was slighted and suspected by an honourable man, Dalquharn in hot haste and high anger, sought out his friend, Mitchell, to whom he related his interview with Captain Wyvil, and the result of that futile explanation to which he had so long and so anxiously looked forward.

‘Wyvil—ah, egad! I have not forgotten his haughty and distant bearing to us both at Auldham,’ said the baronet, testily;

'and if he recovers sufficiently, I shall invite him to breathe the morning air in the Duke's Walk at Holyrood.'

This walk (a favourite promenade of James VII., when Duke of York) was the usual place of settling affairs of honour in the Scotch capital.

'I had some such thoughts, only they are unpleasant to mention to one who is ill, wounded and abed,' said Dalquharn; 'moreover, I fear for obvious reasons, that the Prince Regent would not approve of duels or other personal encounters, between his officers and those of the Elector.'

That evening, after obtaining permission from Lieutenant-General the Duke of Perth, Lord Dalquharn and Mitchell, with twenty troopers of the Life Guard, rode from the camp at Duddingstone, and took the way direct for East Lothian, intent on punishing in the most summary manner, Mr. Reuben Balcraftie.

CHAPTER II.

THE RAID OF DALQUHARN.

'Still as I view each well-known scene,
Think what is now and what hath been,
Seems as, to me, of all bereft,
Sole friends thy woods and streams were left,
And thus I love them better still
Even in extremity of ill.'—*Scott*.

EVENING was closing—the evening of a September day, when the sober sun must set at six o'clock—when Dalquharn halted his little troop for a time, near the old tower of Fenton, from where, in the distance, looming large and indistinct, amid the haze of the evening sea and sky, he could behold the cliffs of the Bass, and he shuddered as he looked on them.

After a time, darkness set completely in, and then dividing his party in two, sending Sir John Mitchell with ten troopers into the little town by the west-gate, at the head of other ten, he entered it from the east, and—after ascertaining from several wayfarers that the Provost was certainly at home in his own mansion—they surrounded that distinguished edifice, in front and rear, cutting off all chance of escape, quite as surely as Major Robertson of 'Lascelles' Foot,' supposed he had done elsewhere, on a recent important occasion.

The usual announcement of a weekly prayer-meeting on the Links was placarded all about the town, coupled with the sale of live stock, 'horses, nowte, and hogs' (i.e. cattle and sheep), at Auld-hame, on a certain day, the name of the worthy Provost being appended to both papers.

The back of his house faced the sea, and was enclosed by a low garden wall, which Mitchell's ten men watched with carbines cocked.

The front to the street had a species of circular tower, called in Scotland a turnpike staircase, which still remains, and was then closed by a door of great strength; the small windows in the first and second stories were all strongly grated, so either escape or egress could be achieved by the door alone.

'Keep your carbines cocked, gentlemen, and capture or shoot down all who may sally from the house, all men at least; but beware how you injure women and children.'

Such were the orders of Dalquharn, and when he sharply handled the risp on the door it seemed but as yesternight when he and Mitchell were brought hither as prisoners (filled with alarm and doubt) by the unfortunate Gage, to be interrogated by the smuggling magistrate. Evening prayers were probably over now, for all was silent within.

The clatter of the hoofs had already given an *alerte* to the inmates, and supposing that those armed men in the street might be some of Cope's fugitive dragoons, come hither as a patrol or reconnoitring party from the English border, Balcraftie, after a long delay, looked forth from an upper window.

Those pale, cunning eyes, which quailed, shifted, and hid themselves when exposed to the scrutiny of any honest man, gazed fearfully forth into the night, and then—then he felt the hair bristle on his scalp, and a cold perspiration, like an icy finger, traverse his spine, on seeing the dark uniforms of the Prince's Guard, and hearing the well-remembered, and to him—at that time—terrible voice of the outraged Lord Dalquharn!

'Come forth, Mr. Provost Balcraftie—come forth, villain!' he added; 'evasion or delay are alike useless; we have surrounded your house in front and rear, so hope not to escape, for we shall shoot down without mercy all who attempt to do so. I once threatened to requite your insolence, perhaps, by hanging you at your own market cross, and by the heaven above us the hour is come, so yield at once, lest we set the house on fire!'

The head was instantly withdrawn, as well as that of another person, who had been peering timidly into the street, with a face that was sunken-eyed, hollow-cheeked, and blanched alike by present fear and recent suffering, for he was no other than the flagellated speculator, Starvieston, who thought of the formidable trap he had so recently laid for the Prince, and was superstitious enough to see the retributive hand of Fate in the matter now.

The shutters were closed, and the noise of additional bolts, bars, and barricades being applied to secure the back and front doors, sufficiently indicated that the Provost had no intention of complying with the pressing invitation of his enemy.

Dalquharn knew that there was no time to be lost. The party

numbered only twenty-two, their leaders included : the people of the town might rise in arms to defend their Provost, or expel those who had come to make a fray within the burgh, for few Scottish households are ever without some warlike weapons, even in the present day ; but Sir John Mitchell roughly told a few persons who approached to inquire, that these troopers formed an advanced patrol of the Prince's whole army, and if they were molested, the entire town would be laid in ashes by the wild Macraas and Macgregors before the morning dawned, tidings which made many begin to secrete their money and articles of value in cellars and thatched roofs, or carry away their most prized effects to boats in the harbour, leaving their luckless Provost to his fate and his foes.

Finding the door immovable as a rock, and that all ingress by the windows was impossible, sledge hammers were brought from a neighbouring smith's forge, and under their weight the door was shaken, and the house resounded like a vast drum, while the shrieks and cries of women from the attic windows came shrilly upon the night.

'Help, help in the name o' the Lord ! Fie—we shall be murdered by Highland reivers—oh, waly, waly, and wae's me !' for the females of the household, taking courage in the knowledge their sex would be respected, feared not alternately to summon assistance and revile the besiegers.

'Together—use your hammers well, and strike together,' said Dalquharn to two of his troopers, who had dismounted.

'Down with the door, in the name of the king !' cried they.

'Yea, gentlemen, and in the name of retributive justice,' said Dalquharn, through his clenched teeth.

Thick and heavy rang the blows upon the oak. The door shook and groaned, while splinters flew from it in all directions, and while the men in their saddles cheered and applauded ; but still the door was so securely guarded and fenced within by iron plates and bands, that the assailants made but little progress.

Terrified as a hunted hare, pale as death, breathless, and in a cold perspiration, Balcraftie, who had been about to retire to a couch, that conscience sometimes made like one of thorns, or Damien's bed of steel, already felt, by feverish anticipation, all the terrors of a fierce and rapid death. Two fellow creatures (at least) had fallen by his pitiless hand ; a hundred times by day, and in the sleepless hour of the long gloomy night, their thin figures and glaring eyes had haunted him, and, in terrible mockery, they seemed beside him now !

In his tingling ears the blows on the house-door sounded as the thunder in the firmament, and he already seemed to feel the cord of the avenger tightening round his throat !

Sometimes he stood still listening, or as if stunned and bewildered ; at others, he sought, in nervous haste, to conceal in secret places, or about his person, money, in gold, silver, and bank-

notes. Anon, he would rush wildly from room to room, peep from the windows, and wring his hands despairingly and hopelessly. The moon was up now, her light revealed the gleam of arms before and behind, and he could see also the cocked hats of the troopers, whose numbers his terror and bewilderment multiplied to a whole army. Further off, he could see people hurrying hither and thither, with lanterns and torches, bearing goods and furniture, and believing the whole town to be in the possession of the insurgents—of whose cause, as a losing one, he had ever been a bitter enemy—he gave himself up for lost—utterly lost!

Of all his many prayers, quotations, and texts, not one was in his craven heart, or on his pallid lips now. But he pressed his trembling hands upon his temples, and his attempted invocations to heaven turned always somehow into blasphemous revilings of the enemy who menaced him. He was mad apparently with considerable method in his madness, for he now proceeded, in great haste, to tear up or commit to the flames vast numbers of written documents.

He might have saved himself the trouble of doing this, as a loud explosion which shook the house and brought him grovelling, with heavy groans, upon his knees, soon informed him. A second and a third followed, and with the wild shrieks of his old housekeeper and servant lassie, came the appalling odour and the cry of 'fire!'

Sir John Mitchell, who, as an old soldier, was usually ready for any emergency, had brought with him a few hand-grenades in a leather pouch. These missiles, which are no longer in use, were hollow balls of iron, about two and a-half inches in diameter, filled with fine powder; they were exploded by means of a small fuse driven into the touch-hole, and were wont to be thrown by the Horse and Foot Grenadiers, wherever an enemy stood thickest; they were showered into breaches against stormers, and into thickets where an ambush was suspected.

Sir John, losing all patience, swore that he would 'smoke forth the wolf from his den,' and, lighting the fusees, very skilfully (for his old regiment, the Greys, were Horse Grenadiers), threw three of these dangerous explosives, crashing in quick succession through the windows of the upper story, and set the house on fire!

A red glow of light filled all the windows of the upper floor for a time; the sashes soon fell outward or inward; flames began to appear, and volumes of smoke that rolled away to seaward; then fiery little spouts or jets of flames started from under the slates; the chimney and gables of the neighbouring houses were ere long reddened in the glow, and as the destroying element shot fairly up into the roof, and broke through it, the sky above was riddled by the gleam. Still, however, the flames were confined to the upper story, but there was no appearance of the inmates capitulating.

A quarter of an hour elapsed, and Dalquharn began to repent bitterly of his friends' precipitation, lest the other inmates might

perish of the flames, or by suffocation together, with the wretch who had so long vaunted himself 'a pardoned sinner.'

An old man, wearing a sky-blue bonnet and long coat of Campsie grey, a weaver apparently, whose house adjoined Balcraftie's, now came forth, and uncovering his bald head, caught Dalquharn by the stirrup leather, and implored that his 'gude-wife,' who was ill with a perilous fever, might be permitted to pass forth, lest she should perish abed, if the flames spread to his poor dwelling.

This was at once granted, and, borne by two men, assisted by several women, the patient came forth on a pallet, carefully muffled up in blankets. Dalquharn kindly made a passage through a crowd which now had gathered in the thoroughfare, and the sufferer and attendants quickly disappeared down a neighbouring alley.

Instantly on this taking place, the door of the Provost's house was flung open; his housekeeper, an old woman in a plaid and curchie, a slip-shod servant girl, and Starvieston, emaciated, looking pale and woe-begone, in his shabby habiliments and scratch wig, rushed forth, craving mercy in abject tones.

'Pass on, and quickly, too—our business is with the villain, your master,' said Dalquharn, leaping from his horse. With sword and pistol in hand, he rushed into the house, but the floors of the second story were now in flames; beams, plaster, furniture, partitions, and rafters, with all the débris of the roof, were falling inward and collapsing, amid clouds of murky smoke and columns of red sparks. The place was no longer habitable for a moment, and he and those who followed him, were rapidly driven, half scorched and half choked, into the street.

Balcraftie had neither come forth from the back nor the front door of his house, and the whole edifice was now one pyramid of red and roaring flame, against which the square openings of the windows, and the outline of the iron grills which secured them, were darkly and strongly visible. Thus all concluded that he must have perished; and after humanely assisting to prevent the conflagration from spreading to the adjoining houses, the troopers departed from the bewildered and terrified little burgh, with the thorough conviction that the great object of their raid had been achieved, and that Reuben Balcraftie had expiated his long career of crime and hypocrisy, by the awful penalty of death by fire!

It was some time before his lordship knew that the snake had only been scotched, or rather *scorched*, not killed, on that exciting night.

In the wild extremity of his terror, the Provost had been seized by a brilliant idea. Well aware that all chance of escape from his own dwelling was precluded, he conceived that he might escape from the house of his neighbour the weaver.

With the aid of a pick-axe he broke through their mutual wall, at a place where he knew it was thin, at the back of a fire-place, and making his way through, he replaced the iron grate, and was carried

past the unsuspecting troopers of Dalquharn, muffled on the pallet, as a fever-stricken woman, the pretended wife of the weaver, who was a bachelor.

He was borne straight to the sea-beach, where he got on board a boat, aided by the light of his burning dwelling, and breathing his execrations on the night wind, sailed for Dunbar, from whence he travelled by the waggon to Berwick-upon-Tweed. There his losses, his loyalty, and sufferings, were so powerfully brought before the Duke of Cumberland, by Craigie of Glendoick, the Lord Advocate, that he was rewarded by a commission, *pro temp.*, in his Majesty's service!

He did not join, however, as a man of the sword; to wear that ungodly weapon suited not his tastes, which were more inclined to profit and speculation. Thus Dalquharn, to his intense astonishment, after a time learned from the 'London Gazette' 'that Reuben Balcraftie, Esquire,' instead of perishing miserably amid the flames of his house, had joined the Duke's staff at head-quarters, as 'Purveyor to the forces then mustered to oppose the rebels.'

'How the world wags!' said Mitchell, laughing; 'he thought you had gone out of this wicked world by water; and you thought he had quitted it by fire; but the game has to be played again—you are both on the chess-board still!'

The atrocious conduct of the Jacobites in attempting to take the life of such a man as Balcraftie—a pious, upright and wealthy magistrate, a vehement upholder of the king, and a professor of religion—made a great noise at that time, and was even mentioned by certain Scottish Pharisees in the House of Commons, as showing the character of the Popish Pretender and his vile adherents.

Next day Dalquharn took measures to have the remains of poor Talbot Egerton exhumed, placed in a suitable coffin, and interred with every respect in the old chapel of St. Baldred. There he acted as chief mourner, while Mitchell read the burial service of the Church of England, and their troopers fired three volleys with their carbines.

It was somewhat remarkable that when the turfs which covered the remains in the Deil's Loan were removed, Balcraftie's breeches Bible, with his autograph written on a fly leaf thereof, was found in that unhallowed grave, and was transmitted, with a statement drawn up on the spot, and signed by the eye-witnesses, to the sheriff of the county, who sent the Bible as a relic to the Kirk Session; and as the accompanying document was framed by rebels, it was very properly committed as a libel to the flames.

The day of the funeral was a stormy one, and from the bleak promontory where the old chapel stood, Dalquharn could see the Bass standing grimly up in the midst of a foaming and raging sea, with dark and murky vapours, and clouds of wild birds hovering about its arid scalp. Midway between, a large mast—a relic of the 'Fox' perhaps—was tossing on the waters, with the grey gulls and

puffins wheeling round it ; and, as he gazed, he seemed in fancy to hear once again the cries of the solan geese above, and the roaring of the billows below, as he had heard them in the dreary days and nights of his captivity.

The sneering faces and voices of the reckless Ensign Congalton, of the Laird of Salteatoes, and the stunted figure of Lieutenant Pudge of the Marines, came vividly back to memory ; and gladly would he have punished them all for the past, by cutting off their supplies, and starving them into a surrender, had time suited ; but his days at the camp of Duddingstone were numbered now ; he could but pay a farewell visit to Auldhame, and then turn his horse's head to Edinburgh.

As he rode towards the well-remembered house, every step of the way filled him more and more with thoughts of his lost love, Bryde, of his present anxiety and misery about her and the future. The old trees under which they had so often lingered, the long shady avenue where the spectre drummer had appeared, the moss-grown barbican with its armorial gate, where Dame Dorriel Grahame and old John Birniebousle, the butler, welcomed him with open arms, seemed still full of her presence and of past delights.

These old servants exulted with considerable ferocity on hearing of the supposed fiery demise of Provost Balcraftie, whose insolence had nearly driven them demented.

The butler particularly had 'graned' as he somewhat savagely said, 'to gang red-wat-shod in the heart's bluid o' the priek-eared tyke !' and Dorriel Grahame had related how all the household dogs (who, like most of the canine species, loved good, and hated bad, people) flew, barking and biting at the calves of Balcraftie's legs whenever he appeared, until he had them all seized and sold at the market-cross—all save Sir Baldred's old Scottish gaze-hound.

This was a noble animal of a breed no longer known in Scotland. It had chased the fox, the hare, and the roebuck for years on the Lammer-muir and in Binning Woods, depending alike on its quickness of eye, its swiftness of foot and its subtlety, selecting always the fairest and the fattest of the herd. Old and blind, it had been a special pet of Sir Baldred and his grand-daughter, and a pensioner on their bounty.

As it was unsaleable, the whig commissioner on the estate ordered it to be poisoned ; so poisoned it was, by his clerk, Mr. Starvieston.

The cellar had been emptied of all its wines, (which Mitchell especially was sorry to hear,) the contents of every binn having been transmitted by Balcraftie to his own house. The family plate had been packed up, and the old palladium of the House of Otterburn, the silver eup of St. Baldred, had been wrenched from its stone niche in the Hall. Books, arms, pictures and tapestry were all

ready for transmission and sale, and all the live stock on the estate had been duly catalogued for transformation into cash.

'Twas well that poor old Sir Baldred saw not all this devastation—(unless he could smile at the littleness thereof in heaven)—but was lying in his quiet grave under Carlisle wall.

Dalquharn paid a long and lingering visit to Bryde's room; he surveyed himself in the mirror which had so often reflected her beloved features; he kissed the pillow on which her dear head had so often reposed, and slowly, slowly retired, carefully closing the door with a sigh.

Would he, or would she ever be within that chamber again?

Heaven alone knew!

After this, he acted exactly as she and Sir Baldred would have wished. He took all the arms in the house that were modern enough for use; he advised the butler to bury all plate and other valuables, for the behoof of the family. He seized all the horses and cattle for the Prince's service, and leaving Dorriel Grahame, and old John Birniebousle in full command of the premises, returned to the camp at Duddingstone, from which he and his party, had been fully two days absent.

CHAPTER LII.

A FRIEND.

'She tore her haffet links o' gowd,
And dighted her comely ee;
"My father lies at bluidy Carlisle,
At Preston sleep my breithren three!
I thocht my heart could laud nae mair,
Mair tears could never blind my ee;
But the fa' o' ane has burst my heart,
A dearer ane there ne'er could be!"—*Old Ballad.*

ALL the time that those events were passing elsewhere, Bryde Otterburn considered herself in a land of bondage.

Prior to this, the poor girl had never been further from her home than to Edinburgh, when she had ridden there occasionally on a pillion behind a groom, or to the Dunse spa, in my Lady Haddington's glass coach, and now she felt herself as if in a foreign country, where her unmistakable Scottish accent, even in Cumberland (though once an integral part of Scotland) caused her to be ridiculed, and, in that hot political time, occasionally reviled.

The pet of her doting grandfather, the idol of an old-fashioned household, among whom she had grown up from infancy; knowing the events of history and the tide of political affairs, and learning to think long before the time proper for reflection; hating the Elector of Hanover with childish rancour, and adoring an exiled king as the embodiment of every human virtue, and for whom she

prayed as fervently as she did for those at sea (which she never failed to do when she heard the wind bellowing in the woods, and the waves booming as they rolled up Auldham Bay)—Bryde Otterburn was of a temperament and turn of thought very different from those who had seen—that which few saw in those days—more of the great world that lay beyond the blue wavy line of their native mountains.

Four days had now passed away since Sir Baldred's interment, and in a species of stupor she lingered at Carlisle, scarcely knowing what to do. Bryde was young when her father was assassinated on Luffness Muir, and when her mother died of a broken heart; so this was, in reality, her first great grief, for the poor old man who was gone had been father, mother, and kindred to her. She knew of none else. Her lover she had deemed lost, and the world a blank, till in a stray copy of the 'Westminster Journal,' she saw it duly notified, that 'the third troop of the rebel Life Guards was commanded by Henry Douglas, calling himself Lord Dalquharn.'

She thus learned that her lover was free—free, and with the devoted army of the Prince!

She heard of the overwhelming masses of troops assembling in the south of England, and all assured her that 'the Pretender and his adherents' were marching to their doom; hence her only craving now was to go home to die—home to the old beloved place, which would seem so lonely now—home, that once again she might look on the sea-beaten rocks, with all their gulls and gannets; that she might sit by St. Baldred's gurgling well, pray as of old in the ruined chapel where her forefathers lay, and wander in the shady avenue or the tapestried rooms of the old house, for Bryde knew nothing of confiscation and attainder, and that her inheritance was to become the spoil of the whig and Hanoverian.

She longed for old Dorriel Grahame, who had been her nurse (and the nurse of her mother before her,) and on whose maternal heart she would so gladly have laid her aching head, and indulged in all the luxury of woe.

Bryde was resolved to go home afoot, if she could not proceed otherwise, though the mountain paths by which the Dutch escort had marched seemed so wild, lonely, toilsome and perilous, that her heart shrunk within her at the prospect; but what was she to do? Her little stock of money, raised chiefly by selling her ornaments to the castle sutler, was nearly expended, as she had spent so much of it in necessaries and comforts for her grandfather.

La Roque still hovered about, and his attentions terrified her, so home she resolved to go at all hazards, and secretly. He had repeatedly and tenderly declared his passion for her, and been no less than three times coldly and angrily repulsed, or dismissed from her presence, but he was too much of a Frenchman to acknowledge himself baffled.

In her limited ideas of distance and travel, Bryde, as we have said, thought and felt herself quite in a strange country, and when weeping for her sole relation, Sir Baldred, and thinking on his lonely grave, the lines of the late Mr. Alexander Pope of Twickenham, often came to memory :—

‘ By foreign hands thy dying eyes were closed,
By foreign hands thy decent limbs composed ;
By foreign hands thy humble grave adorned,
By strangers honoured, and by strangers urned.’

On the last evening she had resolved to spend in the castle of Carlisle, Bryde out of her little stock of money, procured some slips of roses, with the seeds of the crocus, the snowdrop and other spring flowers, and on her knees she planted them over the lonely grave beneath the old ramparts that they might come forth in the early months of the next year, when she should be far away from it.

Her tears were flowing fast as she performed this filial tribute, and not until it was concluded did she become aware of a man's shadow being thrown by the sunshine across the grave. She thought of La Roque, and looked up with an angry shudder.

Instead of her persevering admirer, a fine-looking man, of a noble and stately presence, wearing a very rich scarlet uniform, a three-cornered hat bound with gold, thick lace ruffles, a sword and clouded cane, stood before her. He was well up in years ; time had powdered his hair so whitely that he needed not the puff of a perquier ; but he lifted his hat, and saluted the young girl respectfully.

‘ Your humble servant,’ said he ; ‘ Miss Otterburn, I believe ?’

Bryde rose, crossed her white hands on her bosom, and bowed, with one of those graceful old-fashioned curtsies, which she had been taught by Madam Straiton, that notable ‘ mistress of manners.’

‘ I am Colonel Durand of the First English Guards—allow me to introduce myself,’ said the old officer.

Bryde curtsied again, but bowed somewhat coldly.

‘ I am the Governor of this castle of Carlisle—without seeking to intrude upon your natural sorrows, I come to offer you my dutiful service, my kindly advice.’

Bryde looked timidly and earnestly at the speaker with her soft pleading eyes. There was a benevolent expression in the face of this fine old English officer, and when she took his hand she burst into tears.

‘ You will pardon me, young lady, that I did not come to you sooner in your great grief ; but I have been absent, and I have had much to do since my return—so many things to think about—for ere long Carlisle may be attacked.’

‘ Attacked, sir, by whom ?’

'The Chevalier de St. George and his adherents, of whom we have had no recent or reliable accounts, though some say they have begun their march, no one knows for where, unless it be our English border; but permit me to lead you from this spot.'

'My poor old grandfather, would I were laid beside thee there—even there!' said Bryde, looking wistfully on the grave under the shadow of the old castle wall.

'I pray you, Miss Otterburn, not to speak thus. Long may God keep you from thinking, as you now, I hope, talk idly,' said Colonel Durand. 'I've met death face to face at Ramillies, Malplaquet, and Oudenarde, and in many a later field, and feared him not; but,' added this old soldier, with a piety that was quite unaffected, as he lifted his triangular beaver and looked upward, 'may He who sees all, keep us each and all, from thinking that our only chance of peace on earth, is there—in the dark grave.'

Bryde's gentle and tender brown eyes were still bent on that solemn place, where she had sown the seeds of the spring flowers.

'Come,' resumed the Colonel, drawing her hand through his arm, 'come with me, the good old gentleman is at rest now.'

'At rest, sir—true, but where? In that horrid unconsecrated castle ditch, he whose ancestors——'

'Miss Otterburn, I have seen ten thousand men, some of whose ancestors may have been nobler than yours and certainly than mine, taking their eternal repose in a place equally unconsecrated; but it was the broad field of honour! What matters it—what matters it; as the tree falleth, so let it lie. Whatever betide us, it all ends at last in a hole six feet by three. But to return to mine errand, I am most anxious to be of service to you.'

'Sir, I thank you,' said Bryde, in a choking voice. 'I have had no one save that poor old man, and—and—another to care for me. Whom had I to love? No father, no mother, sister or brother. In the wide world, there was none to love me, but my grandfather, and he is there—there under those unhallowed sods!'

'My poor young friend! But that *other* of whom you speak, is he—is he the Lieutenant La Roque?'

'Oh, sir—how can you think so?' exclaimed Bryde, growing paler with anger.

'Well, I am glad that 'tis not yonder popinjay Frenchman.'

'I referred, sir,' said she in a low voice, and with extreme annoyance, 'to my intended husband, now with His Royal Highness.'

'Ah, with the Duke of Cumberland?'

Bryde's disgust was intense, as she said rather vehemently:—

'No, Colonel Durand—with Charles Edward Stuart—the Prince of Wales!'

The worthy old colonel shook his white head sadly, and patting her hand kindly, said, after a pause:—

'I vow, Miss Otterburn, that I am more than ever sorry for you. I am sorry, too, for the little section of your countrymen who have

joined the young chevalier, for evil days will come upon them all. I served in Scotland, under the Duke of Argyle, at the battle of Dunblane, and I am too true an English gentleman, not to deplore the miseries of a civil war, which I know is to be attributed quite as much to the horrible barbarities of the government in 1715, as to the hereditary loyalty of your people to their banished kings.'

Kind old Colonel Durand arranged that he would procure a post-chaise for Bryde, whose whole anxiety was now to reach home, or her old friend Lady Helen Hope, the Countess of Haddington, whose stately house of Tynninghame would always afford her a safe and proper place of shelter or residence until affairs were settled; until the Prince was finally victorious, or—but ah, she thrust aside the next idea, for she had not the courage to contemplate it.

Did she not fear the lawless character of the rebels (asked the old Colonel) and of this Popish Perkin Warbeck, whom the king of France had sent over to disturb the country and divert us from the Flanders war?

'Oh, no,' Bryde replied, with a sad smile, 'she feared neither the Prince nor his followers, but devoutly hoped she might meet them by the way.'

CHAPTER LIII.

LIEUTENANT LA ROQUE.

'But the spite on 't is, no praise
Is due at all to me;
Love with me had made no staies,
Had it any been but she.

'Had it any been but she,
And that very face,
There had been at least ere this,
Twelve dozen in her place.'

Sir John Suckling.

THE quarter-master of the First Guards purchased for eighty guineas—equal then to thrice the same sum now—Bryde's favourite pad and Sir Baldred's old bay hunter with their horse-trappings. Fortunately she was thus pecuniarily independent of kind Colonel Durand, who had freely proffered his purse for her use, for the loneliness of the girl interested the fine old English officer greatly, all the more, that his daughter had died, when almost Bryde's age, a few years before. So this was her last night in Carlisle.

'At this hour to-morrow,' thought she, 'I shall be far away and drawing nearer home; but oh, what a desolate home!'

She had prepared and packed the few things she possessed, together with some reliques of her grandfather, his signet ring, his sword belt, the buckles of his shoes, and the quaint black cavalier wig, to which he had so rigidly adhered in opposition to the white

tow wigs of the Hanoverian era, and now she was seated thoughtfully and alone, in the gloomy vaulted room which had been apportioned to her. It was known as King David's chamber, for there that good Scottish monarch, one of whose favourite residences was the castle of Carlisle, died on the 24th of May, 1153, when he was found stiff and cold in an attitude of devotion, so 'that you would not have believed he was dead,' says Aldred. 'He was found with his hands clasped devoutly upon his breast, in the very posture in which he had been raising them to heaven.'

And, as Bryde sat there, half lost in thought, her pale cheek resting on her soft white hand, and her bright chestnut hair, as her head drooped, falling in a shower over her rounded arm and ivory neck, the old legend, which John the Prior of Hexham records, came vividly back to her memory, for it tells in all good faith and simplicity, how, when the Scottish courtiers conveyed their dead king northward to the place of his sepulchre in the abbey of the Holy Trinity, near Dunfermline in the woods, on reaching the shore of the Forth at the Queen's Ferry, they found the waves so boisterous that they feared to embark. But no sooner had they placed the royal corpse within the barge, than the summer storm abated, the billows smoothed down into placidity, and the funeral train passed over in safety. Immediately after this, the wind bellowed again in tempestuous gusts, and piled the waves in white foam, on either side of the narrow strait, and shrouded in spray the little rocky isle that lies between.

Bryde was so full of this old legend, which, on this night, her room and its gloomy aspect brought to memory, that she did not perceive that the servant, who removed her tray of chocolate and macaroon biscuits, had ushered in a stranger, till she looked up, and by the light of the two branch girandoles, saw Lieutenant La Roque standing near her, hat in hand, and looking so handsome, so pleading, and so full of admiration for her beauty, that she found herself compelled to restrain a gesture of impatience, all the more perhaps, that this was, she knew, the last occasion on which she could be annoyed by his assiduity or attention.

The Dutch regiment of La Roque had been ordered back to the continent; but he, being wealthy, and the son of the colonel or proprietor, remained behind, whether with or without leave we are unable to state, nor does it matter much.

'Ah, Mademoiselle Otterburn (we fear he pronounced it Ottair-boorn) I have heard all,' said he, 'and deplore my unhappy fate.'

'All, M. La Roque—what mean you?'

'That you leave this place to-morrow!'

'Yea—and the sooner the better, now surely.'

'But—*helas!* I shall see you no more!' said he, pressing his feather-bound hat with both hands on his breast, and looking sadly on the ground.

The yellow uniform, with its scarlet velvet trimmings, and long

black military boots, the pale creamy complexion, rich dark hair, and fine but saucy eyes he possessed, all made the handsome young fellow quite a picture, and the *beau ideal* of what a young girl would admire as a lover; but Bryde felt his attentions as a source of wrong, and as an insult that arose from her unprotected situation, which certainly was a powerful incentive to such a *roué* as La Roque.

With mingled timidity and impatience her soft brown eyes looked into his, that were so black and tender, yet expressive of something *more* than tenderness, as she said,

‘Sir, this black robe—the outward livery of inward sorrow—might teach you to respect my emotions, and to cease tormenting me thus.’

‘Ah, mademoiselle,’ said La Roque, as he knelt down, ‘have you no pity, have you no compassion? Behold me—I am at your feet, and see how I weep! (The rogue actually contrived to squeeze out a few tears.) I am the most constant of lovers—the most miserable of men!’

‘Of Frenchmen, likely,’ said Bryde, with a faint smile; ‘but, prithee, Monsieur La Roque, from what romance have you culled these choice speeches?’

La Roque drew himself up with something like hauteur in his bearing, and resentment in his eye; he withdrew a pace, and then regarded her teuderly again, while toying with his little three-cornered beaver.

‘Patience,’ thought he; ‘I must not relinquish a chase so charming, so seductive, and so secure from peril as the pursuit of this lovely and solitary girl promises to be. Parbleu, but she is marvellously attractive! How is it possible to look on such a girl and not love her, or without longing to toy with her thick brown hair, her soft, white hands; to caress and kiss again and again her tender eyelids and her beautiful lips? How clear and gentle her eyes—how white her skin! *Mort de ma vie!* and her ear—’tis like a tiny white shell—she is perfect!’

All this occurred in thought to La Roque, and so he knelt again, and, with extreme volubility, said a great deal to which the pretty ear, which was so like a delicate white shell, was closed with provoking indifference.

‘’Tis useless to talk to me thus,’ said Bryde, after a pause, as she sighed with annoyance; ‘I could not marry you, Mousieur La Roque, even if I learnt to love you, which I never will —’

‘Hah! you have then a lover—a favoured one, mademoiselle?’ said the Frenchman, whose eyes glittered dangerously, while his fingers played ominously with his sword-knot.

‘I have not said so.’

‘But I think and suspect it.’

‘I cannot help your fancies or suspicions, M. La Roque.’

‘Tudieu! why so vague and uncertain in your answer? You

either have or have *not* a lover—at least, dear mademoiselle,’ he added submissively, ‘you can never have one more tender than I am.’

‘Whether I have or have not, can in no way concern you,’ said Bryde, almost in tears.

‘It does, mademoiselle,’ responded the impetuous Frenchman ; ‘it does concern me, and all men who have the happiness, and, alas ! the misfortune—for it is both—to see and to know you.’

‘Romancing again, forsooth !’

‘Peste ! such a delightful, but provoking little chit it is, with its *retroussé* nose and touch-me-not face !’ muttered La Roque, as he again knelt and strove to take her hand ; ‘ah, ma belle—ma *mignonne* !’ he exclaimed ; ‘but do you know French ?’

‘Enough, at least to know what your phrases imply.’

‘That you are delicate, agreeable—beautiful.’

‘Compliments to which I must not listen, and which, in my unprotected situation, become insults.’

‘Mademoiselle !’

‘I said, insults ; yet think not that I am so totally unprotected.’

‘Aha—our lover is at hand, I presume ; if so, I hope he has *carte* and *tierce* at his finger ends.’

‘Sir, if you do not leave me instantly, I shall desire a servant to summon Colonel Durand, and he, at least, will rid me of your persecution.’

Bryde rose as she said this, and laid a white hand, which trembled violently, on a bell that lay near, on the table. Her upper lip was quivering, and her eyes had a dangerous sparkle in them, for the *etourdi* bearing of her French admirer was becoming offensive, far more so than the queer mode in which love was made to her by poor Beau Egerton, of the Buffs. Poor Bryde was not a heroine, but only a loving, trusting, gentle, and affectionate girl ; yet one withal who could act decidedly and resolutely enough at times, as her raid on Baleraftic’s household proved.

‘Do not, mademoiselle, I implore you, insult me so far, as to ring for assistance,’ said the French officer, bowing, and stepping back as he did so. ‘If my presence is so hateful I shall hasten to relieve you of it. To-morrow you will be far away, and for the intrusion of to-night I entreat your pardon.’

‘I pardon you, Monsieur, with all my heart,’ said she, presenting her hand ; ‘and for your kindness to one who is now no more, and your care of him too, I thank you truly and gratefully—more I cannot do—and now, good-bye.’

‘You travel north,’ said he, still lingering over her hand.

‘By post-chaise.’

‘I know that, Durand told me ; by the way of Berwick, probably.’

‘Oh no—by Longtown, direct towards Dumfries-shire.’

‘Longtown—ah, I must remember *that*,’ muttered La Roque, as

he kissed her hand with great tenderness, and, after murmuring his adieux, retired.

The moment he left her, he thrust his hat upon his head with the air of a man whose resolution is taken; he stroked his moustache, smiled to himself, and made a pirouette on the heels of his military boots.

'I should not have said adieu, but *au revoir*, for we shall meet again, ma belle Ecossais, and where, perhaps, you little expect me, in a lonelier place than this. La Roque was never baffled yet, even by prouder and nobler demoiselles than you!'

Bryde's beauty seemed all the more fair and rare to the Frenchman, that he had been accustomed to the dark and sallow women of his own country. Then she was so fresh, so white and dazzling, so innocent, and yet so self-possessed, so timid, and yet so proud! Great was the spell of all this love and purity, so the mind of La Roque was full of love—as he thought it—but love darkened by daring and evil.

From his earliest boyhood, our enterprising lieutenant of the Nassau Contingent, had been in love with every pretty girl, maid, wife, or widow who happened to be near him. A handsome and winning fellow, he had found most of the women to whom he had made love, remarkably facile; but, doubtless, he knew those that would prove so, by an intuition, the result of experience, for 'that virtue which requires to be guarded, is scarcely worth the sentinel,' says the dear old Vicar of Wakefield.

Bryde puzzled him; she had no such sentinels, and required none. Her own innocence and her deep love for Dalquharn were guards enough. Hence her unstudied coldness and calm aversion, which piqued La Roque, and inspired him with an odd and revengeful emotion—a desire to conquer her at all risks and hazards—even of shame to himself. Thus, wounded vanity and inordinate self-esteem served as spurs to him in this unworthy pursuit.

If she had a lover in Scotland, what the deuce did that matter, save that it added piquancy to the whole affair? Poor devil of a lover, how disappointed he would be! Moreover, he might be shot or hung in the coming troubles, if he really existed at all.

She was unhappy; her tears told all that she was so, and Tudieu! he—Lieutenant la Roque—was the identical person to soothe and console her. She was so charming and girlish—so full of the beauty of the devil—that it would be delightful to act the good Samaritan, to heal the wounds of her heart, and kiss those tears away.

It is not improbable that La Roque nursed himself into the conviction, that he was a very well-meaning and good-hearted fellow.

But it was a dangerous peculiarity of our flirting Lieutenant, that he could become sadly lover-like, and his tenderness was generally the more perilous and infectious, that while in the mood for

it, he always seemed to be—and perhaps actually felt—bewitched by the fair one who stimulated his amorous proclivities; and so, full of these thoughts, he put a round sum in guineas in his purse, quitted the Castle of Carlisle, and betook himself to the residence of the Postmaster in Scotch-street, that he might make some little private arrangements with the postilion who was to take ‘*mademoiselle*’ north on the morrow.

* * * * *

On reaching Berwick-upon-Tweed, the fugitive Balcraftie, had learned the demise of Sir Baldred in the Castle of Carlisle. He rejoiced at that event; another barrier between him and the Auld-hame lands was removed for ever, even King George’s ministry, albeit ignorant of clemency or mercy, could not forgive the old baronet now. But Bryde still remained, and though the estates would certainly be forfeited to the Government, and doubtlessly be placed in his power, under the commission given to him, and so become virtually a gift to himself, Bryde had many noble and powerful friends, and the authorities might pity her desolate condition, and—do he knew not what—reserve a portion for her perhaps.

This his grasping avarice resented!

Could he but discover her, and get her kidnapped to the plantations (such things were done daily in those days)—or—or—not that—not *that*!

No, no, he had shed enough already, and he thrust the fierce thought aside.

But ere long Bryde was encompassed by perils sufficient to have satisfied even his avarice and hatred; and bitter indeed, was the rancour he bore her!



CHAPTER LIV.

THE LAIGH COFFEE-HOUSE.

‘O charming noons! and nights divine!
Or when I sup or when I dine,
My friends above, my folks below,
Chatting and laughing all a-row.
The beans and bacon set before ‘em,
The grace cup served with all decorum:
Each willing to be pleased and please,
And e’en the very day’s at ease!’—*Pope*.

THE Laigh coffee-house—an ancient establishment, having been the first opened in Edinburgh in 1677—fully rivalled the White Horse Hostel, as one of the chief rendezvous of the Prince’s officers; and as the final day of October was to be their last in the camp and city, it was filled by them and their friends, drinking a cheerful

and farewell glass. So many a bottle of rare old port was cracked; many a quag of usquebaugh emptied, and many a steaming bowl of punch brewed and drained to the success of the expedition, to the health of all true-hearted Englishmen who dwelt beyond the borders, to the confusion of the Elector and all Hanoverian Rats and Rumpers, amid scraps of party songs, and shouts of '*Rìgh Hanish gu Bragh*'—'the hills, the Glens, and the people!' the dearest toast of the Highlanders; with many a fierce *Cathghairm*, or battle cry, which were yet to ascend to heaven, from the fields of Falkirk and Culloden!

This Laigh coffee-house, of which a certain Mr. John Loch was then the Boniface, was a famous place in those days for the 'roup' of landed property, of houses, cattle, ships and prizes taken at sea; and therein was established an ordinary for gentlemen. Living was then very cheap in Edinburgh; at such an ordinary, gentlemen of good fashion could get—as the Reverend Mr. Carlyle tells us—a good dinner of broth, roast-beef, and *even* potatoes at four-pence a head, including 'all the beer that was called for till the cloth was removed;' but, he adds, there used to be only one glass on the table, and it went round with the bottle, even as the dram-glass doth to this hour, among the humbler and jollier folks in Her Majesty's kingdom of Scotland.

The furniture was strong, old and imperishable. There were still the chairs and the table, which had been used by the great and terrible Duke of Lauderdale, who was wont to sit there, with peruke awry and his vest unbuttoned, that he might drink more at his ease and swear in his cups at the crop-eared Covenanting Carles, and the English Pock-puddings, who, between them, kept him for nine years in the Tower, after the field of Worcester was stricken, and well would it have been for Scotland, had they kept His Grace there for ever. There too, had been wont to come, Claverhouse in the pride of his manly beauty, Tom Dalzell of Binns, his white beard waving to his girdle, the 'bloody Douglas,' the ferocious Grierson of Lag, the Duke of Rothes, and other high flying cavaliers, to drink confusion to the Covenant and all the adherents thereof, before Dutch William came over, to turn their stormy world of madness and misrule upside down.

And now, at Mr. Loch's, all the chiefs and gentlemen of the Prince's little army were wont to come and go; and there might be seen all the nobles whose names we have elsewhere mentioned, and all the prominent leaders, such as the hapless Major Macdonald of Tiendrish, who began the insurrection, by the brilliant affair of the Spean Bridge; Lieutenant Colonel Macdonald of Kinlochmoidart, A.D.C. to the Prince, a splendid and heroic chieftain, who was basely captured in his bed, by a rabble at midnight and by the treachery of a clergyman, who received an incumbency as the price of his blood! Here too, came Gillies Macbane, John of Fassifern

and Roderick Mackenzie, whose fate made him a somewhat notable character in the insurrection.

No doubt when in this large but gloomy Edinburgh tavern, Dalquharn and others, who had been long exiled in Paris, would think of the Cafe Zoppi in the Rue St. Germain-des-Pres, where elegant suppers were served in luxurious private cabarets, for the bucks of the French Guards, and *filles de l'opera*, or the actresses of the old Comedie Française which was just opposite; and comparisons might be drawn, that were disadvantageous to the establishment of Mr. John Loeh; and when dining at his ordinary some might miss the niceties of the French cuisine; but still what it lacked in splendour, the Laigh coffee-house made up for, in comfort and jollity.

And among many other groups there, on this farewell night, amid the smoke of tobacco pipes, and the light of wax candles in tin sconces on the walls, were seated Dalquharn, the Duke of Perth, old Simon of Lovat and others, including the worthy and amiable Lord Balmerino, who was master of the punch-bowl, which he never permitted to be emptied, but always—to use an old Scottish phrase—*eked* by additions of whiskey, hot water and lemon; thus in memory of this convivial Lord, 'Balmerino's *Eke*' is proverbial still, among all good fellows in Scotland.

They had left the ball given by the Prince to his officers in Holyrood—a ball, the glories and delights of which were the fond theme and memory of many an aged grandmother, long after good old George III. was king, when the Black Watch were winning their scarlet plumes under the shadow of the Pyramids, and the last of the Stuarts lay forgotten in his grave at Frascati—forgotten by all, save a doting few, who remembered the days of old.

The Duke of Perth was dressed in a coat of richly-flowered blue velvet. It was without a collar, but had heavy deep cuffs; his flap waistcoat was of rich silk, sprigged with silver; his breeches, of pearly-coloured silk, were joined to his pink silk stockings by diamond buckles, while his ruffles and cravat were of the finest Brussels lace, and the star of the Garter which sparkled on his left breast, and was the gift of James VIII., added to the general nobility of his appearance.

Cunning old Simon of Lovat, stout, sturdy and florid, with his great obesity of calf and paunch, was sitting with a comical leer in his wicked eyes, his vast full-bottomed wig awry, and his gold laced coat, which was of the Fraser tartan, and had a row of very elaborate silver clasps, open for ease and comfort. He was smoking a long clay pipe, with his feet planted on a tabourette, his white silk hose making his short, thick legs seem double their actual size.

Cards had been relinquished, and amid the buzz of voices in the large room, all their energies were now devoted to the punch-bowl.

'By my troth, I'll play no more till I see London town,' said Lovat, testily; 'I've lost more than I am ever likely to win.'

'Yet what can a man do, my lord,' asked Mitchell, 'but play like his fellows—freely and boldly?'

'Aye, truly, what can he do, as Horace hath it, but like others, *inter scabiem tantam et contagia*—and so forth, amid the poison of such infectious times?'

'You talk of play, sirs,' said the Duke of Perth—'(our glasses wait your pleasure, Balmerino), but I have seen nothing like the wild play of my boyish days, in the salons of La Belle Duclux, the famous Parisian actress.'

'In the year when Louis XIV. died,' said Mitchell, 'and Philip of Orleans became Regent?'

'Exactly, Sir John; in that year, John Law, the Mississippi schemer, was the demigod of the faro tables. Gad-zounds, two hundred thousand livres of a night were a joke to our Laird of Lauriston, until M. D'Argensen, the Lieutenant-General of Police, warned him to quit Paris, or he found favour in the eyes of Duke Philip, which he was not long of doing. But you have heard of all those things, of course, Sir John?'

'When I came over to France, after being *out* at Sheriffmuir; but when La Belle Duclux was in her glory, I was in the Greys, under old Marlborough, in Flanders. I have heard that she was unsurpassed in her studied deshabille.'

'And I have heard that was her chief mistake as a toilette,' said Dalquharn.

'True—because an actor, an actress, coryphée or a favourite author, should never be seen like other folks in deshabille. The poor appearance of the late Mr. Pope—a little, lame and withered crookback—disappointed his greatest admirers, and dissolved, with some, the charm of his poetry. Louis-le-Grand, who was a good type of taste, was never visible, save in a full-bottomed wig—'

'To any but his mistresses,' exclaimed Lovat, emitting a cloud of smoke in successive rings; 'ah, Duke, 'ods fish, I have you there.'

'He was a safe model, at all events, my Lord Lovat,' said Perth, with a tinge of hauteur in his tone.

'You are very silent, Dalquharn,' observed Balmerino; 'allow me to replenish your glass; but first I must add some more whiskey and a dash of lemon to the bowl; there, I knew it—gadso! I've overdone both—hallo, tapster—another tankard of hot water. You are thinking of the Bass, perhaps?'

'Ah—très bon!' exclaimed the Duke of Perth, who had been so long in France, that like many other returned exiles, he interspersed his conversation with several French phrases; 'your lordship escaped out of that devilish stone trap by a most gallant *coup de maître*!'

'On the contrary, I beg to assure your Grace, that I was not thinking of the past, but of the future.'

'Nay—wherefore so gloomily?'

'I have lost more to-night at whist than I quite relish, and find

that I shall have to march south at the head of my troop to-morrow, with empty pockets.'

'Soldiers' thighs, as we used to say in the old Greys!' exclaimed Sir John Mitchell, laughing.

'Alas—yes—I am in ill luck.'

'That shall you not be, my good lord,' said a young man, who was seated at a table hard by, and had been observing the titled group with some interest, over his bottle of claret; 'here are forty English guineas and three Portugal pieces at your service, and welcome to them!'

All gazed at the speaker with some surprise.

'Art sober, sir?' asked the Duke of Perth, whose dukedom was only recognised by the Jacobites, his patent never having passed the great seal of Scotland.

'The deuce, sir,' said Dalquharn; 'how can I take money from a stranger—and when repay him, if I accept of an offer so generous?'

'If I am unknown to your lordship, you are no stranger to me. If we are successful, you can repay me (if God spares us) out of the first rents you draw from the Holm in Galloway; if we fail, 'twill make but little difference to me, if 'twere ne'er repaid at all: there will have been more lost then, than my poor forty guineas!'

The speaker was a young man of singularly prepossessing appearance; his face was a perfect oval, and his yellow, almost golden, hair, rose in spouts from his forehead, like that of the Phidian Jove, and fell behind in long waving curls, which were tied by a silk ribband. He wore it quite unpowdered, for like every fair-haired Scotsman at this time, and for long, long after, it was, perhaps, his 'weakness' to be thought like 'bonnie Prince Charlie'—and if so, a fatal folly it proved for him in the sequel.

He wore a full suit of the green Mackenzie tartan; his figure and limbs were a model of combined strength and symmetry, and he had that remarkable smallness of the ankle, which is the pride of the Highlander, and it was improved by his neat brogues, which were tied about them sandalwise. His short coat was of pearl-grey cloth, fastened by a row of quaint silver clasps, and he was, of course, fully armed with broad-sword, dirk, skene, and pistols. In his smart round bonnet, which he instantly removed on addressing Dalquharn, was the Burning Mountain (Tulloch-ard!), the silver badge of the attainted Earl of Scaforth. He spoke English, but with a strong west Highland accent.

'I hope,' said the young man, reddening, as he proffered his pocket-book, 'that your lordship will not—will not, degrade me by declining.'

'May I ask your name?' enquired Dalquharn.

'I am Roderick Mackenzie, humbly at your lordship's service. I am not ashamed to say, that I have made my money as a simple haberdasher behind a counter in the Luckenbooths, without there;

yet I am nevertheless of as good blood as any man in the North, and am a kinsman of Seaforth himself! Every farthing I have made, I mean to dedicate to the service of his Highness the Prince—so up I say wi' the White Rose, and the Caber Feigh—hurrah for Kintail!

'By my soul, but thou art a rare fellow! Give me your hand, and sit with us at this table,' said the Duke of Perth, as the young man's colour deepened, on joining a group so high in rank.

'Taste of our bowl, my good fellow,' said Balmerino, who was seated at the head of the table, ladle in hand.

'I thank your lordship—this, to the health of our most gracious Prince!' exclaimed Mackenzie, draining the proffered glass, with an enthusiasm that made his temples flush, and his eyes fill with tears and fire together.

'Ah,' said Lovat, somewhat cynically, as there were some doubts about his being created Duke of Fraser, lest they should lose all hope of the Laird of Grant, who had been secretly promised the Earldom of Strathspey. 'No king, saith a certain adage, is ever thoroughly *gracious*, until he has passed a year or two in dethronement. And so as Horace hath it——'

'No more of Horace, my lord, or I shall be ill,' said Balmerino; 'tapster—waiter—pass the three elements this way, as we say at Mother Kilwinning; and now, once more to eke out the bowl. Zounds! I once used to take three bottles of French claret every night, till my conscience smote me——'

'For imbibing so much?'

'The devil, Dalquharn, I should think not!'

'For what, then?'

'For bringing so much custom to the Elector's exchequer as one thousand and ninety-five bottles per annum insured, and so I betook me to a bowl of punch nightly instead—punch that had paid duty to no man, whether he wore the Scottish crown or the Electoral hat.'

'I vow, Mr. Mackenzie,' said Sir John Mitchell, 'that we are charmed to make your acquaintance—would that we had ten thousand more such Highlanders!'

'A handsome fellow, i'faith!' said Balmerino, with something like a hiccup, 'and somewhat reminds me of the Prince himself. I warrant me, Mackenzie, thou'lt leave many a fair lass in sorrow behind thee to-morrow.'

'Nay, my lord—I shall leave but one woman, with a sad heart—and she is far away.'

'But one, egad—but one?' exclaimed the old roué Lovat, mockingly.

'Yes—my mother,' said Mackenzie, in a tremulous voice, while his fine, open features suddenly overcast; 'there were three of us, when the Prince landed in Moidart—three brothers, Duncan,

Hamish, and Roderick, my lord, and I was her favourite, if indeed she could choose between me and the other two.'

'And where are they?'

'Buried in their bloody tartans under the old Thorn-tree, at Gladsmuir.'

'Slain in the battle?' said the Duke of Perth.

'They fell, my Lord Duke, just as we rushed, sword in hand, on the cannon—the same volley of grape slew them both. Oh sirs, my mother loved us with all her soul, but she risked us freely in King James's cause! I escaped the late battle without a scratch, but I have reason to know, and believe, that I, too, shall fall as Duncan and Hamish have done—yet I shrink not from my duty and loyalty.'

'You know and believe—how so?' asked the Duke.

'It was by a dream,' said the Highlander, sighing.

'A dream?'

'If not a dream that revealed this to me, I know not what it was—a vision, an instance of second sight perhaps, but a *double* case of it—two seeing at once—a travelling of the soul, while the weary body slept.'

'Pray tell us what you mean by this enigma?'

'I shall, my Lord Dalquharn, if you accept the money I offer you.'

'Sir, you are generous as you are remarkable! I shall accept the gold as a loan, and give—'

'Me a receipt—true—I earned it behind a counter—but say not this, my lord—your word is sufficient for me,' said Mackenzie, proudly, while his face turned crimson, as the blood rushed to his temples.

'Nay, good friend and comrade, I was about to give you but my thanks, meanwhile; and now about this dream?'

'It happened thus, my lord,' replied Mackenzie; and after a few moments of thought, during which he sat with his face half muffled in his belted plaid, as if ashamed of his emotion, he began as narrated in the following chapter.

CHAPTER LV.

THE DOUBLE DREAM.

‘Though thy slumber must be deep,
 Yet thy spirit shall not sleep;
 There are shades which will not vanish;
 There are thoughts thou canst not banish;
 By a power to thee unknown,
 Thou canst never be alone!
 Thou art wrapt as with a shroud,
 Thou art gathered in a cloud.’—*Byron.*

‘It was in the grey morning, shortly before we attacked the army of Sir John Cope, near Preston Pans. I was lying asleep under the shelter of a whin-bush, with my head wrapped in my plaid, as a chill mist and wind were coming from the eastern sea, and with my target and claymore for a pillow. Duncan and Hamish were asleep beside me. God and Mary! (here Mackenzie raised his eyes upward with reverence,) they slept a sounder slumber on the morrow, but not unavenged, for we found beside them a gory heap of the Sassenach Seider Dearg.*

‘In a dream my thoughts, my spirit seemed to roam far, far away from that field, where, thick as sheaves in harvest, and in close ranks, the clansmen lay asleep in their plaids—away to the Head-of-the-two-Seas—to Kintail of the Mackenzies. Once more I seemed to tread my wild native mountains; once more I felt the soft heather as it bent beneath my tread, and again the air seemed laden with the sweet scent of the bog-myrtle. I saw the shaggy black cattle browsing in the glens, and contending with the fierce red deer for the green pasturage that grew by the sides of the rolling torrent.

‘I went on with a heart that grew full, well nigh to bursting, for I had a strange consciousness that I did but dream, and marvelled what was to be revealed to me. In thought I trod the steep and winding path that led to the home of my father. He was in his grave at Bundaloch; but his figure seemed to come before me in memory, just as I had often seen him limping up the road, for he had lost a leg in 1716, when the Saxon ships fired on our chief’s castle at Donan, and he was known as *Rorri Crubach*, or lame *Roderick*, a true old Celt, who always bowed his head and lifted his bonnet, on hearing the name of his Maker, and never was known to take that sacred name in vain, though he used the devil’s freely enough.

‘Morning was tinging with grey light the summits of Tulloch Ard, and the high hills of Belloch, when I passed through the gap or gorge, but for which the latter would be inaccessible, for there the vast mountains are cleft down to their base, as if by the hand of God, so that only three men can pass in abreast, and there the

* Red Saxon soldiery.

scenery is so terrific, that many a wayfarer pauses, or quickens his pace, as he proceeds.

‘I quickened mine, methought, for black darkness lay in the narrow glen beyond. I knew that at such an hour I should find my dear mother, from whom I had been long absent, asleep in the same ancient bed, where many a time and oft she had nursed me, and soothed my infant petulance in the winter nights long past.

‘I let the gate close behind me with a clank, and traversed the little farm yard, amid the old familiar barking of our dogs, till they recognised me, fawned upon me, and licked my hands. I rung the large ring on the twisted bar of the risp at the front door, but none seemed to be stirring within, and none heard me; *thrice* I did so, and then knocked with the hilt of my dirk, but all the household seemed to slumber like the seven sleepers, though the first rays of the morning sun were brightening now the peak of Tulloch Ard!

‘Then my heart seemed to shrink with a vague and unknown fear; but, lifting one of the windows, I entered, and found myself in the parlour which I remembered so well—every chair, table, and other feature, being impressed upon my memory with vivid distinctness. I passed upstairs to my mother’s room, and knocked on the door. Still no voice responded. Anxiously and fearfully I entered, and saw her, as she lay abed, holding back the curtains with one hand, and supporting herself with the other; but gazing at me, pale and affrighted—yea, paralysed with a horror that became too great for her.

‘Why was this? for now the grey light of the early dawn poured coldly, but clearly, in upon me, and she must have recognised my face and figure.

‘“I am come again to see you, mother, dear mother!” said I hurriedly; “and, before the coming battle, to kiss you, and to say farewell!”

‘Then, as I bent towards her, she uttered a wild, convulsive cry, shrunk from me, and fainted!

‘With that shrill cry still ringing in my ears, I awoke to find myself cold and stiff, under the whin-bush at Preston Pans, and heard the half-whispered orders passed along the lines to stand to our colours, as we were close upon the Saxon soldiers, and were about to bear down on them in the mist with target and claymore.

‘I escaped that glorious battle scatheless, though my two poor brothers fell, covered with wounds.

‘Five days after this, my mother arrived in Edinburgh (just as I was closing, for the last time, my shop in the Luckenbooths), pale, wan, sorrow and terror stricken, as she had appeared in my dream. With a wild cry she embraced me, and, on becoming more composed, informed me that on the morning of our victory at Preston—the morning of my vision—she, too, had a dream, and it was of *me!*

‘In fancy she heard the gate of the farmyard open and shut, and

the subsequent barking and whining of the dogs, as if one whom they recognised had passed amid them. She had heard the jingling of the risp thrice, and the knocking with the dirk-hilt, without having the power to rise from her bed, or summon assistance; for a strange emotion seemed to congeal her blood, and to deprive her of all power of action.

'Anon she heard a window lifted and closed as some one entered the parlour, and deliberately ascended the stair to her room, and then a tumultuous joy filled her heart as she recognised my step on entering, after giving my old familiar knock on the door.

'Breathlessly and bewildered, I listened to all this, and as she proceeded, I seemed to be in my dream again.

"'You entered, my son,'" said she, in a broken and tremulous voice; "I knew your step, *Rorri laighe mo chri—Rorri*, calf of my heart! I knew your gait, your figure, and the set of your tartans, as you stood by me in the grey light of the morning; but I saw not your comely ruddy face; nor your blue eyes, that I was proud to think were like my own; nor the long, fair, silken locks which were as those of your father in youth, when the false Saxons were at Castle Donan, and the Spaniards in Glensheil; for, by the Blessed God and Mary, you were *headless*, and I saw the hot blood streaming from your neck!

"'I am come to see you, mother, dear mother!' said a voice, 'and, before the coming battle, to kiss you and say farewell!'

"'The voice was yours, my fair-haired son; but it was strange in sound, and seemed to come from a vast distance—from some place far, far away.

"'Then you stooped towards me, on which the infernal spell was broken. I uttered a cry, and became senseless. When I recovered all our household were around my bed; but the vision was so strongly impressed upon me that I could not rest, and so set out for Edinburgh to learn whether you were in the land of the living. Blessed be Heaven, I have found you: though that dream is a warning that we shall be spared to each other for a time—a brief time only!"

'I know, my Lords,' concluded the young man, 'that in the Prince's cause I am one who is doomed; for the dream of my beloved old mother was the very counterpart of mine. Why it should have been, God alone knoweth, for I cannot understand it, even through the medium of the powerful regard and filial affinity that exist between us. We have never had a seer in our family; the fatal, the terrible, power of the *Taischatr* was never known to exist among us; and for myself, I am, as you see, a plain and practical fellow, who worked hard at business till the Prince landed in Moirdart, when I exchanged the broadcloth for the tartans again, and the ellwand for the claymore.'

Dalquharn heard many a legend stranger and wilder than this during his campaign with the Highland army; but there came a time when he remembered, with singular and melancholy interest, the strange double dream of the mother and son.

'And now Balmerino, the grace cup,' said the Duke of Perth, rising and assuming his sword and pistols; 'and then to quarters, sirs. To-morrow five and drum will summon us all to our posts, when we march to proclaim King James III. of England and VIII. of Scotland, at Charing Cross, and to make ourselves masters of London!'

'Delenda est Carthago!' added Lord Lovat, knocking the ashes from his pipe, and adjusting his great wig.

CHAPTER LVI.

THE MARCH.

'We've left our bonnie Highland hills,
Our wives and bairnies dear,
To draw the sword for Scotland's lord,
And the young chevalier!
For Charlie is our darling, &c.

'Oh many were the prayers we said,
Wi' many a hope and fear,
And many a sigh we gave to God,
For the young chevalier!
For Charlie was our darling.'

Old Song.

THE Lowlanders of Scotland at this period, as at every other, were remarkably jealous and tenacious of their civil and religious liberties. It was this noble spirit which roused them to oppose with such stern vigour the armed and most unwise interference of Charles I. and the zealot Land: and by neglecting to secure the free exercise of the Presbyterian religion after the Restoration—when it was viewed as merely another phrase of vulgar puritanism—they were exposed to much persecution and to many foul wrongs by the Scottish ministry of Charles II.

The memory of the terrible 'Highland Host,' which swept the west country, was still fresh in the minds of all. Like the English, they had already become totally unused to the practice of arms, while the Highlanders were still warlike, hardy and expert in handling the sword, pistol, axe, and musket, as every father trained his sons and the males of his household to war and the chase; thus, the Lowlanders became filled with melancholy forebodings, on hearing of the intended march of Charles Edward and his victorious 'handful' into England. The monetary ruin that followed King William's treachery at Darien, the more recent military disasters

and disgraces in Flanders, the rapid progress of the French power, and the defenceless state of the country—all the arsenals, cannon, and munition of war had been secretly abstracted by the government, who, after the Union, thought ‘the Scottish Lion’ would be all the surer prey, without his teeth and claws—pressed upon their minds and filled them with gloom and apprehension, while nearly all the Highlands—territorially more than half of Scotland—looked quietly and exultingly on, awaiting the final catastrophe, whatever it might be, and watching with secret exultation, the rapid success of the brave but adventurous few, who had cast their lot with Prince Charles; for the genuine Celt viewed the Englishman and the Scottish Lowlander, as Saxons and intruders alike, and felt himself the common enemy of both.

Our clansmen foresaw not then those happy and more glorious days, when their descendants, side by side with their English fellow subjects and brethren, would march to the splendid fields of Spain, of India and the Crimea, and when the ‘gathering’ of the Camerons, the Gordons and Clan Ronald, would summon many a red-coated Highland Brigade to battle and to victory!

The morning of the 1st November, 1745, dawned gloomily and drearily on the grey old city of the Stuarts. The steep castle-rock and the slopes of all the hills were powdered with a thin coating of snow. Shorn of his rays, the sun came upward from the Lammermuirs, enveloped in dull clouds, through which he loomed like a large crimson globe, while the smoke of the city hung, blackly and ominously, over its summit like a pall.

It was the morning of the march for England, and through the quaint old streets, ‘piled deep and massy, close and high,’ the pipers sent up their shrill summons, as the gatherings of various clans were played before the lodging or quarters of many of the Prince’s officers and chiefs; and rapidly the capital poured forth its thousands, to witness, from the eastern slopes of Arthur Seat, the departure of that small but courageous army from its camp at Duddingstone.

The tents were already struck, and the baggage was going in the carts of the Lothian farmers, under a guard of Pitsligo’s Horse. The Lord Ogilvie’s Clan-Regiment, consisting of six hundred men from Strathmore and Airlie, had marched as an advanced guard, and all the ground presented a stirring scene of bustle, amid which the smoke of the night-fires, as the dying embers reddened at times, curled up through the old copsewood, and rolled along the green hill slopes in light clouds.

The whole line of march had been regularly arranged, for the major and adjutant of each regiment or clan, had been with the Prince over-night to receive his final orders.*

The beautiful village of Duddingstone was then, as it is now, one

* ‘March of the Highland army, by Captain Stuart of the Lord Ogilvie’s Regiment’—a most interesting work.

of the most picturesque environs of the Scottish capital, and it presented a wondrous scene of animation on this morning, when so many Highlanders, all clad in their striking garb and variously coloured tartans, mustered under the banners of their chiefs, fully equipped for the field, each summoned by the pipers, playing the 'Gathering' of their peculiar tribe.

Woods then bare or brown, rock and river, mountain and ravine, with land under the richest tillage, were all there to enhance the charming scenery round that broad sheet of water, on a promontory of which stands the square white tower of the quaint old white Saxon kirk, which once belonged to the monks of Kelso, and which was a place of worship for a more populous village than the present. Two hundred looms were once plied in Duddingstone Loan; but the people were all swept off by the plague, and now their bones are found from time to time, in the demesne of the Marquis of Abercorn.

Away to the westward of where the army mustered, stretched the loch which the coming winter should see covered with skaters and curlers, and which was then the haunt of the badger, the otter and the wild swan; and high over it rose the bare rocky scalp and the slopes of Arthur's Seat, with the snow that coated them, melting in the morning sun, and covered by thousands of interested spectators, among whom the old Jacobites were unusually noisy and vociferous, throwing up their blue bonnets, their bob-wigs, and three cornered beavers, shouting the while, as the 'Mercury' records,

'This is the Prince for us! He can eat a dry crust and sleep on pease-straw—tak' his dinner in four minutes, and win a battle in five!'

And his soldiers, some of whom in after years lived to see George IV. in Holyrood and steamers traversing the great Glen of Albyn, were wont to weep when they spoke of him, and boast, in their quaint phraseology, that Prince Charles—'their beloved Prionse Tearlach Steinbart, was straight as a lance and round as an egg!'

On this eventful morning the Highland army mustered six thousand five hundred infantry, and five hundred horse, with seven six-pound field-pieces; and all had four days provisions per man. They were formed in thirteen regiments, clad almost entirely in the garb of old Gaul, and nearly all had muskets, in addition to their national weapons. The regiment of Perth alone wore scarlet coats with the Drummond tartan.

Carlisle was selected as the first point of attack; while to mislead Marshal Wade as to the route he intended to follow, Prince Charles sent forward a party under Gillies Macbane, to order quarters for his forces in all the principal towns on the road to Berwick-upon-Tweed.

The Duke of Perth was on this day made General of the Forces; Lord George Murray, Lieutenant-General; Lord Elcho was made

Colonel of the Life Guard; the Earl of Kilmarnock, Colonel of the Hussars, and the Lord Forbess of Pitsligo, Colonel of the Angus Horse, for so they named those corps, which they fondly hoped were only, as yet, the nucleus of their cavalry.

The enthusiasm of the Jacobites (and, let us hope, the commiseration of the whigs) was at its height, when Charles, who had slept that night at Pinkie House, the ancient seat of the Earls of Dunfermline, appeared in a simple Highland garb to march on foot, kilted with target and claymore, like a humble clansman; and in this costume, he gathered round him, for a farewell harangue, the highborn chiefs of his army, all of whom leaped from their horses and uncovered their heads with reverence.

'God bless your Royal Highness!' exclaimed old Simon of Lovat, as two sturdy Frasers lifted him from the saddle.

'The benison of an old man, my lord, must ever be given for good,' replied Charles, bowing and laying his right hand on the star of the Thistle.

'Then in the name of sixteen generations of the House of Lovat, I bless thee!'

Probably the titled octogenarian really felt what he said at the time, but the Prince bowed again to conceal his smile, at the proud old Highland reprobate's sudden affectation of piety.

'And what of this fellow Baleraftie, my Lord Dalquharn?' said the Prince; 'I heard that you had burned his house about his wicked old ears.'

'He has fled to Berwick—'

'And so escaped us!'

'Yes, your Royal Highness; but I hope for a time only. Gilles Macbane may pick him up in that quarter, and do justice on him.'

'Too probably they may never meet; for, as the Duc de Sully has it, "petty rascals only fall into the net of justice—the greater always escape."'

'Of a verity, he is no petty rascal—but a villain of the most portentous magnitude!' exclaimed Dalquharn.

'Please you, to put on your bonnets, my Lords and gentlemen,' said the Prince; 'the morning air is cold.'

But they all delayed to do so, for he now took off his own, which was simply adorned by three eagles' feathers, and a white rose, which had been made for him by the Duchess of Gordon, and while the red morning sun lit up his fine young face, and made his fair curly hair glitter like gold, or floss silk, he delivered to his chiefs a most animated harangue, a few memoranda of which have come down to us, in the neat small hand-writing of Sir John Mitchell.

As on the day when his standard was unfurled in Glenfinnan, he expatiated on the grievances of Scotland, which from being a royal kingdom was, by the maladministration of the act of union, re-

duced to a province, despised by England, neglected by the Elector and blotted out of the map of Europe—a province impoverished by the absenteeism of alienated nobles, and burdened by oppressive taxes for the maintenance of wicked German wars. He promised pardon to all who quitted the service of the Elector and returned to their allegiance under James Stuart, their lawful king. He promised the abolition of lay-patronage and the restoration of the kirk of Scotland to that state which was established by the Revolution Settlement and Treaty of Union, both of which had been recklessly violated by the British Parliament in 1712, by an overwhelming majority of English votes.

‘With all this, my lords,’ continued the Prince, ‘I am opposed to a separation of the crowns. I say Britain for ever, and Scotland—the home of my forefathers—for one day longer! I am the heir of England and of Ireland, as well as of Scotland—the representative of Tudor as well as Stuart. The Union of 1707, is a great fact not easily got rid of; separation would ensure a mortal strife for years to come, and who among us would see that, and wish to live? We march into England *not* against Englishmen—oh no—God forbid! but against those who have usurped my father’s throne. If England fails me, then shall I seek at least to secure and defend Scotland, the ancient cradle of our House and Race, and I shall then dissolve that Union which is so obnoxious to the masses of the people; but such a measure, be assured, most noble lords and chiefs, will be the *last* resource of Charles Edward Stuart. The right of the first born is the right of the exiled king my father—the divine and irrefragable right which comes direct from God, and no illegal convention of the estates of Scotland or of the Parliament of England can subvert that claim, which I shall defend, even as God is my defence!’

The Prince put on his bonnet and struck the steel hilt of his claymore, as he concluded, and it was the only sound which broke the solemn silence until Lord Elcho said,

‘Your Royal Highness has spoken well! The departed spirits of the faithful dead are with us now, so let us march and fear not. This poor Scotland of ours could once boast of a race of men, whose love for their native soil was a glorious passion—a passion in its strength and fulness second to no emotion that God hath planted in the human heart! They loved the land of Spearmen well, when her soil was arid and barren, her treasures scanty, and the vast resources of her mines and waters were unknown; when her cities were thatched with straw or heather; when her nobles dwelt in solitary towers and her peasantry in huts little better than the wigwams of the Cherokees. Yet with all its sterile poverty, they loved well the mountain land, which God gave to their Celtic sires in the unknown time, and it was in this pure spirit that our barons declared to Pope John XXII., that so long as *one hundred Scotsmen* remained alive upon a hill side, they would never submit to the

proud dominion of a foreigner! Let us be worthy of our forefathers—of the true hearted men of the days of old!’

(‘Here,’ says Sir John Mitchell, ‘methought that the brief and ingenious harangue of my Lord Elcho, did surpass that of His Highness, as it drew a wild shout from the hearers.’)

A few hours after this, nothing remained of all the once inspiring scene, but the white ashes of the camp fires.

The sound of the pipes, the waving of the standards and the tartan plaids, the glitter of claymore and musket barrel had all passed away by the wooded valley of the Esk on the road to Lauder, Charles marching on foot at the head of the first column, with his round shield on his arm, and his sword in his hand—and so, on and on towards the old warlike borders, advanced that devoted army, when the brown spoil of autumn was lying deep between the hedgerows, when the forests were fast becoming stripped, bare, and cheerless, while the fir cones and the crisp leaves lay among the withered reeds and grass of the past summer.

On the night before the Highland army departed, the autumn wind had been heard by the superstitious to sigh and moan with a singular sound among the old woods near the camp, and it was alleged that the groaning of the great oaks came mournfully on the breeze, as it sighed away in the darkness, over the waste muirland towards the sea.

Some there were who shook their heads, and spoke of Flodden and King James.

The Prince was gone, but the hopes and the heartfelt prayers of the Jacobites followed him; and that absurdity might not be wanting, now that all danger had passed away, once more the hoarse drums beat to arms, the Edinburgh volunteers donned their red coats, and came forth from their hiding places. Great was the martial furore; and again the Seceders betook them to burnishing their firelocks, singing psalms, and vowing vengeance on the Highland Amorites, and that man of Moab their leader, should he or they but dare to come once more. The flag on the castle was pulled down, and the officers of State returned from Berwick, pouring into the city with their retinues in a great stream, many on horseback and others in great pavilion-roofed coaches, crammed with property, children and livestock, spaniels and parrots, many of these vehicles being so piled with baggage, as to resemble pyramids on wheels, for all had ‘levanted’ with their plate, jewellery, and other valuables at the first approach of the Highlanders.

Among other returned *émigrés*, came my Lord Glentoady of that ilk, a famous whig noble, whose secret services to George II., his mistresses, and his ministry, together with his votes (ever adverse to the interests of his country), had been repaid by several pleasant and lucrative pluralities, such as the office of Groom of the Back Stairs, Hereditary Keeper of the Royal Guinea Pigs, and Commissioner to the General Assembly of the Kirk; and through whose

good offices the much injured Provost Balaeratie had been specially recommended to the august notice of His Royal Highness the Duke of Cumberland.

CHAPTER LVII.

THE NETHERBY ARMS.

‘Despatch !

From Antony win Cleopatra ; promise,
And in our name, what she requires ; add more,
From thine invention, offers : women are not
In their best fortunes strong.’

Antony and Cleopatra.

How La Roque contrived matters we know not ; but a singular and most provoking delay took place before Bryde ultimately departed from Carlisle in a chaise, the comforts of which would not be very apparent in these luxurious days of ours, as it was destitute of springs, and was merely slung in chains, that depended from four pieces of wood, that started at an angle of forty-five degrees from the lower carriage ; and in this she was to be jolted over narrow, steep, and rough roads, such as, happily for us, have been unknown in the land since the time of Mr. Macadam.

Kind Colonel Durand, who accompanied her to the gate of the castle, hat in hand, with the stately courtesy of the old school, and there bade her farewell, kissing her hand with such an air as Sir Charles Sedley would have displayed, promised that the solitary grave under the forewall should be cared for and respected so long as he was governor of Carlisle—which was fated to be but a short time now—and as she departed, she prayed devoutly that it might be venerated, even as the Pagans of old invoked Nemesis to defend the relics and the memory of their dead from insult ; but ere the leaves of the next autumn were whirling in the blast, many another heart was mouldering in the castle-ditch where Sir Baldred lay.

The Colonel had inquired of Bryde whether she was not afraid of falling into the hands of the lawless rebels ?

And Bryde had smiled, for was not Dalquharn with those loyalists, misnamed ‘rebels,’ because their efforts failed in blood and disaster ? When did *rebellion* ever prosper ? Were not Cromwell’s army and the Covenanters alike rebels, till each was victorious ?

If the Prince’s troops were advancing, as the Colonel assured her they were, then every moment might be bringing her nearer to that heart on which she could repose her head and her lonely sorrows !

Great alarm was apparent on this day in Carlisle, and the whole militia of Cumberland and Westmoreland were pouring into the castle, for everywhere tidings were rife of the advance of the dreaded ‘rebels,’ of whose ferocity, rapacity, and cruelty, the most

false and malicious reports were spread by the emissaries of the Government and the absurd fears of the peasantry.

She left the city about mid-day by the Scotch gate, but her progress was slow, and from the little windows of the chaise she looked lingeringly back to where the sun of the November noon reddened the walls of the venerable fortress, with its buttressed ramparts, so long one of England's chief bulwarks against the Scot, and to the square tower and great façade of the Gothic cathedral, which rose above the city.

Bryde was gone from Carlisle at last, and so was La Roque, well mounted, with his purse well filled, his holster-pistols loaded, and his sword at his side; but he took a different route, and making a detour towards Stapleton, pushed on at great speed for Longtown.

There were times, however, in steep parts of the road, when he drew his reins, and checking his horse, permitted them to drop on its mane, while he gave way to the dreamy luxury of exulting reverie. The only man in England whose control or interference he dreaded was worthy old Colonel Durand, and Bryde was beyond his care or supervision now!

As he rode on, he thought of her as he had seen her last night, seated in that gloomy old chamber wherein David, King of Scotland, knighted Henry of England, and wherein he died. The last sound of her voice lingered in his memory, and Bryde's was a voice with a strange melody in it, that touched not only the tympanum of the ear, but thrilled at times upon the nerves, especially when she sung; the last touch of that soft white hand, with its violet-tinted veins, seemed to linger on his, and his excited fancy portrayed alluringly her fair, young face, with its brown, tender eyes, long, dark lashes, and curling chesnut hair—all the more alluringly, that the country through which he rode was pastoral and lonely—that the girl seemed completely at his mercy, and that, in those lawless times of tumult and civil war—when to be a Scot was almost to be an alien in England—there was no one to protect her or to call him to account.

‘How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds
Makes ill deeds done.’

Very wicked all this was, no doubt, of M. La Roque; but wicked fellows have existed in the world, even before David placed Uriah in his perilous post of honour, and such probably will always be, until the lion shares his couch with the lamb.

As he was particularly anxious that his prey should not enter Scotland, having a vague dread that if once there, she would be more sure of protectors, he spurred on till he reached Longtown, a market borough, and then a very small one, in the northern part of Cumberland, on the banks of the Esk, near its confluence with the Liddel. A stone bridge crosses the river now, but then there was none, and the water was not always fordable. Around Longtown the country was pleasant, but pastoral and lonely.

La Roque rode straight to the only inn, or house of entertainment of which the place could boast—the ‘Netherby Arms,’ which were represented by three huge escallop shells on a sign-board, that swung from an iron rod above the trellis-work porch, over and about which were twined the dead creepers of the past summer.

It was evident that the landlord, Mr. Toby Radley, was a wag, as under the scutcheon, with the three escallop shells, in chief of Squire Grahame, of Netherby, was painted this distich—

‘In Longtown here, where dwells old Toby,
Pray stop and drink before you go by;
Drink deep you may, withouten sorrow.
Tobacco given away to-morrow!’

The inn was the largest house in the straggling street, which was but a line of cottages, occupied by weavers of checks for the Carlisle market.

Built of solid stone, and roofed with grey slate, the inn was a massive old two-storied house, with a great chesnut tree before it. A deal table encircled the gnarled stem of the latter, and there many a tankard of ale was served to those riders, or travellers by the waggon, who cared not to alight; and there also the male gossips of the town were wont to congregate in the warm summer evenings, for it was more pleasant as a rendezvous than the smith’s forge, and more convenient too, if Giles Chawbacon, or Gaffer Hobnail, required a foaming tankard, which was pretty often the case.

With low ceilings, wainscoted rooms, narrow corridors, and oak furniture, an entrance which had several steps down instead of up, and a damp, earthy odour pervading it, the ‘Netherby Arms’ had been an inn from time immemorial, which meant, since old Field Marshal Lesly, leader of the armies of the Covenant, and whilome ‘Governor of all the cities on the Baltic coast,’ with the Scots, was marching exactly one hundred and one years before, to the capture of Carlisle; and tradition still told that his officers, whose thirst seemed very troublesome, were all regaled with brown October, under the identical chesnut which overshadowed the porch.

And now, seated there, enjoying a yard of clay, and a brimming silver tankard of beer, with a little wall-eyed bull-terrier crouching under his chair, was Mr. Toby Radley, the host, a thickset, burly English borderer (looking excessively like Toby Tossplot, or the little squat mugs which bear his name). He was about sixty years of age, and wore a kind of stable-dress, with top-boots, over which he had a frock of strong light blue linen. His fat rubicund visage was surmounted by a scratch wig and a weather-beaten brown beaver, turned up on two sides, and presenting a cock only to the front.

He regarded somewhat suspiciously the horseman in the yellow uniform, who now rode briskly up to him, and reining his horse back upon its haunches, rather cavalierly bade him good-morrow.

‘Anan,’ replied Mr. Toby Radley, that he might have time to

scrutinise the stranger and rally his thoughts, which was usually a slow process.

'Monsieur le Maitre—diable! I forget—you are the host—the landlord, I presume?' asked La Roque.

'My sarvice t'ye, sir,' said Toby, bowing and draining his tankard; 'yes—I be—what lack ye?'

'Refreshment for man and horse—and quarters here for the night.'

'Ods bud!' muttered Mr. Radley, pushing his scratch wig on one side, and rubbing his bald head with the mouthpiece of his pipe.

'You are not afraid of me, I trust?'

'Darn no—I'se feared o' nae man that ever wore a laced quoad—ods bud!' said the landlord, who, however, was not so favourably impressed by the gay yellow uniform and gallant air of the rider, as his wife, a comely and buxom dame, who was reconnoitring from behind a window blind, where her black eyes twinkled with smiles, as she adjusted her curly dark hair and her spruce mob cap.

La Roque, who had made up his mind to remain, dismounted, threw a guinea on the table, and ordered a stoup of red wine, while his horse was taken away by the ostler, after he had transferred the holster pistols to his girdle. Toby Radley took up the gold, but it failed to impress him with greater respect for this swaggering visitor, as he had seen many a bold highwayman do the same thing, in the same place, and with the same gallant air, ere now.

'You will share the wine with me, my friend?' said La Roque, as he seated himself by the table under the chesnut, and assumed his most insinuating air, when the drawer brought the wine and the change, out of which he tossed him a crown piece, 'with the air of a lord,' as the landlady thought.

Toby, whose deeply set and keen twinkling eyes had never been removed from the stranger's dark and handsome face, begged to be excused, 'for wine aye gied him the mulligrubs, and he preferred yail.'

His wife, a plump and handsome woman, now passed and re-passed, curtsying and smiling demurely to La Roque, till Toby rose and angrily told her to go and 'prepare summut for the gentleman's supper,' as the sun was setting now.

'Ken ye who he be?' she whispered.

'Wounds! no—how can I say? I veer mickle he may be the Pope or the Pretender, if he be na a highwayman—as I veer mair—so look to thy spoons, good wife.'

'He's a pretty and a canny youth, anyway.'

The landlord of the 'Netherby Arms' only answered by a growl and an ill-concealed frown at his helpmate, who was greatly flattered by La Roque lifting his hat as she tripped away, and who was really pretty, pleasing, some thirty years Toby's junior, and so full and

round in her bust, that she seemed to have grown up in her tight bodice and long peaked stomacher.

Toby again seated himself beside the stranger, who, after sipping his wine once or twice, said—

‘Is that comely dame your wife, my friend?’

‘I’m nae friend o’ yours, sir. What if she be—or what if she be na?’ was the surly rejoinder of Mr. Radley, who laid down his pipe with a cloudy expression of eye, while his terrier began to growl and show his teeth, as if impressed by the sound of his master’s voice.

‘Pardon me—I only envy you—though I, too, have the misfortune to be married.’

‘Ods firkin, ye dunna look loike it,’ exclaimed Toby.

‘But my wife has run away from me,’ said La Roque, with a deep sigh.

‘Ods bud!’ exclaimed the landlord, resuming his pipe and becoming suddenly interested.

‘Has a chaise passed this way?’

‘A chaise and four cream-coloured nag-tails?’

‘No; a chaise drawn by a bay and a piebald horse?’

‘No, maister; besides, the river be na fordable at the present time, as ye may see.’

‘Good—très bon! she will be here anon, and compelled to tarry.’

‘She—who, maister?’

‘My wife. I wish to stay here to-night for the purpose of arresting the fugitive. When she arrives, you will say nothing about my being in the house here—you comprehend, my friend?’

Mr. Toby Radley again applied the mouth-piece of his long pipe vigorously to his pole, and looked perplexed; the strange foreign accent, the confident bearing, and excited manner of La Roque, puzzled one of a nature so slow and lymphatic.

‘She’s goin’ to stop here, say ye?’

‘Yes.’

‘And you too, maister?’

‘Yes—yes.’

‘And one’s to ken nought about t’other, loike?’

‘She is not to hear of me till such time as I choose to make myself known. Mort de ma vie, what a stupid old beast it is!’ muttered La Roque. ‘Truly, Father Adam has some very vulgar offspring. A French Aubergiste would have taken in the whole situation at once, and guessed my wishes in an instant.’

‘This business be na canny, maister, and I dunna loike it,’ said the landlord, ‘dang me if I does!’

‘I tell thee, sirrah, that the lady of whom I am in pursuit—whom I must have passed en route, and who will be here anon, is my wife!’

‘Your wife—art surc?’

‘Sabre de Bois! I have twice said so, fool.’

'But ods firkins, why do ye follow her in this wild fashion, maister?'

'Because she will leave me, despite all my love and tenderness, to join her rascally lover among these Scots rebels—les Sauvages Ecossais—dost see—dost comprehend?'

'If so be as that is the case, wounds; but I'm wi' ye, and there's the hand o' Toby Radlèy on't,' exclaimed the landlord, who was chronically jealous of a certain son of Vulcan, whose ponderous sledge hammer could be heard at that moment ringing on his anvil at the town end.

'Be you a voreigner, maister?'

'Yes, a countryman, and, what is more, a kinsman of King George, and as such I thank you, monsieur.'

'A chaise drawn by a bay 'orse and a piebald?'

'Peste—yes.'

'Then there they be, a rattling down the road frae Blackford now, sure as my name be Toby Radlèy!'

As the landlord spoke, La Roque at once recognised the chaise with its yellow panels, and glasses shining in the setting sun, as it approached Longtown at a rapid pace, swaying from side to side with fearful jolts on the rough and stony highway.

'Tis she! caution and secrecy now, M. L'Aubergiste, and be assured I shall pay you nobly and well!' said La Roque to Mr. Radley, who winked portentously, and placed his right forefinger by the side of his nose, on which the officer, who thought it might be an English mark of politeness, lifted his hat, as he hastened into the house, muttering, 'En avant, M. La Roque! milles diables, je le ferai bien! en avant!'

CHAPTER LVIII.

LONGTOWN.

'I hold thee base enough
To break through law and spurn at social order,
And to do a brutal injury like this;
Yet mark me well, young Lord, I think Calista
Too nice, too noble, and too great of soul,
To be the prey of such a thing as thou art!'
The Fair Penitent.

It seemed to Bryde that a singular fatality attended this first short stage of her journey. The delays were incessant; the horses, frequently restive, proceeded slowly, while the postilion seemed deaf alike to her orders and intreaties to travel quicker.

At a cross road, where the way was narrowed by prodigious hedges, they had to halt for nearly an hour until a suicide was interred, with a stake driven through his body, according to the custom of that enlightened age, and after his uncouth grave was

covered up, and Bryde shuddered as the chaise passed over it; a malefactor's corpse swung close by on a gibbet, to add to the horror of the place.

At Blackford one of the horses cast a shoe; the smith was tipsy at his forge, and another hour was lost ere a substitute could be found and the horse reshoed.

The postilion next mistook the road, and drove her some miles on the way to Scaleby, before he pretended to discover his mistake, and poor Bryde shed tears of vexation, before she saw the straggling street of Longtown, and the desolate expanse of Solway Moss that lay to the westward of it, and there learned that the Esk was too deep for her chaise to cross that night, and she must wait until the morrow; and as if that contingency was not enough, when just opposite the porch and chesnut tree of the 'Netherby Arms,' the near hind wheel of the vehicle, singularly came off (the driver had just abstracted the linch-pin), and in a great fright, Bryde allowed herself to be conducted into that celebrated caravanserai by Mr. Toby Radley, who felt that he was assisting in the performance of a high moral 'dooty,' by securing the pretty runaway.

This was on the evening of the 9th November, when the early sun sets at a quarter-past four. Bryde felt lonely and oppressed by an uncomfortable sense of her unprotected situation, as she saw the shadows deepening in this strange place; and so she requested to be led at once to her room.

The hostess was kind, and her presence was very assuring to Bryde, who little knew from whom she was only separated by a partition, and who felt puzzled, however, by her manner—especially by her strange smirks and smiles of intelligence. These surprised and annoyed her. What—thought Bryde haughtily—can this person mean; for whom does she take me?

After having a cup of chocolate, she desired to be left alone, as she meant to set forth betimes on the morrow, and from the window of her room, which was secured by iron bars, and which Toby Radley took especial care was at the top of the house, she sat alone, for hours, watching the new moon rising in the north-west above the pastoral hills of Annandale.

She saw it shining on the White Esk, which rises in the shire of Selkirk, enters England at the Scots Dyke and flows past Longtown to the Solway Firth. At least she was so much nearer home! A Scottish river flowed beneath her window, and those were Scottish hills over which the moon's sharp crescent was soaring. Poor Bryde's *maladie du pays* would seem very strange to the wanderers of the world in this age of locomotion.

Well, to-morrow, if the spirits of the stream proved friendly, would see her beyond its banks, and travelling away towards the lonely wastes of Eskdalemuir. She remembered the halt among the mountains, when her grandfather grew weary and lay by the wayside with his poor old aching head in her lap. It seemed as if all

that had passed but last night! She resolved that she would visit the kind farmer who had befriended them, and was considering the various presents she would make to his wife and little ones, when, after saying her prayer very devoutly, with her hands folded as she used to do in childhood, the amiable girl dropped into a calm and pleasant sleep.

A certain vague sence of alarm had prevented her disrobing, so she lay down in her walking-dress and drew the coverlet over her for warmth.

She had thought of securing her door prior to this; but the key of the lock was gone! Indeed, at that moment it was safe in the pocket of La Roque.

Bryde had been unconscious for some hours, when that personage, who had been, as he would have phrased it, 'priming' himself with wine to deaden any small scruples he might have felt, stole stealthily into her room, carefully shading his candle with one hand, lest he might startle or rouse her too suddenly, for one of his chief objects was to compromise Bryde if he could, by placing her in a false position.

Time was further advanced than our enterprising officer supposed, for notwithstanding the daring offence he meditated, he had actually fallen asleep with his head on the bar-table.

The silence of the apartment and of the time, was profound; he heard only the soft and regular breathing of Bryde, as she lay half hidden by the coverlet, in a pretty little tent bed with white muslin curtains, in her *tout ensemble*, looking very much as we have all seen Desdemona in the last scene of her tragic story.

Bryde was pale, but looking almost beautiful, and there was a sublime innocence in her calm sleeping face; her long eyelashes seemed black when contrasted with the purity of her cheek, and her rich, bright chesnut hair was spread in some disorder over her pillow. One hand, white and faultless in its symmetry, rested on the tucker of her bodice; the other was under her round and softly shaded cheek. Her lips were parted. She was dreaming and smiling in her sleep, for midnight was long since passed; the morning was nigh, and then it is, that one generally dreams most.

'Peste!' muttered La Roque; 'she is charming—superbe—magnifique! But there has been a decided dash of the devil at times in these glorious eyes, when they have surveyed me. Tudieu! my little beauty, I would rather—when you are provoked—be your lover than your husband, as I have given myself out to be, to the bores here. Mademoiselle has a chin and upper-lip that evince determination of purpose. She sleeps and dreams—dreams of that other lover, whoever he may be. Ah sacre—shall I ever teach her to love me?'

He had been gradually drawing nearer as he muttered thus, and now stooping over her, he daringly pressed his lips to hers! Bryde started, and awoke with a sob of terror, and she was about to scream when he somewhat rudely placed his hand on her mouth,

'Oh, Heaven!—most merciful Heaven!—who is this?' she exclaimed, supporting herself on one hand, and seeking to protect herself with the other.

'Tis I, mademoiselle—'tis I, dearest: do not alarm yourself,' said he, as she furiously dashed aside his arm, and forcibly sprang to the floor; but he confronted her midway to the door, in which he very deliberately turned the key, and placed the latter once more in his pocket.

At this action Bryde became seriously alarmed, but rallying all her courage—

'Monsieur La Roque—you here, sir,' she exclaimed: 'here—and at this hour!'

'As you see; at your service, my dearest girl—tender, devoted, and true.'

'Oh, M. La Roque, you are cruel, insolent, and heartless! How can you—how dare you—to treat me thus?'

'Heartless—très bon!'

'Leave this room—nay, this house—instantly, and begone!—begone, or my cries shall bring me aid.'

'Nay, mademoiselle, do not deceive yourself as to that, or be so rash as to make any unpleasant noise. This inn is perfectly solitary; it contains no travellers, fortunately, but ourselves, and your postilion, an unparalleled fellow, who fulfilled my instructions to the letter! I have completely won over madame the landlady, and "le maitre d'hôtel," the "anbergiste," or whatever you call him, *he* is far too judicious and well-bred to interfere between a wedded pair, as they conceive you and I to be.'

'Havo you dared to say this?' exclaimed Bryde, who felt more indignation than fear on hearing this bantering speech, which La Roque uttered with a somewhat thick and uncertain voice.

'What will love for you not make me dare and do? Ah, mademoiselle, have you no heart?'

'I have a heart—a resentful one, as you shall find,' said Bryde, sternly, as she looked round; but there was no bell or other means of summoning assistance.

'A heart—peste! then it must be of stone, or of ice. Don't you see, my beloved one, how I suffer?' exclaimed La Roque, tearing his hair with both hands in a manner ludicrously French.

'I have told you often ere this, that my regard is irrevocably another's; and if it were not——'

'Ah—diable—if it were not——'

'This ruffianism would only serve to steel me against you.'

'I am not so assured of that,' replied the young Frenchman, with a saucy smile, for the fumes of the wine he had imbibed overnight were still affecting him; 'I never met a brown-eyed girl yet who did not like fire and vivacity in a lover. Ah, my angel, if you were but half as much in love with me as I am with you, how happy we should be! what devilish fuss and trouble would be spared us!'

As La Roque had never before permitted himself to speak in this audacious strain, Bryde became seriously alarmed; and, on his attempting to take her hand, started back with a dangerous expression sparkling in her eyes.

'Tres bon—tres belle! C'est la beauté-du-diable!' exclaimed La Roque, laughing and making a rather musteedy pirouette.

'Oh, that I were a man and had a sword, or even a riding whip, wherewith to punish you as you deserve, base and ignoble coward, for such conduct as this! Sir, I command you to leave this room instantly!'

A very dark expression came over La Roque's face at these words, which stung him keenly, and completely sobered him. He drew back a little way.

'Thank Heaven,' said Bryde, 'day is at hand, and will bring succour with it—the dawn spreads fast across the east.'

'I have but one excuse, mademoiselle—I love you so much, and love should pardon anything. It is in vain to resist me, for my plans are laid with care. You travel not one step further towards Scotland, but must go with me.'

'With you?'

'Yes, my little coquette.'

'To where?'

'Wherever I please.'

'Leave me, sir—leave me or I shall faint,' said Bryde, whose courage began to fail her.

'For to-night—or rather, for what remains of the morning, I shall leave you—if—if——'

'What, sir?'

'You will give me one kiss, freely, willingly—only one little kiss; people always seem to know each other so much better after that.'

'Enough, sir—begone, I command you,' said Bryde, rushing to the window, and throwing it up, but it was closed by the bars without, and no one seemed abroad yet.

La Roque, inflamed alike by her beauty and helplessness, sprang towards her; threw his left arm around her waist, and grasped her right hand resolutely within his own.

'Ah, sir, have mercy upon me, if you are a gentleman—mercy, I beseech you,' said Bryde, whose tears could no longer be controlled, 'I am all alone in the world—alone among total strangers—in this wild place, too! You will have pity upon me, and no longer insult me, La Roque—I know you will, for the sake of your mother—of your sister, if you have one?'

Her soft brown eyes so imploring and full of earnest sweetness were turned to those of the Frenchman; but she saw that he was unflinching in his purpose; that her very glances served only to inflame him more, and now a long and shrill cry for help escaped her.

'Sacre-bleu,' said he, 'such a very unpleasant sound; but you

may scream for succour here a long time before it will come to you, little one.'

At that moment there was a loud knocking on the door of the room, and the voice of the landlord was heard saying in a very excited tone—

'Open Maister—open! get forth the chaise and away wi' your wife, for Odrabbit it, here be these pestilent Scots a comin'!'

At the same moment the sound of many bagpipes was heard, and Bryde from the window saw in the grey twilight of the morning a great body of Highlanders marching straight for the banks of the swollen stream, which they began to cross, without the slightest doubt or hesitation.

In fact they formed part of that column of the Prince's army, which, under the Duke of Perth, was destined to capture Carlisle. A hundred men abreast, they flung themselves, hand-in-hand, in the Scottish fashion, into the rushing stream, and soon more than two thousand of them were in the water at once, stemming thus the fierce torrent, without the loss of a man. Little more was visible than their heads, and the standards which their bearers held triumphantly aloft.

The first who plunged into this deep and dangerous ford was the heroic Gillies Macbane, who, before doing so, drunk a mouthful of the water, exclaiming, as he waved his bonnet:—

'Deoch slaint an Rìgh Hamish!' (To the health of King James.)

As soon as they had all crossed, they brandished their swords, gave three loud cheers, and shouted—

'Prionse Tearlach gu bragh!'

They then danced reels to the sound of the bagpipes till their kilts, plaids and other clothing were dry—and this sudden passage of a swollen stream, was achieved by those brave and hardy fellows in the space of five minutes.

A horseman in blue uniform, with an upright white feather in his hat, attended by a trumpeter, swam his charge across the river, and after a few words of conversation, with one who rode a white horse, and who was no other than the Duke of Perth, galloped off by the road to Carlisle.

Did nothing of his air seem familiar to Bryde? For that horseman—who crossed the stream within a hundred yards of the window, from whence she and La Roque, who was now thoroughly startled and dismayed by the sudden apparition of this hostile column, were gazing—was no other than her affianced husband, who was despatched to summon the city of Carlisle, and who spurred on, mentally vowing that, ere nightfall, he would free Bryde from the captivity he supposed she was enduring there, or he would lie dead in the castle ditch.

The inmates of Mr. Toby Radley's establishment were all roused now. Terror and dismay filled the hearts of all the simple folks in

Longtown; for they believed that a general pillage and massacre were certain to ensue.

La Roque took his measures instantly; he looked to the priming of his pistols, and stuck them in his girdle. Bryde was rushing from the inn porch to effect her escape and join the Highlanders, when, with the assistance of Toby Radley, her tormentor thrust her forcibly into the chaise, which was now at the door, with the horses traced and the corrupt postilion in the saddle.

Poor Bryde uttered a succession of piercing cries; but a handkerchief was thrust into her mouth; the glasses were closed, and while La Roque held her firmly in his arms, they were borne away at a tearing pace, she knew not whither.

CHAPTER LIX.

IN ENGLAND.

‘O, Pattison! O chon! O chon
 Thou wonder of a mayor!
 Thou blest thy lot, thou wert no Scot,
 And blustered like a player.
 What hast thou done with sword and gun,
 To baffle the Pretender?
 Of mouldy cheese and bacon grease,
 Thou art more fit defender!’

Song, The Mayor of Carlisle.

LORD DALQUHARN’S mind was as full of Bryde Otterburn as of his duty while he rode along the same road, which she had pursued yesterday, (but in an opposite direction) and soon saw before him, all reddened by the morning sun, the fine old city and fortress, so long alike the key and bulwark of England’s western frontier, whilome besieged by many a Scottish army, and sometimes in vain. Dalquharn knew now of Sir Baldred’s death; but he hoped to find and free Bryde from the old border city, and so, spurred on with emotions of joy and ardour, that, however, were not untinged by anxiety.

Surrounded by massive walls of the time of Henry VIII., and which were greatly strengthened against the Scots by Queen Elizabeth, the town, under its Mayor, Mr. Pattison, was fully prepared for resistance; and that civic dignitary was at the pains, in a proclamation, to inform all whom it might concern, that he was *not* Paterson, a Scottish man, but a free-born Englishman, ‘*which* would fight to the last gasp for his king and country.’

With the garrison of the castle, under Colonel Durand, and the cannon on the walls of the city, a noble defence was expected, as the column of the Duke of Perth was furnished with only a few small field-pieces.

Dalquharn, as he approached, saw the union-jack flying on the castle; the gates all closed, and guards of militia and the line on the alert. He reined in his horse; his trumpeter did the same, and blew three shrill blasts, while waving a white handkerchief in sign of truce, for they were not without fears of being fired on, in defiance of the laws of war, for the hostility of the people they were advancing among, was extremely bitter, though they were nearly the same race as the Scottish Lowlanders, for Cumbria, the most north-west part of England, and southern of Scotland, was a province of the Scoto Britons, (including those of Galloway and Strathelyde), who, after the Saxon invasion, withstood it in the west, and forming an independent kingdom, subsisted as such, till conquered by Gregory the Great, in the tenth century.

After a little parley, Dalquharn announced to an officer, who came forth, his name and rank, and stated that he had come on the part of His Grace the Duke of Perth, to demand in the name of His Royal Highness the Prince Regent, for James III. of England and VIII. of Scotland—the precedence was changed now—the surrender of the castle and city of Carlisle, otherwise they should be taken at the point of the sword.

To this, the Mayor, a very vulgar little cheesemonger, replied by a recapitulation of his placard, adding,

‘Sir—thof you call yourself a lord—I’m a freeborn Englishman, which won’t submit to no Roman vermin, French dragoons, Irish brigades, or Highland cut-throats. Hurrah for the land of liberty, say I, and down with the Popish Pretender—the lousy son of a Scotch warming-pan!’

Dalquharn was weak enough to be irritated by this man’s foolish insolence, and his right hand wandered involuntarily towards his holster flaps, a motion which Mr. Mayor Pattison was quick enough to detect, for he slunk behind Colonel Durand.

‘The Mayor speaks for the city, my Lord,’ said that stately old officer; ‘I am governor and commandant of the garrison—Colonel Durand of the First Guards, at your service.’

‘Permit me, Colonel, in future, to confer with you, for with this person, the Mayor, I can do so no more,’ said Dalquharn, eyeing Mr. Pattison sternly.

Colonel Durand bowed, all the more politely, perhaps, that in our regular army, officers and men had greatly lost confidence by the result of the battle of Preston; and as a means of resisting the furious onset of the Highland swordsmen, it was actually proposed to have portable *elevaux-de-frise* to place in front of the lines of infantry, a timid precaution never adopted; but the rumour thereof caused great anxiety to the Prince and his officers, lest it should baffle their simple tactics.

Durand listened with courteous politeness to the demands of Dalquharn, and glancing with a smile at the heavy ten-gun battery of

the castle, said, that as a British officer he knew his duty, and that his garrison would stand on its defence.

'I regret to hear it, sir; but I too have a duty to perform. And now, Colonel, ere we part, I have a favour to ask of you. Sir Baldred Otterburn, who was prisoner here——'

'Lies buried in yonder ditch, where many more may be ere long, I fear; but what is the favour, my Lord?'

'It is the release of his granddaughter, Miss Otterburn, who was brought here prisoner under a Dutch escort?' said Dalquharn, whom this information greatly shocked.

'Under favour, good my Lord, she was no prisoner, but simply her grandfather's attendant. She is no longer here, having left Carlisle yesterday.'

'For whence?'

'By chaise for Scotland. I had the pleasure to be of some special service to the poor young lady, who, I hope, will soon be safe among her friends.'

'I thank you, sir,' said Dalquharn, who could scarcely conceal his disappointment. 'Then, Colonel, you have no amended answer for His Grace the Duke of Perth.'

'None—save that if he would be wise, he should sheath his sword and go home. Mere hereditary right is a doctrine no longer understood by Englishmen, and your Prince deceives himself if he hopes to find either friends or allies on this side of the Tweed. I would not question either him or you, my lord, as to whether a king can do no wrong; I would only ask, if King James comes to rule over us, will he do right? Here ends our confidence.'

They saluted each other and separated.

The citizens of Carlisle fully equalled those of Edinburgh in the display of valour and in noisy preparations for defence; but when the Duke of Perth's column came in sight, and a battery was formed, under the direction of Captain James Grant, the Prince's chief engineer, on the east side of the town—a work at which, in their enthusiasm, the Duke, the Marquis of Tullybardine, and Sir John Mitchell, worked with their coats off—the gallant Mayor desired at once to make terms for himself and the city, meanly leaving to his fate Colonel Durand, who, however, fired briskly on the trench, and threw over hand-grenades in great numbers; but his cannon and explosives were so ill served, that they excited only the derision of the Highlanders, who waved their bonnets, whenever a missile fell among them.

Finding himself abandoned by the warlike Pattison, Durand substituted a white flag for the Union Jack, and once more Lord Dalquharn rode forward to parley with him. The sequel to this conference, was the surrender of the castle and city after a mock siege, (in which one man was killed and one wounded) on condition that all public rights were to be respected; that the militia should disperse, leaving two hundred horses, one thousand muskets, one

hundred barrels of powder, fifteen coehorns, and three months' provisions at the disposal of the Prince, who, on the 17th made his triumphal entry, amid a royal salute from the ramparts and the ringing of bells.

He was mounted on a white charger, and preceded by one hundred pipers, whose united strains must have made a terrific din to those who heard it. At the head of these musicians, swaggered John Macgregor of Fortingall, his own favourite piper. The Life Guards rode in two abreast, with one kettle-drum beating, and next day Pattison the mayor, and the other magistrate (who had delivered the keys on their knees), with the city sword and mace borne before them, proclaimed James king of England, Scotland, France, and Ireland, while Marshal Wade, with his division of the British forces, was pushing from Newcastle towards Hexham, through fields and roads, buried deep under the heavy snows of an early winter, that rendered them nearly impassable.

Every reader of history knows the sad tale of the young Prince's campaign; how the rapidity and boldness of his expedition filled with ardour the brave; with pity, the wise and wary; with terror, the pusillanimous; and how it astonished all Europe, though his force grew smaller daily, for a thousand Highlanders declined to cross the Borders, and returned home.

When we consider the orderly and gentle conduct of the Highland Insurgents, who really believed that they were advancing to free their southern fellow subjects from a foreign thrall, the language of loathing and hate, adopted by the English towards them, seems now alike absurd and horrible.

A gentleman writing from Derby describes them as looking 'like so many fiends turned out of hell to ravage the kingdom, and cut throats; and under their plaids nothing to be seen but butchering weapons of various sorts; the sight at first must be thought very shocking and terrible.' After much grossness and obscenity, the letter adds, 'but what really did afford me some matter for unavoidable laughter, was to see these desperadoes, officers, and common men, at all their meals, first pull off their bonnets, then lift their eyes in a solemn manner, and mutter something by way of grace—as if they had been so many primitive Christians. Their dialect seemed to me as if a herd of Hottentots, wild monkees, or vagrant gypsies had been jabbering, screaming, and howling together; and really their jargon was very properly suited to such a set of banditti.*

Even a clergyman, the Revorend Dr. Doddridge, in his memoirs of the foolish visionary Gardiner, who fell at Preston, announeced, that were 'an hecatomb of Highland brutes slain across the grave' of his hero, his hate would not be quenched.

Scotland had not been wanting in those who have coarsely and

* Hist. of the present Rebellion, by John Moreland, Gent. London, 1747, p. 212,

ungenerously written in a similar strain. We can smile at such bitterness now ; but we should also remember that though among the chosen twelve of God, there was one Judas, all England's proffered gold could not produce ONE traitor from among those 'Highland brutes and banditti,' who followed Charles Edward Stuart to the three last battles fought on Scottish ground.

CHAPTER LX.

THE RETREAT FROM DERBY.

'The sun will not be seen to-day ;
The sky doth frown and lower upon our army.
I would these dewy tears were from the ground.
Not shine to-day ! Why what is that to me
More than to Richmond ? For the self-same heaven
That frowns on me, looks sadly upon him.'

Richard III., Act v.

LORD DALQUHARN'S troop of the Life Guards formed the advance of the Prince's army, when after a long, fatiguing and harassing march, performed by Charles on foot, as he gave his coach to the aged and infirm Lord Pitsligo—a march, on which, especially after leaving Manchester, they were everywhere received with signs of aversion—the Insurgents entered Derby.

In London, terror reigned among the Whigs, and exultation among the Tories ; the Guards were at Finchley, and King George's yacht, laden with all his plate and valuables, lay off the Tower Stairs. Fielding, who was then in town, says, 'when the Highlanders, by an almost incredible march, got between the Duke's army and the metropolis, they struck a terror into it, scarcely to be credited,' while the fear of the country people was as absurd as it is inconceivable.

Locheil with the Lords Dalquharn and Nairn, were quartered in the same house at Derby, and the Chevalier Johnstone records that on their entrance, the landlady, an old woman, threw herself on her knees before the astonished Highland chief, and with clasped hands, and eyes full of tears, exclaimed in piercing accents—

'Oh, sir, take my life—but spare my two little children !'

'Are you in your senses, my good woman—pray explain yourself?' said he.

Then she answered him with sobs, that everybody believed the Highlanders to be cannibals who ate little children. The good chief laughed heartily and assured her, but with some difficulty, that neither she, her little ones, or any one else would be injured. After this, she opened a secret press, saying :—

'Come out, children—the gentleman says he will not eat you.'

Then two trembling and half-stified children came forth and threw themselves at the feet of the gallant Lochiel, as if he had been the ogre of a nursery tale.

'They affirmed in the newspapers of London,' adds the Chevalier, 'that we had dogs in our army trained to fight; and that we were indebted for our victory at Gladsmuir (or Preston) to these dogs, who darted with fury on the English army. They represented the Highlanders as monsters with claws instead of hands; in a word, they never ceased to circulate every day, the most extravagant and ridiculous stories with respect to the Highlanders.'

In all the towns along their route no man cried God save Prince Charles, or his father. It was too evident, when too late, that all England looked on with coldness, timidity, or hate, and felt, like he of the *Night Thoughts*, enraged to see

'A Pope-bred princeling crawl ashore
And whistle cut-throats with those swords that scraped
Their native hills for barren sustenance,
To hew a passage to the British throne.'

They mocked, or with stupid wonder stared at those men, speaking an unknown language, wearing a wild barbaric dress, so quaintly and so amply armed, and who, though orderly and civilized, seemed uncouth, savage and garish in the appurtenances of their mountain chivalry, and marching bare-legged through the deep December snows! Yet in the ranks of that small army, so mocked and reviled, were many of Scotland's greatest nobles, perilling all that makes life dear for their native king, and many a young hero, whose mother had prayed on her knees, by his bedside in the lonely glens of the north—prayed as only a mother can pray, with her head on his pillow, and her tears on his cheek, ere he went forth with Appin, Lochiel, Lord Louis or Glengarry, with the white rose in his bonnet, high hope in his heart, and his loyal father's sword by his side, to find, perhaps, a grave on the field, or under the scaffold; for in Scotland, many a mother could say, in the words of the old song—

'I once had sons, I now hae nane,
I bore them, toiling sairly!
But I would bear them a' again,
To lose them a' for Charlie!'

With an army reduced to 4400 men, the Prince was now but little more than a hundred miles distant from London; but save 200 men of Manchester, under Colonel Townley, a brave and accomplished English gentleman, none joined him, and he was menaced by no less than *three* British armies; one under Marshal Wade in Yorkshire, another under the Duke of Cumberland at Lichfield, a day's march in front, and a third encamped at Finchley, under Marshal the Earl of Stair, while, beyond, lay London, filled with the militia and volunteers of the city and all Middlesex!

To advance seemed desperate; to retreat hopeless, while rivalry,

jealousy, and dissension, the usual curses of the Celtic race, were not wanting in the unfortunate Highland camp. To all, but more especially to the ill-starred young Prince, had it become apparent that the pretended English Jacobites had lured him to his doom!

'We have had ocular demonstration,' says the editor of Johnstone's *Memoirs*, 'from the archives of the Stuart family, now in the possession of his majesty, that he (Prince Charles) was first invited into Great Britain, and then basely abandoned to his fate, by a great part of the English aristocracy. This fact cannot be denied, as there is evidence in their own handwriting. These archives consist of more than half a million of documents; hence 'the project of the Pretender was not so wild, as since the *result*, it has usually been pronounced; and the conduct of the Highland chiefs, though certainly bold, was not so imprudent, as it might, at first sight, appear to be.'

So in the mansion of Brownlow Earl of Exeter, was summoned that celebrated council of war, which was attended by all the nobles and chiefs of that little army—a stormy and a bitter council it proved!

Many had to impart intelligence of a gloomy nature. All the west of Scotland was now in arms against them under John of Mammere, the heir of Argyle; in Perth the Jacobites and whigs had come to blows; in Dundee the Prince's governor had been expelled by force of arms. In Edinburgh the demonstrations against him were remarkably vehement, and there General Handside was rallying a large force, among whom were the fugitives from Preston. Worse than all, the Macleods, the Grants, and other powerful whig clans were all in arms, and mustering for King George, beyond the Grampians and the Spey!

Notwithstanding all this gathering gloom, M. du Boyer, the Marquis de Guilles, Captain of the marine regiment, 6th of the French line, and styling himself the ambassador of King Louis, who had only the selfish ends of that monarch in view, urged an advance, and spoke largely of the Irish brigades which were to join a few troops just landed at Montrose under Lord John Drummond. Even the Lords Dalquharn, Nairn, and Balmerino urged that they should at once march and fight the Duke of Cumberland or the King.

'To London!' they exclaimed, 'to London, your Royal Highness; it lies open to the first comers, Scots or Dutch; let us fight the Elector at the head of his Guards and train-bands, and die under the walls of London if we cannot be victorious!'

To all this Lord George Murray, who acted as Adjutant General, replied in the name of the majority which adhered to him, calmly, briefly, and wisely:—

'Your Highness, my lords and gentlemen, we have marched thus far into the heart of England, and Colonel Townley, with 200 loyal men of Manchester, alone have joined us, though our route has lain

through those counties which were supposed to be most favourable to our cause. Of that descent from France, of which M. le Marquis de Guilles speaks so largely, we hear only from himself. If one—yea, even one Englishman of note, shewed us favour, we might march to London or anywhere else; but 'tis not so, and nothing is left us now but to consult our own safety—to regain those mountains, from which we have been lured on false and base pretences! As matters stand at present, even if we eluded the armies of Marshals Wade, Stair, and the so-called Duke of Cumberland, now more than 30,000 strong, we would have to fight a *fourth* army in front of London, when every man of us would be destroyed, and the £30,000 which are set upon the head of your Highness, would probably be realised by some enterprising cockney.

'With whomsoever we fight, to a force so small as ours, victory would be impossible on one hand, and fruitless on the other. We could no more command the vast multitudes of London than the waves of the sea. We have many friends yet in the North, where Viscount Strathallan has mustered 4000 loyal claymores; let us join them if we can; if we cannot, let us die, as our fathers have died, sword in hand, on the way!'

The Duke of Perth and Sir John Mitchell suggested a march into Wales; but Lord George shewed the impossibility of opposing the army of Cumberland, whose junction with Wade would hopelessly cut them off. On all hands menaced, harassed, disappointed, and despairing, it was carried that the retreat should be immediate!

The Prince had listened to all this, while his blue eyes, sparkling with tears of rage, were fixed on the road that led to London, through a level and fertile plain surrounded by beautiful scenery, over which a gloom, consonant with his own emotions, was cast by the dull grey clouds that enveloped the winter sun. His face was pale now, and his fair hair in disorder. Had charming Mrs. Cibber seen him then, perhaps she might not have played Polly Peachum for three nights gratis, to furnish money for his enemies, even though the candles for old Drury, were given, also gratis, by the chandlers of London.

His hopes were all but blasted now.

'I shall call no more councils now, my lords,' said he bitterly and proudly, 'since I am accountable only to God and the King my father. To Scotland then be it!'

In those simple old days, great folks were not, like the veriest snobs of the present, ashamed of exhibiting the natural emotions of their heart, and some stormy words ensued at that council board, and tears even were shed by some, tears of rage and mortification, by old and young.

Next day, in the dusk of the December morning, the pipes summoned the clans to their colours, and, as they joyfully supposed, against Cumberland.

'The Life Guards had the van ; Kilmarnock next ; the Athole brigade had the Royal Standard ; Cluny and Pitsligo had the rear guards of foot and horse,' according to Captain Stuart of the Lord Ogilvie's regiment ; but when day broke and the increasing light shewed to the Highlanders that they were retreating, fleeing as they deemed it, a moan of rage and fierce lamentation ran along their whole line of march ; and now the vindictiveness of the peasantry became prominent ; most of them were in arms, says Sir Walter Scott, and all stragglers were murdered or made prisoners. When taken they were led away, half stripped, with their hands tied behind their backs and halters about their necks.

The Prince, who had always marched at the heads of his clans when advancing, and was ever the first at the muster-place, now seemed to *follow* rather than lead them. He rode on silently and moodily, or spoke only to Perth and Dalquharn, who had vehemently, but unwisely, opposed the retreat ; and no more was his cheerful voice heard carolling a scrap of a French song, or calling to old Macgregor, his favourite piper, 'Seid suas do phiob, Ian !' (blow up your pipes, John), and to march beside him ; and strange as it may seem, to the music of those identical pipes did George IV. dance in Holyrood and Her Majesty the Queen at Taymouth Castle.*

Sad and preoccupied, he rode on in silence, with the reins of his white horse resting on its neck, and his eyes fixed on vacancy, or like one who saw something unseen by others, in the infinity of time and space. But last night he had been discussing whether or not he should enter London in the kilt, and now — !

Dalquharn and others hoped that if they could elude the three armies, which were striving to hem them in, and join Strathallan in the north, a vigorous stand might be made in Scotland yet ; but at times old Lord Lovat was vehemently of a different opinion, and consoled himself by sundry quotations from Horace, and affirming that 'this retreat was like the madness of men doomed by the gods !' But it was a retreat unsurpassed by any, for rapidity, order, and skill, and they had been two days on their homeward march before the unwieldy hero of Fontenoy heard that they had outflanked and eluded both Wade and him. To traverse level England was easy work to those hill-climbing warrior shepherds, who wore the garb of old Gaul.

At all the cutler's shops in the various towns, they gathered in clamorous bands to have their dirks and claymores sharpened. At Kendal, the young baronet of Kirkbrae, a gentleman of the Life Guards, was assassinated from a window by a musket shot. The ball narrowly missed the Duke of Perth, and pierced the hat of Sir John Mitchell. In retribution for this, Dalquharn ordered his troop to pillage the adjacent houses, and endeavoured to set the town on fire.

* See Notes, *post*.

So on, and on, was continued that weary and harassing retreat, through the winter slough and by execrable roads, with all the British cavalry, and even mounted infantry, the Yorkshire Hunters and armed peasantry in close pursuit, until the 18th of December, when, just as dusk was closing, shots were exchanged between the rear sections of Dalquharn's troop, the clansmen of Cluny MacPherson, and the dragoons of Cumberland, when a resolute stand was made by the rear guard of the fugitive army on Clifton Moor, an episode, some of the incidents of which were never to be forgotten by Dalquharn.

CHAPTER LXI.

THE ABDUCTION.

'I am as bold, I am as bold,
I am as bold, and more, lady;
And any man who doubts my word,
May try my good claymore, lady.

'Then be content, then be content,
And run away with me, lady;
For you shall be my wedded wife,
Untill the day you die, lady.'

Ballad of Robin Oig.

To be dragged away as Bryde was by her daring abductor, in a chaise and pair, her own vehicle too—dragged away she knew not whither, when almost within hail of the Prince's army, was maddening! She uttered several shrill cries, and for a time struggled violently with her captor. Filled with just indignation by the deliberate insolence of La Roque, she wished for a dagger, and once she made a snatch at one of the handsome silver-plated pistols which hung at his girdle, though she knew not her object in doing so.

He strove to soothe her by caresses, which she angrily repelled; he tenderly besought her not to weep, saying also that he had loved her since the first evening on which he had seen her, when he came on that unwelcome errand from Berwick with M. le Provost—loved her dearly, fondly; that he would marry her if she would have him—*milles bombes!*—actually marry, though it was not much in his way to do such things; that she was a portion of his Fate—he of hers; that there was a hidden tie which bound them, and a great deal more to the same purpose.

But notwithstanding the outrageous nature of his conduct, it must not be supposed that Lieutenant La Roque was so madly in love with Bryde Otterburn as his too ready flow of words would infer; a flirtation, philander, *affaire du cœur*—what you will—with some fair one, formed a necessary portion of the business of life,

with this young *mal vivant*, for such he was, rather than a regular *vaurien*.

It was, he thought, excessively annoying to find that he, who had found so much favour with the gayest women of Paris, who had but to throw the handkerchief (like our old friend to the Commander of the Faithful) to delight the most charming of the opera girls and fair ones of the corps dramatique, should be repelled and baffled thus, by a little cossaque Ecossais, as he playfully termed her.

A reckless audacity had chiefly caused him to avail himself of a handsome girl's unprotected situation among strangers; a love of adventure, and a desire of seeing the affair to an end, had spurred him on, for all his life, especially since he had joined the army, had been spent in wild and dissolute scrapes, duels, and love affairs with girls of all classes.

Bryde sat silent now, or only started from time to time as some labourer in the fields, or some wayfarer, turned for an instant to gaze, with wonder and inquiry, at the chaise, as it was torn along the road, both horses being lashed to such furious speed, that the ill-hung vehicle swayed madly from side to side, in imminent danger apparently of being overturned.

The hot tears which, since early morning, had by their ceaseless flow inflamed Bryde's delicate eyelids, were still welling forth copiously.

The sight of this grief and unconquerable repugnance horribly bored La Roque, and there were times when he eyed her gloomily, and felt inclined to leave her, and say,

'Mademoiselle, we weary each other; turn your horses' heads towards the north, and begone to your bare-legged friends, in the devil's name.'

On, on, amid the bold, abrupt, and precipitous scenery of Cumberland, along a road bordered by sterile fells, cut by brawling torrents, and over moors, where the old Cumbrian steers, a tiny breed, with giant horns, were browsing; on they drove by Carleton and Scaleshough, by Hesket, in the old forest of Inglewood, by Plumptre Wall, and the vast Druidical temple of Salkeld, where Meg and her seventy-seven daughters, each a mighty monolith of grey stone, stood in dark outline against the clear blue sky; and now the town and ruins of Penrith were before them, as they proceeded at an easier pace over an open waste, or moorland, till the report of a fire-arm was heard, and the chaise was suddenly stopped, and two men muffled in dark roquelaures, with hats unflapped and crape-covered faces, and each with a pistol in his right hand, came galloping to the windows.

'Voleurs des grands chemins!' exclaimed La Roque, leaping out, with a pistol in each hand; but at that moment a shot pierced his shoulder, he staggered and fell to the ground, while one of his pistols exploded harmlessly, and the other fell from his relaxed grasp.

'Sblood! surrender, purse, watch and everything, or your life arn't worth a tester, whatever that may be,' cried the first who came up, a hideous fellow with two squinting eyes, that seemed to leer at each other through the holes in his crape mask; 'heyday, Jack—what the devil have we here? a Frenchman by his lingo, and a tight little lass!'

'Ah diable inhumain—excessivement brutale! me regardes-tu coquin!' muttered La Roque, who soon after fainted in agony; and before Bryde had recovered from her consternation, she found that the robbers had possessed themselves of the well filled purse, rings and watch of La Roque, and after contenting themselves by grimly surveying her, on hearing some alarm, had galloped off as rapidly as they had come; the whole episode appeared like a dream, and there she was, on an open moorland, she knew not where, far from help, with La Roque, as she thought, dying beside her, and quite alone, for the postilion, like a pusillanimous knave, had untraced the saddle horse and fled.

Bryde's generosity and pity now made her do all in her power for La Roque; the blood was pouring from a wound in his shoulder; the collar-bone, apparently, was broken, and his gay yellow uniform was all stained by the crimson current. His handsome features were deathly pale. She dipped her handkerchief in a cool runnel and bathed his temples; then she tore a portion of her dress and folded it into a species of pad to place over the wound, her tears flowing fast all the while, alike for her desolate condition and this unfortunate fellow's danger. In the tenderness of her heart, she forgave all his wildness now; and while she was occupied in acting the good Samaritan, on looking up, she saw a stranger hurriedly approaching.

By his strictly black dress of sable broad cloth, his large cuffed and long skirted coat, his bob-wig and the low-cock of his hat, he appeared to be a clergyman; he carried a long ivory handled cane and a bag, which evidently contained a surplice and prayer-book. He was a pleasant-looking man of a dignified presence, with a very bland and benevolent expression of face, and seemed to be about twenty-seven or thirty years of age. Bryde rushed towards him, and took the hand which he kindly extended towards her.

'You look kind and good—you will protect me, dear sir, will you not?' she exclaimed; 'you are, I think, a clergyman?'

'I am the Vicar of Penrith—Dr. Thomas Cappelock, at your service, madam. You have been waylaid by robbers—a sad affair—truly, a sad affair! Here is the postilion returning I see.'

'And I am here alone—all alone sir, without a friend—God help me!' said Bryde wringing her white hands, the delicacy of which the young Vicar perceived, as well as the sweet beauty of the clear brown eyes, that were bent on his so imploringly.

'But this gentleman,' said he, stooping down and feeling the pulse of La Roque, 'by his dress belongs to the foreign troops

brought over against the—the—the Chevalier—he is your brother I presume?’

‘Oh!’ exclaimed Bryde with sorrow, alarm and confusion mingled, as she saw all the falsehood of her position, and knew not what to say.

‘Alas—he seems sorely wounded. Your husband?’

‘Nor brother, nor husband, nor lover; I shall tell you all, good sir, if you will but save him and protect me. I have much need of protection—and—and——’

Then after all she had undergone, the landscape, the church spire and the ruined castle in the distance, with the summits of the hills, all seemed to chase each other in wild career around her; she sank on the ground, and for a time, was happily unconscious of everything.

CHAPTER LXII.

THE VICARAGE OF PENRITH.

‘How different man—the imp of noise and strife,
Who courts the storm that tears and darkens life,
Blest when the passions wild his soul invade!
How nobler far to bid those whirlwinds cease,
To taste, like *thee*, the luxury of peace,
And silent shine in solitude and shade.’—*Wolcot*.

THE ancient vicarage of Penrith was then situated a mile or two distant on the road that led from the quaint old border town of that name, towards the beautiful valley of Kendal.

From the roadway could be discerned the heavy roof, steep ogee gables, and clustered chimneys, twisted, octagon and square, of the antique house; here and there an oriel, or a latticed window with deep Elizabethan mullions, shone as the sunlight glinted on them through the masses of ivy and woodbine that covered all the quaint façade affording shelter for uncounted sparrows; or when it threw long wavy beams of light between the gorgeous chesnut trees, to flicker on the close and velvet-like green sward, where the Vicar’s cheviots were grazing.

A pleasant old house of the Tudor days, that had been many a time pillaged and burned by the Scots, but had always been restored again, it was remarkably picturesque in its stone patchwork, over which the ivy and time together had cast a tone to please an artist’s eye. It was embowered among knotty oaks, great chesnuds, and grand old elms, remnants of the once vast Forest of Inglewood; and many shady green lanes, where the hedgerows were wild and luxuriant, and the grass grew rank and long (delightful for summer evening rambles), diverged on all sides from it.

The old house with its wainscoted rooms, tiled hall and dining-room, was suggestive of all that was comfortable; and so thought

the hearty young Vicar, when seated in his easy chair, dressing-gown, and slippers, he saw from the lozenged windows of his oaken library, so solemn, silent, and tranquil, the sunny landscape stretching far away towards the Border mountains, and in middle distance the old town of Penrith, the spire of his own church, and the ruined castle, in the little valley northward of the Eamont.

Then he would light his long pipe, after his evening cup of chocolate had been brought to him by blooming sister Cicely, ere he turned wearily from Archbishop Tillotson and the last notes for his next sermon, to the more congenial but certainly not very exciting pages of 'Papal Tyranny,' by Mr. Cibber the player, or of 'Tancred and Sigismunda,' by Mr. James Thompson the poet.

There, in that pleasant old English vicarage, dwelt Thomas Cappock, D.D., a tall, full, round and manly-looking divine—a bold, free Lancashire lad, as he was fond of boasting himself; and as such, one who was inspired by the strongest high church and Jacobite sympathies; for his father had been taken in 1725, for serving under General Foster in 1715, and was hanged therefore at Newgate—'murdered by the brutal whigs,' as he bitterly phrased it. He possessed an intellect of the highest order; a conscience that was upright, tender, and true. Cheerful and adored by his neighbours and hearers (especially by the unmarried spinsters) and more particularly by his two pretty sisters, Cicely and Olive, who considered Tom, as they called him, the beau-ideal of all manly excellence, though they often quizzed his sermons, for all that.

To Cicely and Olive Cappock, timid country girls, accustomed only to visit bed-ridden old folks in the cottages among the green lanes close by, to superintend the Sunday evening school and the choir of brother Tom's church, whose daily round was one of monotony; to potter about the secluded garden in huge hats and old fardingales, with thick gloves on their delicate hands, to snip off decayed buds and tie up drooping rose trees; to cook and make pickles, preserves, and home-brewed cordials of gooseberries or cowslips; to feed rabbits and canaries; to copy out Tom's sermons; to take physic to Goody Hubbard's sick baby, or some elder-flower wine to Gaffer Gurton for his quinsy; to girls, we say, accustomed only to such mild excitements as these, the approach of the Highland army, the proclamation of King James at Carlisle, and the episode of the wounded gentleman and the delirious young lady who were brought to the Vicarage in a chaise by Tom, were wonders only to be equalled by Skiddaw or Helvellyn turning into a volcano and spouting fire, or an earthquake swallowing up Penrith, church and all!

They were simple but affectionate girls; both possessed of a great beauty purely English, and both were just after Bryde's own heart, as she felt when she had learned to know them, and their mutual regard ripened rapidly and wonderfully.

Among the first to tender his allegiance to Charles as Prince

Regent, was the young Vicar, whom he immediately appointed Bishop of Carlisle, to the great disgust of Sir George Fleming, Baronet of Rydal Hall, then holder of the see. Great was the gratitude of Tom and his sisters for the sudden promotion; it was a retribution almost sufficient for their father's murder, and not even among his faithful Highlanders, had Charles three hearts more loyal, devoted, and true, than those in the old Vicarage of Penrith; but they foresaw not the terrible sequel of that ephemeral appointment, which history records.

What enhanced the soft beauty of those girls was, that their dark brown hair was most unfashionably unpowdered; but 'brother Tom,' though he had on an ample bob-wig such as became a vicar, and consequently was 'all shaven and shorn,' was an uncompromising foe to the absurdity of that time, when, as a writer says, 'there were some inconveniences attending the use of wigs. There was no such thing as walking forth to enjoy fresh air and exercise, except in the finest weather, if attired as became a gentleman; to be carried about by chairmen, and jolted in a sort of trunk or bandbox, was a most unenviable distinction. If a dark cloud hung over the Park or Mall, away hurried the magnificent perriwigs, and away flew the pretty women in their hoods and ribbands.'

Till the march of the Prince into England, Dr. Cappock had been inspired by no desire but the wish to fulfil his calling as a churchman and citizen; and humbly, earnestly, and faithfully 'to do his duty in that state of life to which God had called him;' but the new tide of events uprooted his simple plan. A thousand stirring emotions and old inbred sympathies were awakened in his breast, and with all his heart and soul, in private, and in public, he prayed for the success of King James's cause, and the downfall of George II.

The excitement and terror she had undergone for months past, and the violent emotions to which she had been more recently subjected, cast Bryde on a fever bed. Her pulses beat with the rapidity of lightning; her poor head was racked by incessant pains; she was alternately anxious and passive, delirious, and sleepless. She had a parched throat and a burning thirst; but Dr. Cappock knew something of medicine, and Cicely, by his directions, prepared for her various cooling drinks, decocted of tamarinds, apple-tea, orange-whey, and from marsh-mallow roots; and as fashion reigns in physic as in other things, with arbitrary sway, she was copiously bled.

As for La Roque, he, too, was a patient on Cicely's hands; but as the pistol ball had not broken the collar-bone, but had only inflicted a severe wound, loss of blood prevented inflammation from setting in, and he recovered rapidly.

In her delirium, Bryde frequently implored Dalquharn, Mitchell, and others, to save her from La Roque. Thus the Cappock family became pretty familiar with many names which occur in these

pages, and were impressed with a great mistrust of the handsome young rogue, who, when questioned, said with the most perfect sang froid—

‘Oh—madame is my wife.’

‘She denies that such is the case,’ said Dr. Cappock, with some gravity of manner.

‘A strange *erreur*. But poor thing, she is at times quite delirious.’

‘She has no wedding-ring,’ urged the divine.

‘Of course not—diable! the thieves took care of that, I doubt not. It has gone the way of my watch and purse. And how is madame?’

‘Still weak—ill and feverish.’

‘Peste—a dreadful nuisance!’ muttered La Roque, who, ere long, began to retain the hand of Cicely or Olive—it mattered not which—to say his soft things, and to startle the girls by making love to them, which they thought very odd in a married man, and feared to mention to their impetuous brother Tom.

When Cicely laid Bryde’s head on her shoulder, and by caresses sought to soothe her, the poor girl occasionally imagined herself at home, and attended by old Dorriel Grahame, would, in fancy, hear her saying:

‘Oh, the bairn I’ve nursed at these breasts—that I’ve borne in these arms—that hath lain for hours in my lap crowing and smiling! Bryde—Miss Bryde—my bonnie cushie doo—my ain pet lammie!’ and then soothed with ideas of home, she would go to sleep like a child in the white arms of the tender-hearted Cicely.

One day in her dreams, she heard the hum of the Highland pipes, and after waking, the sound lingered like a reality in her ear. It was the Prince’s army marching southward from Carlisle on the 21st of November, and as the troops defiled along the road, Dalquharn rode past the old vicarage of Penrith, little knowing *who* was sheltered under its kind and hospitable roof.

Dr. Cappock had heard of the old cavalier who died in the castle of Carlisle, and on learning that Bryde was his grand-daughter, his friendly interest in her was redoubled.

‘She seems a grand Scottish lady, Tom,’ said Cicely, ‘but then, they are all so grand and so vain, these Scots!’

‘Don’t say so, Cis,’ replied her brother; ‘a handful of Scottish men are setting an example for loyalty to all England, and their leader hath made your Tom a Bishop!’

‘She has a sweet, almost a beautiful face—and her dress is black—mourning.’

‘She is no way grand, Cis; but seems to be just like yourself, a warm-hearted, good, brave and honest girl. Colonel Durand, whose “occupation’s gone,” like Othello’s, told me all about her.’

‘But this Frenchman, Tom?’

‘Gad, Cis, I can’t make him out at all.’

'She vehemently denies that she is his wife, and implores us to save her from him. The mere mention of him always brings on her fever again.'

'Then saved she shall be !'

'But the young man seems so handsome and so winning,' urged Olive.

'Anyway, he shall leave this house as soon as he can move. Evidently our roof is no place for him, whose heart, I fear me, is too much like that of man in general, "deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked."'

Poor Olive thought she could forgive much wickedness in one so handsome, and possessing such beautiful black eyes.

'Bah !' muttered La Roque, one day when he was convalescent, and after a few words of conversation with the new made Bishop, who seemed exceedingly dissatisfied, 'this devil of an Abbé, Vicar, or whatever he is, doesn't like me, I can see that with half an eye. What does it matter whether I am married to Mademoiselle Ottairbourn or not ! These Anglais are too well fed to have any romance about them. Peste, upon their narrow prejudices—their preposterous *idées insulaires* !'

Soon after this, finding his position becoming exceedingly unpleasant, all the more so, that the Highlanders were falling back from Derby, La Roque, after writing a note of apologies to Bryde, and another of thanks to the Cappock family, levanted without beat of drum, and was heard of no more, unless we can identify him with the Colonel of the same name, who fell at the head of the Regiment de Perigord when, some years after, General St. Clair attacked L'Orient with the Royals, and a few other troops.

Leaning on Cicely's arm, Bryde was ere long able to walk during the warmer hours of the winter days, in the quiet shady lanes, where the large gnarled trees of old Inglewood Forest met overhead by entwining their branches, like the arms of so many giant wrestlers. The blithesomeness of her fair young brow had changed to sad and quiet pensiveness and sorrow now. She told all her story ; of her engagement with Lord Dalquharn ; her recent persecution by La Roque, and the Bishop was justly indignant that this personage had escaped unpunished. Unclerical though the duty, he would doubtless have let 'the Johnnie Crapaud' feel the weight of a hunting whip ; and when Bryde thanked him for all his kindness, he replied hurriedly, and while blushing like a great schoolboy—

'I am too much of an Englishman—a blunt Lancashire lad—to care about being thanked ; and look you, Miss Otterburn, I hate it ! When you are a little stronger, you shall repay us, by aiding Cicely, till my Lord Dalquharn comes to claim you ; for Cis is my little almoner, and the distributor of the crumbs and pence my small funds enable me to share with the poor here, and God help them, they are many.'

'Oh, that will be charming!' exclaimed Cicely, as she clung about her. 'Bryde, darling, you are lovely—you have the face of an angel, it is so full of truth and sweetness; but our Bishop Tom here will tell us angels are only in Heaven.'

There was a demonstrative fondness, a sudden impulsiveness and friendship in those sisters—two black-eyed Lancashire witches—for Bryde, which is a charming peculiarity of English girls; their frankness puzzled and dazzled her, accustomed as she had always been to the cold, hard, and stiff puritanism of her own country. But certainly there was a double charm in Bryde's face now, for her cherry mouth expressed smiles, while her eyes remained pensive even to sadness.

Clouds were now gathering over that happy English home.

Daily came tidings of how the Highlanders found themselves totally unsupported, hemmed in by three armies, each more than double their number, in the middle of winter, amid a hostile country, and they were now retreating fast; and passing couriers left word successively, that they were at Leeds, then at Burton, next at Kendal, and might be expected hourly at Carlisle, followed swiftly by all the troops and militia in England, mounted volunteers, and armed peasantry.

How wildly and anxiously Bryde's heart beat at this intelligence! At last, one evening, Dr. Cappock heard that they had been overtaken at a place but a few miles distant, and that a battle was expected. Wreathed arm-in-arm, and all clinging together like three Graces, the girls were in tears, terror, and excitement, when he assumed his hat, cane, and roquelaure, and went forth into the moonlight, to discover what was passing in the vicinity, for the defiant notes of the Highland war-pipe, and the report of fire-arms, came at times on the passing breeze.

He had been absent more than an hour, when he returned, looking pale and agitated, to inform Cicely, whom he called aside, that there had been a severe skirmish between the Highlanders and the Duke of Cumberland's cavalry; that he had seen many poor fellows lying dead or wounded, among the hedgerows, and that he had stumbled over a horseman, who lay at a place little more than a mile distant, dead, beside his charger. His coat had been torn off him by plunderers, perhaps, and lay close by covered with blood. It was the blue uniform of the Prince's Life Guard.

A document, which had fallen from it, attracted the Bishop's attention, and it proved to be a letter from the Prince to the Lord Dalquharn, who was doubtless the dead horseman in question, and their hearts gushed with old-fashioned reverence and loyalty, as they read and kissed the signature, 'Charles, Prince Regent.'

Then, with trembling hands, Cicely spread the blood-stained letter before her, and her eyes grew blind with tears.

'He has fallen—her lover—poor girl—poor girl!' said Dr. Cappock. 'Heaven help and sustain her!'

'Oh! Tom, dear, dear; what shall we do? We can never break her heart by telling her of this new sorrow,' said Cicely.

'She is hale, strong, and well now, fortunately.'

'But the shock might kill her—she doth so love this poor Lord Dalquharn. I am the repository of a thousand confidences.'

'Yet who so fit to prepare, to tell, and to console her, as I—a clergyman?'

'And such a dear, kind soul as you are, Tom! But hark—what is that?'

'A horseman—a dragoon, is clamouring at the gate!' exclaimed Olive, rushing in with a white and scared face.

'One of the Hanoverian crew?' said the Bishop, frowning. He looked forth, and there was a mounted trooper, whose scarlet uniform was distinct enough in the moonlight, knocking hurriedly with the hilt of his sword at the gate of the Vicarage, which the family still occupied.

'Is this the road to Penrith—speak, I command you in the King's name!' shouted the trooper.

CHAPTER LXIII.

THE REAR GUARD ATTACKED.

'There's news!—news! gallant news!
That Carle dinna ken, joe;
There's gallant news of Tartan trews,
And Red Clan-Ranald's men, joe.
There has been blinking on the bent,
And flashing on the fell, joe;
The Red Coat-sparks hae got their yerks,
But Carle daurna tell, joe.'—*Jacobite Minstrelsy.*

LORD DALQUHARN commanded the personal escort of the Prince, when the main body of the Highland army, after marching one hundred and fifty miles in twelve days, by muddy and execrable roads, buried often among snow, entered Penrith, on the gloomy evening of the 17th December.

Lord George Murray, who, to vindicate his sincerity for the cause he embraced, chose that arduous post of peril and honour, the Rear Guard, brought on the baggage and artillery, now numbering thirteen pieces; and these, from the state of the roads and the weather, were perpetually breaking down and causing dangerous delays.

Hence, on this night, Lord George, with a mind full of great anxiety, found himself compelled to halt at Shap, a village consisting of one straggling street, with an old abbey, amid thick woods, in the mountainous district of Westmoreland. At that time the clans-

men of Gleugarry and Clan Ranald, with John Roy Stewart's corps (which was reduced to two hundred men), formed the Rear Guard. By break of day, Lord John began his march to rejoin the Prince in Penrith; but lo! as the dawn brightened, and the red beacons, which had been blazing all night on the mountains, died out, he saw in his front the hamlet of Clifton, which lies about three miles from Penrith, full of armed men, and the heights beyond it, covered by red-coated cavalry!

Since the battle of Preston, the Highlanders had rather despised the British cavalry (of whom before they had been in awe), and so the Macdonalds prepared at once to attack those who barred the way.

'Use your claymores against the heads and limbs of their horses,' was the order of Lord George Murray; 'confusion will then ensue, and the riders be your own.'

Throwing off their green plaids, with heads stooped and targets up, the Macdonalds rushed to the onset with a yell of defiance, on which the cavalry, who were only county volunteers, fled instantly, leaving in their hands several prisoners, one of whom proved to be a footman of the Duke of Cumberland, who stated that his master was close at hand with four thousand Light and Heavy Horse.

On receiving this alarming news, Lord George dispatched a messenger to Charles, who sent Dalquharn with orders for the rear guard to fall back at once upon Penrith, while Cluny MacPherson, with his clan, would keep Clifton Bridge, together with the Stewarts of Appin under Ardsheil, and with his compliments, to send back Cumberland's valet to his master, a courtesy never acknowledged.

'Murray,' said Dalquharn, 'His Royal Highness's orders are, that you are to avoid an engagement.'

'Too late, my Lord, we're in for it now; Cumberland is close at hand, and a stand must be made here. Return and tell His Highness so.'

'Nay,' said Dalquharn; 'hap what may, I stay here to share it with you.'

'Bland's horse and dragoons are immediately in our front.'

'On their colours and grenadier caps are the white horse of Hanover.'

'May that glandered quadruped break its neck over a mound of its own making, or one made by the little gentleman who works under-ground!' said Lord George, alluding to the molehill which caused the death of William III. 'Let us hope that the thistle is grown, and bearded too, that shall choke it!'

Slowly and anxiously passed the day, for now the whole of Cumberland's cavalry were drawn up in order of battle, on the open moor of Clifton, cutting off the artillery, baggage and rear guard, under Lord George, who at once prepared to make a stout resistance, and then cut a passage through them to Penrith, or die in the essay.

The defence of the high road he entrusted to the regiment of Glengarry; the Appin Stewarts lined some enclosures on the left, with the MacPhersons flanking them beyond. Colonel John Roy Stewart, a celebrated officer, had the right covered by a wall. Dalquharn remained with Cluny.

Everything was very silent on this exciting evening, and the poor Celts snuffed, or smoked their pipes to comfort themselves. The night, as it drew on, was clear and cold, with a hard frost, which rarified the keen mid-winter air.

Beyond the moor the rear guard would necessarily have to continue their march through the pine plantations of Lord Lonsdale. There the fir cones lay thick among the long grass; the stagnant water was congealed in the corn fields, and the land was frozen so hard that the farmers were unable to set their ploughs in it. The husbandmen had begun to lop their hedges and hew timber, and the sheep and swine were at the pea-ricks.

The night was generally dark, for great masses of sombre cloud rolled swiftly across the sky; and when the moon did shine forth, it was with apparently unnatural brightness; then the highway to Penrith, which passed right through the centre of the Glengarry men, seemed white as snow, as it crossed the lonely heaths that undulated far and wide, while the shadows of wind-driven masses of vapour shaded them, giving a weird effect to the whole scene. In the distance rose some funeral-like clumps of trees round Lowther-hall, and afar off alarm fires were burning redly on Skiddaw and Helvellyn.

'They are coming on,' said Lord George, and every heart beat quicker.

Dalquharn thought of Bryde Otterburn tenderly and vividly now. Should he be fated to die on that field, what would he not give to have her face near him once more, that her eyes might be the last earthly object on which he might gaze!

He never thought of being taken prisoner; for that contingency, with its future legal forms and bloody fate, was too horrible for contemplation.

A thousand dragoons, chiefly composed of Kingston's Horse and Humphry Bland's corps, the King's own,* were dismounted, and, under Lieutenant-Colonel Philip Honeywood, advanced softly and stealthily to take the Highlanders in flank, while the Duke, with the rest of his cavalry, 3000 strong, remained upon the moor, to press, if need be, on Lord Murray's rear.

A clear white gleam of moonlight revealed the advancing party, and the latter consulted with Cluny.

'Give me but the order,' said that brave chief, 'and I shall attack them mid-way, sword in hand.'

Advancing like infantry, the troopers, with their square-skirted

* Now Third Hussars.

coats, heavy cocked hats and jack boots, were but indistinctly visible beyond the hedge-row; though the bayonets glittered brightly on their short musketoon, and, armed with sword and pistol, their officers urged them on.

A volley of musketry now whistled through the Highlanders, and the dragoons came on shouting—

‘Down with rebel Highland dogs! cut the mangy Scots curs to pieces! Britons strike home—hurrah!’

In these outcries and taunts, none surpassed Cornet Hamilton of Bland’s (son of a Scotch whig M.P., whose anti-nationality and total apostacy were rewarded by the Petty Bag office in the Court of Chancery), but two feet of a good claymore cut him short, and gave him cause to remember the Clan-Chattan to the end of his days.

‘Musketry—what the devil is this?’ exclaimed Cluny, drawing his sword; ‘I thought we were to attack a body of Horse. Claymore! forward—forward—dirk and claymore!’

The MacPhersons and Stewarts fired a volley with their muskets, and then, sword in hand, rushed on in the smoke, with a fury that was uncontrollable. Bursting through a hedge, they fell upon the dismounted cavalry; the thud of clubbed muskets ringing on Highland shields, the clash of claymores on iron barrels, a few yells, curses and outcries filled the air for a minute, and then all was over; the dragoons, in an incredibly short space of time were completely routed, with the loss of about one hundred killed and wounded, including Colonel Honeywood of the King’s Own, son of a distinguished knight and general of the same name. The aspect of the light-footed MacPhersons in their white tartans, striped with grey, was weird and wild, as they swept on in pursuit of the jack-booted fugitives.

In this charge Lord George lost his bonnet and wig, and would have been cut down by Colonel Honeywood, had not Dalquharn saved him by running that officer through the body after a few passes; but ere he fell, Honeywood levelled a pistol at the young lord, who, to save himself, skilfully made his horse rear violently. The poor animal received the ball in its head, and fell over on its rider, crushing him so heavily that he lay for a considerable time stunned and senseless.

When consciousness returned, he found the moon shining out clearly, and all still and quiet around him, save the moans from some wounded who lay near. The fires were yet burning on the mountain-tops; but Lord George and the rear guard were gone, all save some twelve MacPhersons, who had run too far in pursuit, and been killed or taken, together with Captain Hamilton of Redhouse.

Cumberland was somewhat cooled by this repulse, or thought he had done enough for one night, and permitted Prince Charles to continue his retreat unmolested in future, save that sixteen carts

laden with tents fell into the hands of General Bland, through the information furnished by 'Mr. Balcraftie, purveyor to the forces;' and in revenge for this, the Highlanders plundered Penrith, destroying much property that they were unable to remove. After this they pushed on to Carlisle, in all their advance and retreat leaving behind no sick or stragglers, fortunately for themselves, death being the penalty of all who were taken. Only forty men perished in England, including those who fell at Clifton.

Left alone on the moor, Dalquharn found himself in a perilous predicament. The whole country, he knew, was alarmed, and filled with hovering bands of variously armed peasantry. Moreover, great bodies of regulars and militia, horse and foot, were moving on all the northern roads. His uniform was certain to betray him to the first foe who came; he was weak, giddy, and almost incapable of travelling, or even moving, for some time; so he crept close to the hedge of Lord Lonsdale's plantation for shelter from the bitter frosty wind, and endeavoured to think over his situation.

If taken by the peasantry he might be helplessly murdered; if by the king's troops, he would be reserved for that future fate, the terrible programme of which haunted him daily and nightly in the prisons of the Bastille; and, again, as in his dreams, the four minarets of the Tower of London rose ominously and gloomily before him.

'Of all those sparkling stars,' thought he, as he looked to the blue dome of Heaven, 'does one preside—if such things be—over my wayward and miserable fate?'

Then some desponding remarks of Mitchell at the Derby council occurred to him.

'Surely, the House of Stuart must have risen under an evil star. Well, if they lose all on earth, 'tis something to have a portion of heaven—even a star!'

That he must lose no time in reaching Penrith or Carlisle, where the Prince had left a garrison under Colonel Hamilton, was evident; but his blue uniform—how was he to get over that?

By the fall he had received, his coat was fairly rent in twain. It was soaked, moreover, in the blood of his horse, and the crimson current had frozen on him. A thought flashed on his mind; he would pass himself off as one of Cumberland's dragoons; and this thought was no sooner conceived than acted upon. He threw aside his ruined uniform, and tore the white cockade from his hat, together with the large white feather.

The groans of some one near drew him to where Colonel Honeywood of the King's Own, lay with one of his legs crushed under his horse, which had been killed; for he had come to the attack mounted, in virtue of his rank. Captain East, and Cornets Owen and Hamilton of the 3rd, lay severely wounded close by.

With great compunction now for the wound he had inflicted, Dalquharn humanely drew the poor Colonel from under the dead charger,

and propped his head upon a dead trooper; but from the saddle-bow, he unstrapped the Colonel's scarlet military cloak to disguise his own person, spreading over Honeywood his own blue roquelaure of the Prince's Life Guards; and setting forth thus muffled, with a slow and laboured pace, he took that direction which he supposed must lead to Penrith.

He had not proceeded half a mile when he met a mounted trooper leading a saddled horse.

'Which way have the rebels gone?' asked Dalquharn, with a tone of authority.

'Straight along that ere road, sir,' replied the soldier, saluting.

'You are one of Kingston's by your uniform?'

'Yes—I be, sir,' replied the soldier.

'I am of Bland's,' said Dalquharn; 'where are you going?'

'I was sent wi' a spare horse for Colonel Honeywood, who is main sorely wounded, and if so be as he canna roide, theer coom the bearers wi' a stretcher.'

'All right—our Colonel is too severely wounded to ride, so I shall take his horse and rejoin.'

'At your honour's sarvice, sir,' replied the soldier, who by his dialect seemed to be a Yorkshire man.

'Adjust tho stirrups for me, good fellow; I have no time to lose.'

There was none, indeed, for a fatigue party, with lanterns and stretchers for the wounded, was now crossing the moor.

'An awkward business this defeat of ours?'

'A plaaguey oogly business, sir?'

'And will read ill in London,' added Dalquharn.

'Aye; I dunna loike the Scots—I hates 'em woundily; but I think it's a danged hard thing, as a young gentleman loike their prince, should suffer for the faults o' his an-cestors; so I dunna care a doit, as vaither used to say, if they should square up matters, by gien' one o' the young German princesses, Amelia or Elizabeth, to the Pretender, and make a' things tidy loike, chookin' that ere blasted Hangover into the bargain.'

Dalquharn laughed as he mounted and rode away, for to him, it seemed that in this Yorkshire bumpkin, there was more sound political sense than in those whose heads were deemed wiser.

He made a detour to avoid the advancing party of dismounted dragoons, and skirting the plantations of Lowtherhall, ere long found himself upon the highway, when the moon was shining brightly. As any mistake of his route might prove fatal, he approached a picturesque old house embosomed among trees; but alarm being prevalent in the district, he knocked repeatedly on the gates before he gained attention. At last he cried with a loud and authoritative voice,

'Is this the road to Penrith—speak, I command you in the king's name!'

'Who speaks—that voice—that voice, Cicely—Olive! I cannot be mistaken in it!' exclaimed Bryde Otterburn, who, with the two Miss Cappocks, had been seated at an open window, listening fearfully, to the sounds of the distant skirmish. 'Henry—Henry—Dalquharn, I am here!' she added, imploringly.

'Bryde—Bryde!' he cried, leaping from his horse, 'can it be—can it be?' he added, pushing past the bewildered Dr. Cappock.

'Henry, dearest—you here, and in *that* dress?—oh!' she exclaimed, with a shudder and a low cry, as she sank on his breast, when he dropped the scarlet cloak, and she saw that his shirt was saturated with blood—but fortunately, as stated, the blood only of his charger.

CHAPTER LXIV.

A MARRIAGE.

Full many maids, clad in their best array,
In honour of the bride, come with their flaskets
Fill'd full with flowers: others in wicker baskets
Bring from the marsh rushes to o'erspread
The ground whereon to church the lovers tread.'

Browne's British Pastorals.

STIRRING times produce startling events, and with rapidity.

Written in the true spirit of that age (and we are sorry to say, of later times) in London, we find about this period, the following announcement in a metropolitan journal.

'Married on the 20th December, at St. Mary's Cathedral, by the Rev. T. Cappock (the Popish Pretender's Bishop of Carlisle) the attainted Lord Dalquharn, to Miss Otterburn, with a fortunate of £8,000 per annum (if it be not lost in the present unnaturall (*sic*) rebellion). The Pretender, the so-called Duke of Perth, the Lord Elcho, and so many Scots all a-scratching themselves, attended this wedding, that the church hath not been fit for Christians since.'

Circumstanced as our lovers were, with the army retreating, and before them all a future which none could foresee, Dr. Cappock, who, with his sisters had retired into the city of Carlisle, to avoid capture by the Duke of Cumberland's patrols, had urged them to wed at once, lest they might be separated, never, perhaps, to meet again; for in those days of old Scottish loyalty, many a loving pair, many a husband and wife, many a parent and child were rent asunder hopelessly, and many a happy home made desolate, by the banishment and proscription which were daily ensuing.

If the Prince conquered in the end, then would Dalquharn be Lord of the Holm, in Galloway, and Bryde, the heiress of Auld-

hame ; but if the Prince failed, then would all be lost too—all *but honour*—as Francis said at Pavia, when he threw up his sword, and only three of the Scottish Guard survived by his side.

‘I shall perform the ceremony,’ said Dr. Cappock ; ‘I am Bishop of Carlisle, however old Fleming of Rydal Hall may protest to the contrary—bishop through my own loyalty and my father’s rather than personal merit ; but without committing the sin of Simon Magus, so obnoxious to our church courts, when he offered money for apostolical power.’

In ‘merry Carlisle’ Cis and Olive had a busy time of it, to have all arranged for the marriage in two days ; and there were others who had a busy time of it too, for various columns of the government troops were pressing on from several points, and the retreating army had to cross the Eden or the Esk, which were both now swollen and deeper than ever, by the winter floods and melting snows.

Cicely and Olive chose the marriage gloves and dress, the garter that was to be undone, and the stocking to be thrown ; for many old customs that were in fashion then are forgotten now, even in the most rural districts. They had to prepare the hippocras and sweet cakes for the marriage luncheon ; the sack-posset, a special treat for the bridegroom, composed of hot milk curdled by some infusion, was made by Olive ; while the wedding sops, cakes, or wafers, which the Bishop blessed, prior to their being put into sweet wine for the company, were all made by the white hands of Cis Cappock. But she was famous above all things for her hippocras, which was composed of red wine, sugared and spiced ; and, for the marriage luncheon, the Duke of Perth, at whose quarters in the Castle Street it was served up, provided enough and to spare of *liqueurs*, that were more consonant to the tastes of those hardy fellows who had marched, barelegged, through the winter snows from Derby.

So the marriage took place in the grand old cathedral of St. Mary, and the ceremony was performed by Dr. Cappock, who was not ‘assisted’ by any one, as the newspapers have it now, as the Dean, the Chancellor, the four prebendaries, and the eight canons had all departed from the city in fear ; and the spousal chime of Bryde, which rung so merrily in the old square tower of the Anglo-Saxon days, was the signal for the baggage and artillery of the army to march, and proceed to the Scottish side of the river.

She leaned on the arm of the graceful young Prince, who gave her away at the altar, and a charming picture she would have made in all her bridal loveliness, attended by Olive and Cicely Cappock, though that monstrosity, the hoop-petticoat, was at its zenith in 1745. The masses of her chesnut hair, which shone like gold in the morning sunlight, as it streamed through the great cathedral windows, were dressed low over the forehead, and covered by a small wreath, of which rosemary was then a component part.

For the information of the ladies, we may state that her dress and train were of white satin, sprigged with silver, and trimmed with Malines lace, with—in the odd fashion of the time—a long straight apron of pale blue silk, that reached to the ground. Over her left arm hung a gipsy straw hat, bound with white roses, and of a most piquante, but milkmaid form. Her earrings, watch, and etui, her bracelets, worn *over* her long white gloves, were all of a suite, and a French *esclavage* (an ornament unknown in England till more than fifteen years after, when George III. was king), composed of several rows of gold chains and jewels, the first close round the throat, and the others falling in glittering festoons over all her beautiful neck and bosom, was clasped on by the adroit hands of the Prince, whose gift it was, as he gallantly claimed the first kiss, which the pale bride, in her bewildered state, accorded to him pretty much as a statue would have done.

Then she became aware that the benediction had been pronounced, and that the soldier-like fellow in the perruque à la brigadier, the tarnished uniform, sword and spurs, rusty with fording rivers, was her husband; and a little to her annoyance, even amid all the delicious confusion of the time, the next who claimed the privilege of a salute was old Lord Lovat, who loudly greeted her with—

‘My Lady Dalquharn—may you live a thousand years!’

How strange, how novel, sounded her new name!

Cicely, Olive, Lady Ogilvie, and others were all crushing round her, with smiles, tears, kisses, and congratulations; she felt as if in a dream. She saw the broad flakes of parti-coloured light from the tall, painted windows, falling hazily athwart the great church, which was crowded, but chiefly by armed and tartaned clansmen; she saw the grotesque screens in the aisle, covered with painted legends of St. Augustine and St. Anthony, and the roof emblazoned with the arms of the Warrens, the Lucys, the Piercys. She heard the merry clangour of the bridal peal that jangled in the tower overhead, and the mingled braying of many bagpipes in the streets, where some were played in honour of her, but others to summon the various clan regiments to their colours; and ere long, with old John Macgregor, the Prince’s piper, blowing ‘a tempest of wild dissonance,’ in front, she was borne away by her husband in Charles Edward’s coach, which the veteran Lord Pitsligo—who had been a youth when Killicrankie was fought—relinquished for her use, resolving to follow the fortunes of the army on horseback now.

The marriage luncheon was a splendid, but necessarily a hurried affair, and soon—as a hint for departure—chocolate was served round by the Prince’s valets, four servants in the royal livery of Scotland, scarlet and yellow, bearing salvers of silver, the various armorial bearings on which, showed that they had been contributed for his service, by the loyal lords and gentlemen of his court and army.

Dalquharn thought the fresh and blooming English faces of the

two Lancashire bridesmaids charming; but he loved Bryde, and was in that peculiar mood, when a man thinks there is only one beautiful woman in the world.

'You look divine, my Lady Dalquharn,' mumbled Lord Lovat, for the old rake could not resist hovering about her, she seemed so pure and angelic, enshrined in her white lace; 'and, no doubt, you dazzle the good man God hath given you—*uratur vestis amor tue*, as Ovid hath it—your very dress shall captivate his heart.'

Worthy Sir John Mitchell, who loved Bryde with his whole heart, was the groom's man, and marched to luncheon with Cicely Cappock, while Lord Elcho led Olive. Sir John carried his hat under his left arm, for he found it, as he whispered to Cicely, a rash measure bowing with it to the people, 'for the flaps won't bear much now, and since our march to and from Derby, it has lost all the elegant polish it possessed, when I bought it in the Luckenbooths, on the day after Prestonpans.'

From the bustle and gaiety of the bridal luncheon, the speeches, toasts, and jests (some rather rough, perhaps), amid which all sought for a time to forget that doubt was in front, and disaster in the rear of the retreating army, Dalquharn, as he looked into the tender brown eyes of his flushed bride, and pressed her trembling hand from time to time to reassure her, wondered in his heart if he would ever see her a happy wife, in peace, security, and ease, in his ancestral mansion of the Holm in Galloway!

Would the voices of their children ever waken its echoes; or would their little feet ever help to hollow the stairs of its quaint stone turrets, as his had done, and those of his forefathers in youth, long, long ago?

God alone knew!

The Cappocks remained in the castle of Carlisle, with that little garrison of 200 devoted Englishmen, called the Manchester Regiment, who, under Colonel Francis Townley, preferred to risk their fortunes in England, and so fell a terrible sacrifice to the merciless Government, together with 200 Scots, Irish, and Frenchmen, under Sir Francis Geoghegan, of the Regiment de Lally.

Often in after years, when far, far away, did Bryde think of Cicely and Olive, those two attractive and affectionate English girls, and their good and manly brother, who had so befriended her in her sore necessity, and of their quiet secluded home, under the trees of old Inglewood forest—a home which, like many others, civil war laid bare and desolate; and she wondered whether the girls were still alive, or what was their fate, for after the fall of Carlisle, she heard of them no more.

* * * * *

On the same forenoon when her marriage took place, the whole Highland army completed the passage of the river at Longtown, where our old friend, Toby Radley, had the honour of giving the Prince a stoup of wine, and that stoup is now in possession of his

descendants, the treasured palladium of the Radleys. Four days of incessant rain had swollen the stream by four additional feet, and the passage was one of extreme peril.

'Our cavalry,' says the Chevalier Johnstone, who was aide-de-camp to Lord George Murray, 'formed in the river to break the force of the current, about twenty-five paces above that part of the ford where our infantry were to pass, and the Highlanders formed themselves into ranks of ten or twelve abreast, with their arms locked in such a manner as to support one another against the rapidity of the stream, leaving sufficient intervals between their ranks for the passage of the water. Cavalry were likewise stationed in the river below the ford, to pick up and save those who might be carried away by the violence of the current. The interval between the cavalry appeared *like a paved street* through the river, the heads of the Highlanders being generally all that was to be seen above the water.

In an hour all had crossed in safety save a few luckless English girls, who wished to share the fortune of their kilted lovers, and were swept into the Solway.

When on the Scottish side of the river, the pipes struck up, and to prevent their tartans freezing in the December blast, the poor fellows danced joyous reels till they were dry and warm ere their northward march began.

The courage and humanity of the Prince were never more conspicuous than on this trying occasion. Stemming the current with his horse like a common trooper, he saw a poor Highlander, whom the fierce torrent had swept from his comrade's grasp, being borne past him.

'Cohear—cohear! (help, help) for the love of God and Mary!' cried the drowning man, and Charles skilfully caught him by his long fair hair, as he was floating down.

By St. George, my friend,' said the Prince, laughingly, as he dragged him across his saddle-bow, 'your locks are very like my own. Thank Heaven, I have saved you—you will still have a gallant life—it may be, a head, at my father's service.'

The blood of the rescued man ran cold at these words, for he was Roderick Mackenzie, and even there, amid the tumult of the rushing river, the dark memory of a double-dream haunted him.

And among such stirring scenes and events as the migratory movements of the insurgent army produced, were passed the first months of poor Bryde's experience, as the wife of Lord Dalquharn. Yet she was so happy, and she felt that even God could add nothing to her joy, save to give her the hope that it might endure.

Alas poor Bryde!

CHAPTER LXV.

AT THE CALLENDER.

'Let not King James, though foiled in arms, despair,
 Whilst on his side he reckons half the fair:
 In Britain's lovely isle a shining throng,
 War in his cause, a thousand beauties strong!
 Th' unthinking victors vainly boast their powers,
 Be theirs the musket, while the tongue is ours.
 Theu mourn not, hapless Prince, thy kingdoms lost,
 A crown, though late, thy sacred brow may boast!'
 Tickell, 1749.

It was now the January of 1746, and the winter was severe—'winter that changes into stone the water of Heaven and the heart of man,' and though the brand of civil war was lit, the New Year had been welcomed over all Scotland, with the usual frolics and jollity, buttered cake and *het-pint*, dancing, piping, and mutual good will.

To Dalquharn and Bryde, too, love for a time gilded and brightened everything; it drew forth all the latent virtues of their nature, and both strove to merit that affection which made them all the world to each other.

As a husband, the poor young lord's solicitude for their future, his secret prayers and aspirations for the success of the Prince's cause, were greater now than ever, though scarcely—but he knew it not—so single-hearted as they were before; for now he had a more dear and vital object at stake.

If driven again to penniless exile, where he would have to feed himself by selling his sword and services in foreign camps, what a prospect for Bryde—she so tender, so gentle and so delicate-natured—torn, perhaps, from her sequestered home, to tremble among the wars that were then waged by the shores of the Danube and Euxine! He reproached himself, as the means of destroying, it might be, all the peace of her future life, by weaving it up with his own miserable destiny. Bryde also had similar fears and anticipations, but neither spoke of them to the other.

With all their estates and rank, they were now but a landless lord and a landless lady. Dalquharn thought of committing Bryde to the care of her old friend, the Countess of Haddington; but her residence at Tynninghaime would compromise a family already deeply in the interest of the government. Even that door was closed against her now, as the wife of an insurgent Jacobite, so with the Lady Ogilvie she found a temporary shelter at the hospitable mansion of the Callender, the seat of the Earl of Kilmarnock, while Dalquharn with the Prince's army, after marching by Dumfries to Glasgow, to levy tribute on the whigs, crossed the Forth, and laid Fife under military contribution.

In the unsuccessful attack made by the Highlanders on the castle of Stirling, Dalquharn received a gunshot wound in the left arm;

but this circumstance he carefully concealed from Bryde, amid the severe weather of the season, he rode with the wounded limb in a sling, when the army took possession of Dumblane and the castle of Doune, and ultimately had its head quarters fixed at Perth.

It was, while resident at Callender House, that Bryde heard of the fall of Carlisle after a nine days' siege, and that among other prisoners, Dr. Thomas Cappock had fallen into the tender hands of the Duke of Cumberland. After a time she heard of his impeachment, for 'wearing a hanger, white cockade and a plaid-sash, the distinguishing mark of the Manchester Regiment,' for which heinous crime, he was half-hanged, disembowelled alive, and subjected to other horrors, prior to which, he prayed for the House of Stuart, and denounced King George as a foreign usurper, adding to those who died with him,

'Never mind, my friends, for were our Blessed Saviour here, those fellows would condemn him. In the other world we shall not be tried by a Cumberland jury!'*

Bryde shuddered and wept as she read of these things, and her grateful thoughts went sorrowfully back to the hospitable vicarage of Penrith, to the handsome young vicar and his two affectionate sisters, so loving, so tender, and so true; and amid all her own perplexities and troubles, she sorrowed for them.

The Prince was still blocking up Stirling Castle, when Lieutenant-General Hawley, on the 13th of January, after barbarously and boastfully erecting a huge gallows at Edinburgh to hang his prisoners, marched from that city to Linlithgow. Next day his whole army rendezvoused at Falkirk, while the Highlanders were cantoned at Bannockburn, prior to advancing to attack him.

Impelled by a natural desire to see Bryde once more, before the terrible risks of a general action were run, Dalquharn, accompanied by the Earl of Kilmarnock and Sir John Mitchell, with the Prince's permission most unwillingly accorded, early on the morning of the 17th, rode from their camp, and proceeded by the old Roman way to Callender House, a somewhat perilous excursion, as the roads might have been patrolled by Hawley's cavalry, which, however, they were *not*, an omission which that gallant officer had soon especial cause to regret.

Though Dalquharn had neither the civil nor military rank of the Duke of Perth, the Earls of Kilmarnock or Dumbarton, nor the territorial power of the Lords Ogilvie, Nairn, Strathallan, and a hundred others of the Prince's army, he had somehow become a man of especial mark to the enemy.

His adroitly escaping from Dunkirk and evading the fleet of Admiral Byng; his supposed knowledge of all the intrigues and intentions of the French court; his alleged pistolling of Egerton and Gage, and his subsequent escape from the Bass Rock; his energy at the Derby Council of War, and the attempt to fire Kendal; his

* Scots Mag. 1746.

having been a prime emissary of the old chevalier, and an *avant courier* of the young one; his burning the house of Provost Balcraffie, and so forth, all made the government and its myrmidons anxious to have him in their hands. An accurate description of his person, penned by Balcraffie, was forwarded to William Grant, of Preston Grange, the new Lord Advocate, together with the offer of one hundred guineas from the ex-provost, for his capture; so this morning ride to Callender House was fraught with more perils for Dalquharn than he knew of.

The estates of the Earl were very extensive; thus he and his two friends were soon enabled to quit the highway, and traverse the Kilmarnock property unquestioned, though they all wore the now well-known uniform of the Prince's Life Guard.

Callender House had once been fortified; its walls were of enormous thickness, dating, according to some accounts, from the days of the Romans, when it was the residence of an official, whose duty it was to furnish fuel from the Torwood, for the Imperial camp close by, and who called himself Calloner, from *Calo*, a faggot of wood. Be that as it may, the deep fosse which encircled it was visible about the beginning of the present century, and the mansion was able to stand a determined siege by Cromwell, who stormed it at the head of Monk's Regiment, when it was garrisoned by the men of Falkirk. It is still embowered amid magnificent wood, but the Dule-tree, a giant ash, whereon for four centuries the lords of the land could string up their refractory vassals, fell in 1826. In the days of our story, there were, in the walls, many niches, having large statues, and one of these long survived the rest. It was named the Lady Alicreech, and represented a female of terrible aspect, with a dagger in her right hand, and her entrails wrapped round her left arm. Legends were not wanting to relate that this statue represented a noble matron, who had been wronged by some ancient Lord of the Callender, and perished by her own hand, like the wife of Tarquinus Collatinus. This stone lady was said to walk at times, and in the twilight was a terror to the truant schoolboys or children who chanced to come upon her, when stealing apples in the orchard or nutting in the woods.

This fine old mansion, with all the fertile land around it, had passed by marriage to the Livingstones from the Callenders of that ilk, and now had gone to the Earl of Kilmarnock with his Countess, who was Anne Livingstone, daughter and sole heiress of the great cavalier, Earl of Callender and Linlithgow, and the inheritor alike of his loyalty, his pride, and his high-souled enthusiasm.

As the three friends rode through the grounds where the fallen leaves lay more than fetlock deep upon the winter sward, the Earl uttered an exclamation of pleasure, when he saw the white walls of Callender House shining through the woodlands in the noon-day sun; but this emotion was speedily checked, when they saw upon the terrace before the house, a trooper in scarlet uniform, and

several horses accoutred with military saddle-cloths and holsters. These were evidently chargers, and were all linked together, and in the care of this solitary man, who seemed to be an orderly.

They simultaneously reined their horses back, on beholding this alarming sight, and rode straight to the house of the Earl's ground-bailie, whose dismay and alarm on seeing him could scarcely be controlled.

'My lord—my lord—in Heaven's name what brings you here at sic a time?' he exclaimed; 'General Hawley and ever so many more are now in the house wi' my lady, the Countess.'

'The devil they are!' exclaimed the Earl, angrily; 'how came they there?'

'The general sent word to my lady that he would do himself the honour of visiting her with his staff.'

'Hah—and she knew what that meant.'

'Precisely so, my lord, for she sent me back wi' word, that dinner would be on the table at one o'clock, so some dozen and more officers o' rank are round your lordship's mahogany at this moment, and a sumptuous feast they have o' everything that flies, swims, or runs—pork excepted.'

'Of course, for that is disliked by we Scots in general, and was abhorred by James VI. in particular, so it hath never been fashionable since. And Mr. Hawley is here! Well, I shall not be kept out of my own house for all that,' said Kilmarnock, as he dismounted, gave a glance at the locks of his holster pistols, and stuck them in his girdle, while Dalquharn and Mitchell did so too. 'You have the key of the private door, I presume, Bailie?'

'Yes, my lord—but—but——'

'Then give it to me, and keep our horses here from the eyes of all, for in less than an hour we shall mount again. A fig for the empty boaster, Hawley! I would relish no better sight than to see him hanging in his boots and wig, where better and braver men have hung, on the branch of yonder old ash tree.'

'Oh, my lord, be wary, be wary!' implored his adherent, who was an old man, with tears in his earnest eyes, and clasping his hands, which the Earl shook warmly.

'Trust me, John Livingstone; but if I fall into a trap, my son, the Lord Boyd will, I have no doubt, keep his feet clear.'

The Earl said this with something of bitterness in his tone, for his eldest son and heir was at that time a captain in one of the Line Regiments of Hawley's army. This good Earl, who was a father to all his tenantry, and the fosterer of the 'Bairns of Falkirk,' as the townsmen named themselves; who always went out with his pockets full, and came home with them empty; who had a kindly word for all, and was welcome in every house and cottage on his lands; who cordially lent his aid afield, if a horse fell, or a wheel stuck fast; who once carried a blind beggar through the Carron on his back, and around whom the children of the poor

'swarmed like gnats,' as he was wont to say, was the idol of his people.

'But for the treachery of the thing, I would collect a few stout fellows, and make all these staff officers prisoners,' said he, laughing. 'Go round by the front of the house, John, and whisper to my lady that we shall be in my study, and will thank her to send us something from the General's table, in care of old Ailie, the housekeeper.'

Conducted by the Earl, the two visitors, feeling very far from safe, and reassured in their own minds, were led under cover of the old garden walls, close to the back portion of the house, where a small door, that was almost hidden among ivy, gave access to a vaulted passage and secret stair, which led to the more private apartments of the family; and ere long Kilmarnock ushered them into his study, a little pannelled room, having a small book-case, where Pope, Addison, the Spectator, Shakespere, the Scots Magazine, and all his favourite reading, were at hand; and the chief decorations of which were portraits of old horses and pet-dogs that were defunct; but over the mantel-piece hung a two-handled sword of great size—the gift of Robert Bruce to his friend and comrade, Sir Robert Boyd, first Lord of Kilmarnock, Kilbride, and Dalry. This rusty old blade was supposed to be the palladium of his family, and the Earl looked wistfully at it, as he carefully closed the door.

'Listen, sirs,' said he; 'how jovial our enemies are!'

In the next apartment, which was the dining-room, they heard loud and noisy laughter, the clatter of plates and knives, the jingling of glasses, and there were times when Dalquharn felt his heart thrill, when he thought he could detect the low gentle voice of Bryde—of his wife.

Would he be alive to hear that beloved voice on the morrow?

There was a dark and angry flush in the face of the Earl, and he muttered something scornfully about 'acting the eavesdropper in his own house.' Kilmarnock was a fine-looking man, in the prime of life. His face was perfectly regular and pleasing in expression, and he wore a full bottomed grey wig, divided in the centre, with four rows of curls at each side, and a large black silk knot behind. Carefully and scrupulously shaven in the fashion of the time, his cheeks, and more especially his chin, had rather a tinge of blue in their colour, and his eyes were dark and sparkling. He was very moderate in all his tastes and habits, and was, singular to say in that age, a vehement temperance reformer, and frequently inveighed in public against the growing use of wine, spirits, and *tea* among the lower classes.

By the relays of bottles which were carried in by the sulky and reluctant butler, it was evident that Hawley and his officers were drinking deeply, and were making fun with the old cellarer, who would much more willingly have supplied them with poison.

'Zounds!' said the Earl, 'twould be a rare jest, and one that would live in history, if my Lady Anne sent them all, drunk as fiddlers, to the field.'

When old Ailie, the housekeeper—a plump and grey-haired matron in a black wheel fardingale of Tilliecultray serge (a woollen stuff made there since the days of Mary), with her white coif, and bunch of bright keys dangling at her chataleine—appeared, with terror on her face, and a salver of refreshments in her hand, the Earl good humouredly kissed her wrinkled forehead, and said,

'Fear not, good Ailie—you looked scared, as if you had seen the ghost of the Lady Alicreech! But you know our auld Scottish proverb—"the nearer the fire, the further frae reek." So Hawley will never dream that I am separated from him only by a board or two. Fill the wine and drink, Dalquharn, and you Sir John—to our next merry meeting at the Callender!'

The fated Earl knew little, that never more would he be under its roof tree: that in less than two years, he would be a headless corpse on a London scaffold, and that his gay, beautiful, and witty countess would be dead of a broken heart!

But they all elanked their glasses together and drank gaily. At that moment, they heard a gruff voice in the next room reply to some remark of the Countess—

'Yes, madam, by G—d, I assure you, that with two regiments of Dragons, I will undertake to tread all the Highland rabble under foot, in the snapping of a flint!'

'Who speaks?' asked the Earl in a whisper.

'That is General Hawley,' replied Ailie, trembling with spite and fear.

This was General Hawley's frequent boast, and he coarsely added,

'I have left a gallows building at Edinburgh, which will enable me to save ammunition on one hand, or troubling the government with prisoners on the other. Begad, they shall swing by dozens, like beads on a string.'

'I trust, General, you will not forget that I have a son serving under you; and that if an evil hour should come for those with whom you know too well we weak women sympathise so much, you will remember that Lady Dalquharn, Lady Ogilvie and I, have each a husband on yonder field.'

'Tis my dear Anne who retorts so gently,' said the Earl, with a kindling eye.

'Husbands and sons must take the chances of war,' was the gruff response; 'but I thank God, madam, that we shall meet these rebel dogs, on auspicious ground, for I have read that in this neighbourhood the Scots were defeated by King Edward I., in 1296, under one, William Wallace, a thief and outlaw, as this same Popish Pretender is.'

'True,' said the Countess, 'and on that disastrous day when Wallace wept over the corpse of Graham, under the old yew tree by the roadside yonder, many a brave man was dying for his country, amid these woods of Callender, with his good sword before his glazing eyes—as the cold steel imaged alike the blade that fought for Scotland, and the cross whereon Christ died.'

'All this stuff sounds rather Popish, madam,' said the General; 'but here comes some one who seems in a devil of a hurry.'

From the windows of the study, a mounted officer was visible, as he came galloping through the woods, in hot haste towards the house. He dismounted at the terrace, threw his bridle to the orderly, and then came fussily, with staff-importance, into the house, where his sword and spurs were heard ringing on the stone staircase, as he ascended to the dining-room.

'Drink again, my friends,' said the Earl, 'for here cometh news for Hawley, and too probably for us too.'

They heard the officer hastily introduce himself as 'Captain Wyvil, of the Kentish Buffs.'

'What's up, Wyvil?' asked Hawley with a hiccup.

'The rebels are in full march to attack us, and they are now crossing the Carron with such speed, that they have left their cannon in the rear,' replied Wyvil in an excited manner.

Hawley uttered a fierce imprecation, and struck his clenched hand on the table, making all the crystal jingle.

'I have the honour to say, General, that your presence is instantly required at head-quarters, where General Huske is getting the Brigades under arms, but awaits further orders.'

'Blood and 'oons, sir! I don't require Brigadier Huske, you, or any other man to inform me as to my line of duty,' was the rude response; 'I shall soon be at my post, and see whether I cannot cope better than Sir John, baronet though he be, with those bare-breeched scoundrels! Meantime, your ladyship, I shall, with another glass of your wine, replenish my glass, refresh this my poor carcass, and drink the health of His Majesty King George!'

He was fond of speaking of his body as 'his carcass,' and actually designated it so in his will. Hawley, as an officer, was dreaded and disliked by the troops, for his disposition was as savage and severe as that of Sir John Cope (whom he rudely stigmatised as a coward) was gentle and humane; and though he had been a Lieutenant in Evan's Dragoons (now the 3rd Hussars) at the battle of Sheriff Muir, and had seen how Highlanders could fight, he had a bull-headed contempt for them, that was only equalled by his hate.

In a few minutes after this, with all his staff, the General was galloping furiously towards Falkirk Muir, 'where rougher cheer was preparing for him than he experienced at Callender.'

Ere the sound of their hoofs had died away, Bryde's head was

nestling on Dalquharn's breast, and she was sobbing heavily, as if her poor little heart would break, for it was the noon of the battle of Falkirk!

CHAPTER LXVI.

THE DAY OF THE BATTLE.

'Oh! what are meetings in this weary life?
The closing agony devours all else,
And makes fond greetings be but partings all:
Must I again unto my lonely bower,
To hold harsh converse with the gusty winds—
Months—and he will return!—a few brief months!'

Daniel.

THE Countess of Kilmarnock, Linlithgow, and Callender—for she held the triple title—had schooled and tasked herself to receive with politeness, and even to entertain with courtesy, the self-invited, coarse, and blustering General Hawley, and the officers of his staff, though he and they spoke in terms undisguised, coldly and sneeringly of her country, her party, and her politics, even while sharing the good cheer and rare wines provided for them, making the tears often start to the eyes of Bryde and of Lady Ogilvie, who at last rose with scorn in her face and left the table; but that task was ended now; the scene was over, and she wept on the breast of her husband, to whom she and her two little boys, Charlie and Willie elung—for it was a farewell visit—a parting hour.

The very haste in which Hawley departed, urged that the interview would need to be a brief one, for it spoke of battle close at hand!

The Earl is said to have seen how desperate was the cause of the House of Stuart, with half Scotland and all England against it; but was seduced by the Countess to risk all in its behalf, against the dictates of his calmer reason. Anne Livingstone was doubtless the syren that lured him to destruction, and now that the time of mortal strife was nigh, she hung on his neck, despairingly, and perhaps full of self-reproach.

The old dining hall of the Callender was hung with Gobelin tapestry, representing shepherds and shepherdesses with flowing hair and crooks adorned by knots of ribbons, a present from Louis XIV., (in whose galleys it was worked) to George Earl of Linlithgow, and long after this parting, did the quaint faces and distorted figures of that pale green and russet piece of needlework, recur to Bryde's memory, as being painfully associated with it.

'My dear Sir John,' said Bryde, taking in both her hands those of Mitchell, who had no one to bid a sad or tender farewell to him, and who was turning wistfully and alternately from her to the

Countess; 'if,' continued Bryde, drawing him caressingly a little way aside, 'you really are so fond of me as you say——'

'Fond of you,' interrupted poor Mitchell, gazing tenderly into the clear, bright eyes that were so full of tears and earnestness; 'fond of you,' he repeated in a strange thick voice; 'well, Lady Dalquharn?'

'My husband is younger than you, by nearly twenty years, and may be more rash; oh, pray do all you can to protect, to save him in case of peril—to save him for me, for he is all I have left to love on earth!'

'I promise you by my right hand, that I shall be by him and to him, as a brother,' replied the other gravely.

'Then, my dear, dear friend, you will indeed be worthy of all the love I can give you.'

Mitchell sighed, and stooped to kiss her delicate little hand, with a troubled expression on his face, and something like a sob in his throat.

'We are on the eve of a severe engagement, and to-night may see the last of me, and little would I care, provided King James's cause were triumphant, as life hath but few charms for me; yet, while it lasts, I promise faithfully to watch over the safety of Dalquharn, for your sake, as much as for his own.'

'Thanks, most worthy friend.'

'To know you, is to love you dearly, Lady Dalquharn, and I fear that I—I—love you too well perhaps—for—for my own peace.'

'Ah, don't speak thus,' said Bryde growing very pale; and then with a little sickly smile, she added, 'Henry, here is Sir John Mitchell actually making love to me.'

'Why did he not ask you first, and then you might have been my Lady Mitchell of Pitreavie?' asked Dalquharn, laughing.

'Ah—why indeed? especially as my rent roll is about as valuable as your own,' replied Mitchell, with an air of affected gaiety. A great secret had crept into his heart, and luckily had been partly misunderstood; but he gazed sadly at Bryde, for his good heart was too full for jesting even with her, and he had but one firm conviction, that the less he saw of her, the better for his own peace.

A few minutes after this saw them depart.

Allie the housekeeper lived long to relate how 'the women folk' wept when the Countess made her husband put on a waistcoat of tough bull's hide, which had been worn by Marshal the Earl of Callender at the storming of Newcastle in the days of King Charles I., and he buttoned his blue uniform over it.

The Earl and his two friends left the Callender by what was named the 'White Yett,' and rejoined the Highland army, when it was marching by the south side of the Torwood.

The winter day passed slowly on, and the shadows of the old woods around Callender House began to deepen and assume fantastic shapes; but the Countess, with her two children nestling by

her knee, and Bryde drooping beside her, sat at a window of the dining-room, silent, sad and anxious. Each had her heart full of prayer and of solicitude.

At times, volleys of musketry came on the passing wind, and found a terrible echo in the hearts of those two pale-faced listeners. Each had a husband, and one, a son opposed to his father on that fatal field. As she spread her matronly arms over her two little ones, the Countess murmured—

‘If I lose my dear husband, I must love these dear children more than ever—and more than ever must they love me.’

Bryde shivered.

If Dalquharn fell, whom was she to love on earth, and who would love her?

As she gazed on the darkening landscape, the shadowy woods, the masses of angry cloud gathering overhead and rolling slowly away, it was with sensations of grief and suspense, which she thought would last till death.

‘I may never see him more—never more hear his voice—never more—it may be hushed already!’ she thought, with her eyes and heart full of tears.

After a time the affrighted chargers of the slain or dismounted dragoons, which crowded all the fields and lanes about Falkirk, were seen to fly through Callender Park, with saddles reversed, and some of them were disembowelled and dying.

Anon these sights and sounds of evil passed away, and the ladies sat in each other’s arms with the wearied children asleep and half forgotten at their feet.

In the dusk, two figures, bareheaded and tied with ropes, were dragged past Callender House, under a dragoon escort, on the road that led to Edinburgh.

It was well that neither Bryde nor the Countess of Kilmarnock could see these two miserable men, who passed almost within a musket shot of where they were seated!

* * * * *

Just as the darkness closed in, the ladies were startled by a wild and prolonged shriek, that woke all the echoes of the old mansion. It came from the apartment of Ailie the housekeeper, who was found in a swoon on the floor, and lying on her face, with her hands outspread before her.

On being recovered by the usual restoratives and appliances, after some hours of bewilderment, delirium, and repeated faintings, she solemnly alleged that she had seen her chamber door flung violently open by an invisible hand, and then a human head rolled past her, gnashing its teeth fearfully—and its face bore the livid likeness of her lord—her son—her bairn (for so she called him, with all that deep affection of an old Scottish retainer) the Earl of Kilmarnock!

This legend was long current in the district of Falkirk, and the

vision was supposed to be a wraith, or supernatural foreshadowing of the future fate awaiting the amiable, unfortunate and last Lord of the Callendar.

CHAPTER LXVII.

THE 17TH OF JANUARY, 1746.

'Great William posts up to his royal papa,
And sends down old Hawley to hang them up a';
Brave Hawley advances to fight at Falkirk,
But the Jacobite blades send him back with a jerk;
He lost all his cannon, his colours and men,
But the butcherly Duke may restore them again.
See! he comes in four days, and he never will yield,
Though the living run off, yet the dead keep the field.'

Jacobite Minstrelsy.

HAWLEY'S second in command, notwithstanding that general's great carelessness, had all the troops under arms, in front of the camp before he arrived. They consisted of twelve chosen battalions of the line, whose flanks were covered by three regiments of cavalry, with a reserve, consisting of the 3rd Buffs, the four militia corps of Paisley, Glasgow and the Argyleshire Highlanders, chiefly of the surname of Campbell.

The Duke of Perth with one portion of the Highland army was left to press the siege of Stirling, which greatly weakened the force of Charles in the field.

On debouching from the flank of the Torwood, all bare and leafless then, the Highlanders could see the King's troops, the 1st Royal Scots, the Kentish Buffs, and other veterans of Dettingen and Fontenoy, drawn up in order of battle, the cocked hats of the battalion companies, formed in ranks three deep, the grenadiers with their conical caps on the right flank of each regiment; their white cross-belts, white gaiters and scarlet coats, with the skirts buttoned back; their colours advanced and waving, and all presenting a fine appearance of steadiness, discipline and order, that proved very imposing; while the majors with their canes and the adjutants with their swords, dressed to a nicety; the ranks of officers and men, the former being armed with spontoon, and covered, when in line, by the long halberts of the sergeants.

In their rear was the old burgh of Falkirk on its ridge, crowned by the octagonal tower and spire of St. Modan's church. The moor, under the richest cultivation now, was then a rugged and broken upland, interspersed with green morasses, and shaggy brown heath. The Highlanders occupied the higher ground, while the regular army were formed with their rear to the town, and their

masses looked greater through the mist that rolled over the moor at times upon the stormy wind.

A flash seemed to pass along the British line, and then came the rattle of steel upon the blast; it was the three lines of infantry fixing their bayonets, while the drums and fifes of each battalion struck up 'the Point of War;' next followed the flourish of trumpets and patter of kettledrums on the extreme flanks of the army, as the cavalry drew their swords, to the air of 'Britons strike home,' just as if the poor Children of the Mist had not been Britons like themselves.

With their pipes playing, their varied tartans waving in the wind, their muskets or drawn swords and brass-studded targets shining in the fitful gleams of the winter afternoon, the Blue Bonnets marched steadily into position, clan after clan, in no wise daunted by the war array of Hawley.

Lord Ogilvie's battalion carried the Royal Standard, and all were eager for battle!

'Yonder hill to the west would be a good basis for future operations, if we could only get our d—ned guns up,' said Hawley; 'ride, Captain Wyvil, and send forward the dragoons of Ligonier, Cobham, and Hamilton, that we may enfilade these half-naked scoundrels in flank. The order is, "threes right," and then "left wheel by squadrons." Let them ride as if all hell were uncoupled at their hoofs!' he added to the aide-de-camp in that rough style, which prevailed in the service until the opening of the present century.

The cavalry—one corps of which was composed of the poltroons of Preston—were burning to avenge a repulse they had received on the previous day in front of Linlithgow, where they had been driven back by Lord Elcho, with the Life Guards—dashed spurs into their horses, and pushed on to reach the eminence; but the Highlanders anticipated them, and *first* gained the crest of the ridge, on which the brigade of horse fell back, and on the slope of the ascent, the order of battle was formed by successive clans, Keppoch on the right (a post claimed by the Macdonalds since Bannockburn), Lovat on the left, in three small lines, the reserve under Prince Charles mustering only 450 swordsmen in the rear!

Neither army had any artillery; in his fiery haste, the Prince had left his far behind, and those of Hawley, who, as the rhyme has it, 'could not hawl his cannon to the foe,' were wedged helplessly among the winter mud at Bantaskine; so by the bayonet, against the claymore, was the battle to be decided!

At three in the afternoon it was begun by Hawley ordering a charge of cavalry—he 'believed' greatly in dragoons.

His three regiments, and a volunteer corps called the Yorkshire Blues, advanced at a rapid trot towards the column of Lord George Murray, under whom were the men of Appin, Clanranald, and Keppoch. The trot was speedily lengthened into a gallop, and on

they came like a thunder-cloud, or some vast monster, having more than a thousand legs, devouring distance, and as if to tread all under foot. Already their uplifted swords were glittering in the sun, and the cheers of defiance and encouragement were ringing from flank to flank, when the clansmen brought their muskets to the 'present,' and their heads drooped, as they took aim at twelve paces distance.

'Fire!' cried Lord George Murray, adding, 'dirk and claymore, men—dirk and claymore!'

This deliberate volley threw the whole brigade into confusion, and the officers were heard shouting, 'advance—advance!' 'rally, brave boys, rally!' but many more cried 'threes about—retire,' and in an instant the Stewarts and Macdonalds were down upon them with sword and target.

Where a few moments before all had been quiet and still on the heath-clad slope, were now horsemen and Highlanders engaged in wild *melée*. Now rung scattered volleys of musketry and pistols, the united clamour of a thousand voices—cheers, cries, and fierce yells of defiance, the hoarse *Cathghairm* or Celtic war cry, or the orders of some officer, given in pure English, and rising with strange distinctness; and too often amid the clang of weapons, the sudden and infernal hurly burly of the tumult:—

'The death-cry drowning in the battle's roar.'

'The cavalry,' says the Chevalier Johnstone, 'rode many of the Highlanders down, and a most singular combat followed. The Highlanders, stretched upon the ground, thrust their dirks into the bellies of the horses; some seized the riders by their clothes, dragged them down and stabbed them with their dirks; several used their pistols, but few had space to handle their swords.' Clanranald had a horse killed over him, and was nearly smothered by it; but the conflict ended by the whole cavalry retiring at full speed, riding down their own killed and wounded, and abandoning the infantry, they never drew bridle till they reached Linlithgow, seven miles distant from the field. In their terror and confusion, the 10th Dragoons contrived to ride along the whole fire of the Highland line.

A shower of sleety rain now fell to thicken the atmosphere of the misty and storm-covered moor, and the low smoke of the recent skirmish was blown towards Hawley's lines, when the whole Highland force, throwing down their muskets and plaids, drew sword and dirk, 'and with all their pipes playing the *onset*, from flank to flank,' rushed on, shoulder to shoulder, and with a dreadful shock on the charged bayonets of Hawley's triple lines, which, in the usual fashion after a Highland charge, were broken, hurled on each other, cut down, trod under foot, and routed in an instant.

Brigadier Cholmondeley made a slight attempt to rally the 4th and 48th regiments; but after firing briskly for a few minutes, they

were forced to give way. As the Highlanders came on, they seemed to produce on the king's troops the same effect that Campbell's brigade did on the Russian column at the Alma—amazement and terror.

Foaming with rage and shame, Hawley was swept off the field by the human tide, and, in his blind fury, is said to have broken his sword, by madly hewing at the market-cross of Falkirk, as he rode past it a fugitive.

'Pell mcll, in headlong confusion, the sixteen regiments of infantry (militia inclusive) were driven through Falkirk, abandoning their camp, baggage, and everything to the victorious Highlanders, who gleaned up all the arms, accoutrements, colours, and knapsacks, which were thrown away by the fugitives, who that night reached Linlithgow.'

Before the Prince's quarters, which are yet shown in Falkirk, were brought the trophies of the field; 9 cannon and mortars; 5 pair of colours, 600 stand of arms, tents for 5000 men, and 28 artillery waggons laden with the munition of war. Never was victory more complete!

On the field lay slain 20 officers and 500 privates; among the former was the gallant old Colonel Sir Robert Munro, of Foulis, who after killing or wounding six Highlanders, with his half-pike, was pistolled by Gillies Macbane, at the head of his regiment, the 37th Foot, known chiefly then as Major-General Ponsonby's.

Dalquharn, who had lost his hat, and had his coat cut to ribbons, when the slender reserve advanced into the general *melée*, with a few men of the Life Guard, had ridden to Bantaskine in the dark to capture the artillery, which were wedged fast in the mud of a deep and narrow road. One piece only was removed by the brave grenadiers of the 4th, who drew it to Linlithgow with their own hands.

He ordered his party to divide in two, and defile through the gaps of a hedge, to prevent the escape of the artillery by front or rear. By some mistake in the dusk and confusion, only *two* troopers followed him (the majority having ridden after Mitchell) as he turned towards the rear of the artillery, when Captain Koningham, the officer in command, ordered his gunners and drivers 'to cut their traces and be off!' a mandate which they instantly obeyed, and for issuing which, after being cashiered by a court-martial, he nearly committed suicide in a singularly terrible manner.

As the mounted gunners, a hundred and more in number, swept sword in hand along the narrow road, they instantly cut down and unhorsed Dalquharn and his two troopers, taking him prisoner, though he strove in vain to pass himself off as a Yorkshire hunter. He was dragged away, with a rope round his waist, and committed to the care of a few of the 10th Dragoons, who came from a farm-yard where they had been plundering.

Meanwhile Mitchell, an active and wary old soldier, lost no time in procuring horses and hands, and had the guns started out of their muddy lair, and brought into head-quarters, where he learned that no traces could be found of Dalquharn, till a trooper, sorely wounded and dying, crawled in with tidings that he had been captured.

'Taken—taken prisoner under my very eyes, and despite my promise to *her*! oh, my God, how shall I ever break the news?' exclaimed poor Mitchell, who felt inclined to shoot himself with rage and vexation.

The Prince was greatly concerned on hearing of the loss of Dalquharn, and so were most of the army; but Lord Lovat quoted Horace, and laughed at the affair, for he was too old, and too much of a philosopher, to value life or fear death.

'What! my Lord Dalquharn a prisoner again! I protest he hath a singular luck that way.'

The Prince turned from him in anger, and said in a whisper to Viscount Strathallan, whose sword arm was slung in a bloody scarf—

'Lovat—bah! he is a strange compound of the stoic and the cynic—the snaky, slimy old Scotch whig, with the cavalier; the frivolity and stateliness of the old Scoto-French courtier, with the simplicity of the patriarchal times, and the ferocity of the middle ages. Pardieu, Viscount, the man is an enigma!'

'Thank Heaven,' replied Strathallan in a whisper, 'we have not another in our army like old Simon of Beaufort and Lovat!'

All the affair with the artillery had passed with such rapidity that Dalquharn, half-stunned and confused by the fury with which he had been struck from his horse, almost thought himself dreaming; but ere long he realised all the bitterness of the case, and found that he had a companion in misfortune, to whom he was secured by a rope.

This was Donald Macdonald, of Teindreish, the senior major of the venerable Keppoch's regiment, who has usually been called Hawley's 'sole trophy' of the field of Falkirk—a character of great note in the Highland army, as the hero of the Spean Bridge, where the first shot of the Insurrection was fired.

Amid the headlong confusion of the Highland charge, in consequence of mistaking the brigade of General Huske for that of Lord John Drummond, he was captured. By Huske, he was sworn at as 'a lousy Scotch rebel dog!'

'Remember, sir, that I too am an officer,' said the unfortunate Highlander, 'and, moreover, a gentleman.'

'A gentleman quotha,' sneered Huske. 'I thank you for the information.'

'Why, sir?'

'For, 'pon my soul, I'd never have thought it.'

By Huske, to whom he proffered his sword and pistols, he was

treated with singular brutality, and would have been pinned to the earth by twenty bayonets, but for the intervention of Lord Robert Kerr, of the House of Lothian, a humane young officer, who afterwards fell at the battle of Culloden.

Though severely wounded in the sword arm, Macdonald's hands were roughly tied behind him, and he was dragged away like a felon from that field where his friends were victorious.

On reaching Edinburgh, the first use made by Hawley of the shambles he had erected in the Grass-market, was to hang a number of his own soldiers thereon; and the cat-o'-nine-tails was wielded unsparingly; while his blind and childish rage was further exasperated by a knowledge that Sir John Cope had offered bets, amounting to ten thousand guineas, in several coffee-houses in London, that the first general sent against the Highlanders would be beaten, just as he had been at Preston. By this, Cope 'gained a considerable sum of money, and recovered his honour to a certain degree.'

The whole *Gazettes* of those unhappy affairs, published by the government, are invariably a tissue of falsehoods from beginning to end, and unworthy of credence.*

CHAPTER LXVIII.

COBHAM'S DRAGOONS.

'Farewell, then, fame, ill sought through fields and blood,
Farewell unfaithful promiser of good :
Thou music, warbling to the deafened ear !
Thou incense wasted on the funeral bier !
Through life pursued in vain, by death obtained,
When asked, denied us, and when given disdained.'

Tickell.

To be dragged away thus ignominiously, in the very moment of victory—pinioned like a black slave, or a common felon—dragged past the stately woods and noble demesne of Callender House, where Bryde, pale, anxious, and tearful, was waiting and watching tidings from the field, was maddening to Dalquharn !

All his old and worst terrors and anticipations rose up like ghoules and spectres before him now, and his mind became full of bitterness and rage—with sorrow for her, and apprehension for himself.

Perhaps the Prince might follow up this new success by marching on Edinburgh, or again advancing into England. In either case, Dalquharn felt assured that his own transmission south, either by land or sea, was pretty certain, for every Highlander and ad-

* Constable's *Miscell.* xvi.,

herent of Charles that could be gleaned up, were dispatched to 'the shambles at Carlisle,' as the illegal court which sat there—and to which no Scotsmen were amenable for acts committed in Scotland—was not inaptly named.

The escort consisted of twenty of Cobham's dragoons, under a young officer whose temper a pistol bullet in his thigh had in no way improved; and he pushed on at a pace, which Dalquharn, and more especially the poor wounded Macdonald, tied as they were, found great difficulty in accomplishing, and every instant they were in danger of being trod down by the hoofs of the horses.

These dragoons, among other plunder at the farm-house, had evidently procured some alcohol, for many of them were tipsy, and, on being encouraged by their foolish young officer, began to sing a long song, then current in London. It went to the air of 'The Cut-purse,' and two verses will serve as a sample of the anti-Jacobite muse. The troopers trolled it lustily, and rattled their chain-bridles when they came to the chorus

'From Paris, Cartouche into Scotland has come,
And his barelegged banditti will rob your estates;
His itchy Scotch lords are the valets of Rome,
Consult but their annals—record but their dates!
It's their politics,
To burn heretics,
Or poison by water that's fetched from the Styx.

Chorus.

Or each Highland cut-purse will soon give us law,
For their cut-throats as daring as Tyler or Straw!

'Let curses most vile, and anathemas roar;
Let half-ruined France and the Pope tribute pay,
Our thundering cannon shall guard Britain's shore
And none but great George will true Britons obey.
Then France and proud Spain,
Have laboured in vain;
For the mountains have brought forth a Scots mouse again.
The Pretender must scamper and quit every clau,
And to Rome, or to hell, get home if he can.

Chorus.

And no Highland cut-purse shall give to us law,
Though the devil should help him, or Tyler, or Straw!

And, strange as it may seem now, stuff more perilous than this, drew storms of applause in the London theatres, if sung, or spoken in epilogue, by pretty Mrs. Woffington, when she swaggered so saucily before the float-lights, in the Kevenhuller hat and regimentals of a London volunteer.

The song being ended, Dalquharn ventured to remonstrate on the unworthy treatment to which they were subjected; but the officer was deaf to him, and received his complaints in the truc temper of the time.

'I beseech you, sir,' exclaimed Dalquharn, 'at least to unbind my friend, who is severely wounded in the arm——'

'Serve him right, egad!' was the brief response,

'But he suffers acutely.'

'He complains less than you, fellow, who have not a scratch.'

'It is the pride of his race, which disdains to murmur.'

'Pride, quotha! Why don't his pride provide him with a decent pair of breeches?'

'Sir, he is like myself, an officer——'

'An officer—gadamercey! who holds his commission from the Pretender.'

'No, sir—from King James VIII.'

'You are over bold to talk thus, my bonny Scot, with your precious neck in a noose—over bold, I can tell you.'

'Noose, sirrah!' exclaimed Dalquharn, losing all patience, at the cool insolence of the officer; 'I demand my parole.'

The other laughed angrily, as he made his horse curvet in the half-frozen mud, and said—

'Sblood, but this is rare—the idea of paroling a rebel! You should not have it, even had I the power to grant it, which I do not possess.'

'Be it so! then I can fully, without dishonour, escape.'

'If you can; but beware my fine fellow, for on the smallest appearance of such an attempt, you will be pistolled without mercy,' replied the officer, cocking his Kevenhuller very much over his right eye; 'I know that the government have no wish to be troubled with prisoners.'

A time may come when I shall requite this lack of common humanity—this coarse brutality.'

'Scarcely,' sneered the other; 'but in case that time ever comes, you would wish to be favoured with my name, perhaps?'

'Assuredly, sirrah—for the name of a friend or a foe will never be forgotten by me.'

'I am Jack Dormer, a Lieutenant of Viscount Cobham's dragons.'

'Dormer, of Cobham's—good,' said Dalquharn, through his clenched teeth; 'I shall not fail to remember it——'

'On the gallows, to which I am marching you,' said the other coarsely, and with all the petulant impertinence of youth; 'the name of Dormer may adorn your last speech: but excuse me holding further parley with you,' he added, and checking his horse, dropped to the rear of the escort, which rode in two sections, one in front and one in rear, along the narrow road, with a file on each side of the prisoners, who were tied together by a rope, the ends of which were secured to the stirrup-leather of the trooper beside them, so the idea of escape seemed a bootless boast.

'Heed not these fellows, my Lord,' said Macdonald, who marched on with his teeth clenched, to repress the groans that his wound and the tight pinioning of his arms must otherwise have wrung from him; 'heed them not,' added this gentle and chivalrous Highland gentleman, 'for even the Black Chanter of the Clan Chat-

tan, would not inspire them with courage to face us on a foughten field again.'

'The Black Chanter—is it a spirit, Macdonald?'

The Highlander gave a mournful laugh, and replied—

'I forgot that your Lordship is a Lowlander. In the Highlands, we all know of the *Feadhan Dhu*—the Black Chanter, or Holy Pipe of the Clan Chattan—which, according to tradition, fell among them from the clouds of heaven, at the battle of the North Inch in 1396, and the sound of which ensures prosperity, and inspires with heroic courage all who hear it.'

'I never heard of it,' replied Dalquharn, gravely enough, for he was in no smiling mood.

'Three of our clan—Macdonalds of Glencoe—had once taken a creagh on Strathspey, but were followed and caught by the Grants, near Aviemore, in a wild place, where, from an eminence, one may see the great green plain of the Alvie, and the course of the Spey, roaring in foam between its forests of dark and bronze-like pines. Two of the Macdonalds were pinioned, as your Lordship and I now are,' continued the major, who, like all Highlanders, dearly loved to tell a clan story; 'the youngest, an ancestor of my own, escaped, with an arrow in his cheek, but followed his friends in secret. Two miles from the base of Craigellachie, the Grants halted to refresh themselves, when the young Macdonald stole near, and released the two captives, with whom he fell sword in hand upon the Grants. They killed seven, wounded sixteen, and succeeded in carrying off the creagh, a fine herd of cattle in triumph!'

"A mhic! a mhic!" was the cry of the oldest Macdonald, as he showered his blows around him: "do lainh o' cruadhich, do bluille!" (my son—my son, harden thy strokes.)

'So enraged was the Laird of Grant by this affair, that he forced the survivors, on three successive Sundays, to march round the old Vicarage church of Inverallan (in presence of all his people), carrying wooden swords in derision; and further to complete their shame, he borrowed of Cluny, the *Feadhan Dhu*, that its sound might animate them; and after hearing his own piper play thereon, they became, for ever after, brave men and true.*'

'I would advise General Hawley to get some such instrument, and play it in front of his dragoons; for, by my soul, I never saw so many hen-hearted knaves, with good Sheffield blades by their sides,' said Dalquharn, with a bitter laugh.

'A lord,' said one of the dragoons, who had been listening; 'do you say, Jack, that the petticoated rebel calls t'other one a Lord?'

'So I hear,' replied his comrade.

'Scotch lords, or lairds, as they calls em, ain't worth much, I reckon.'

* The Grants would seem to have kept this remarkable bag-pipe long enough, as it was not until 1822 that Glenmorriston returned it to Evan MacPherson, of Cluny. *Logans Gael.*

'But this one is worth a hundred yellow Geordies, doan't ee know, boy?'

'Offered by whom—the King?'

'No—boy.'

'No—the Dook o' Coomberland, lad?'

'Offered by the Scotch Purveyor to the Forces—one Mr. Reuben Balcraftie.'

'Did he surrender to *you*?' asked the other, becoming suddenly interested.

'No—I wishes as he 'ad.'

'Whose prisoner will he be then?'

'Leaftenant Dormer's, in course—whish to God he was mine.'

'You hear, my lord?' whispered Macdonald.

'I have heard every word—these rascals know my market value to a shilling.'

'You must escape,' whispered Macdonald in French.

'Ah—but how?'

'Never may there be a better opportunity than this; on the open highway, in a dark night too.'

'I can see no way, my friend.'

'Once within gates and walls, the idea may be hopeless. What said a Douglas of old—better hear the lark sing, than the mouse cheep.'

Dalquharn shuddered as he recalled the Bass Rock with its prisons, and the awful perils of his escape therefrom.

'I repeat, my lord, that you must make a bold effort to escape. I was at your marriage in the Cathedral of Carlisle—as a mere spectator, of course, as I had not the honour of being known to your lordship. I felt deeply interested in Miss Otterburn—her story, her beauty, and sweetness. Think now of her—of your poor young wife, and escape if you can. As for me, I have neither wife nor child to sorrow for me; but blessed be God, I shall leave many a bold heart, and many a keen claymore among the Clau Donald, to avenge me!'

'Poor Bryde—poor Bryde?' murmured Dalquharn, in a voice of great sorrow.

'Listen to me, my lord. On disarming me in the field, the Red-coats contented themselves with my sword, dirk, and pistols; the sharp Skene Dhu in my right garter escaped them, and it is at your lordship's service.'

'My hands are tied——'

'But not behind you, as mine are; being in the kilt, I am deemed the more dangerous of the two, by the twenty heroes who guard us.'*

'And the knife—what of it?'

'Take it from my garter,' replied Macdonald, still in French;

* *Twenty men* were detailed by General Huske, as the Guard over this solitary Highlander.—*Hend. Hist. Rebellion.*

'and cut the rope that binds us together, and to that trooper on the left. Plunge it into his horse or himself, or both if you can, and trust to Providence for the rest—or stay! Erelong we shall be at the Bridge of the Avon—then will be the time to act; but meanwhile possess yourself of my skene.'

In the dark, though his hands were tied tightly but about twelve inches apart, Dalquharn easily contrived to draw from Maedonald's garter the little dagger, known among Highlanders as the black-knife, and still used by them when hunting to cut the throat of the deer.

'But the sheath has come with it,' he whispered.

'Draw it off with your teeth—many a time have I done so, when under a charger's belly. Fail not to use it, and use it well—for your life, and it may be *hers* too, depends upon it!'

'And you, Maedonald—I shall not escape without you!'

'With a wounded arm I am helpless, and would but ensure your recapture, and why should both perish? Moreover, another opportunity may come, if they don't hang me before I am healed. A brave fellow has chances often enough; and at all events 'tis better to be shot, than to die a dog's death, at Carlisle wall.'

'Still we shall make the attempt together.'

'Allons, mon ami—as you please, my lord—and at the Bridge of the Avon must the deed be done!'

Possessed of this weapon so sharp and so deadly, Dalquharn felt a wild glow of hope and vengeance swell together in his heart; and with it, there grew a fierce and pitiless desire to slay right and left—to be without mercy to the merciless!

The night was pitchy dark; westward and northward, large masses of black cloud enveloped the sky. Eastward it was tolerably clear, and the stars of the Plough shone, sharply and clearly, and a patch of cold dark blue. In the southern quarter Mars, red and fiery, glinted at times through the flying scud above the western shoulder of the Pentland range, and a watch-fire was burning luridly on the summit of Cathail Rhi (or the hill of the Strife of Kings) to which the Scottish vulgar, have given the absurd name of Cockleroy. A cold wind swept over the road by which they marched; the leafless copsewoods moaned in the blast, and the dead leaves were whirled before it, along the frozen wastes.

Dalquharn and Maedonald both recognized the roadway and the features of the country.

'Yonder are the lights in the palace windows of Linlithgow,' said the former.

'They are singularly bright!' replied the Major.

Erelong they were to be brighter.

'Here we are, close upon the Bridge of the Avon—be wary, desperate and bold, my lord!'

Dalquharn had already cut the cord that bound him to Maedonald, and by doing so, had already afforded intense relief to the

stiffened arms of that unfortunate officer, who, warily, continued to march as if still bound, till they came to the old and narrow bridge, which saw the terrible feudal battle of 1526, in the days of James V., and the Earl of Lennox expire where a cairn long marked the spot, in the Jousting Haugh.

The side files of the dragoons altered their position ; one spurred forward, and the other dropped to the rear, both as they imagined giving the prisoners the whole length of the rope, which Dalquharn cut again, and released his own hands, but this time, not unseen, by the rear trooper, who uttered a shout. Upon this Dalquharn sprang at him, stabbed his horse in the breast, forcing it by the bridle back upon its haunches. It recoiled furiously among the rest, causing much wild kicking, curvetting and confusion.

'Follow me, Macdonald !' cried Dalquharn, as he sprang fearlessly over the parapet into the Avon beneath.

Macdonald endeavoured to do so too ; but his stiffened and wounded arm completely failed him ; he sank helplessly beside the parapet, and was instantly recaptured, and amid much swearing and bluster, pinioned with greater severity than ever. Several carbines and pistols, fired at random, flashed over both sides of the bridge ; Dalquharn swam vigorously under the surface for a time, while the balls tore up the water about him ; and then, like a tracked deer which retraces its steps, he swam back towards the arch, and concealed himself under it. As he did so, Kilmarnock's proverb, 'the nearer the fire, the further from smoke,' occurred to him ; and then the idea of fire made him feel to the full, the bitter chill of immersion in a winter stream.

After a time the fusilade ceased ; the dragoons hoped he was either shot or drowned ; the sound of hoofs had died away, and around him all was still and silent as the pale stars that twinkled overhead.

He now began to breathe more freely, and crept up the bank of the river among the huge leaved water-docks and dry reeds ; and for some time lay concealed in a coppice ; after which, with a heart that was full of gratitude to Heaven for his second escape from peril, and keen thoughts of sorrow for poor Macdonald, he began to retrace his steps to Falkirk and Callender House, with all haste, as he was anxious to spare Bryde both tears and terror on his account. Avoiding the highroad, he took his way through fields and bye-paths, passing, in many instances, wounded and suffering soldiers, who had dropped in their flight from the field.

As he proceeded, a red light that spread over all the eastern quarter of the sky, caused him to look back, and he saw a very startling sight, that added astonishment and regret to his own sufferings.

It was the magnificent palace of Linlithgow, the scene of so many great and stirring events in Scottish History, sheeted with fire, that ascended from its vast quadrangle in one great roaring

pyramid of flame, that reddened all the surrounding hills, having been wantonly destroyed, in spite of the keepers' remonstrances, by the pitiful and vindictive Hawley, ere he continued his disgraceful flight towards Edinburgh.

Of poor Donald Macdonald, Lord Dalquharn heard no more, till he read of his execution at Carlisle, when, after being subjected to other barbarities, his gallant heart was cut from his breast, and exhibited to the people, reeking on the point of the hangman's knife.

'Teindreish bore all his sufferings with great submission and cheerfulness of temper,' says Bishop Forbes, his fellow prisoner, who adds that he was very pious, and a very handsome man, of a strong and athletic figure, and he sent his last love to Miss Molly Clerk, a young lady of Edinburgh, and said 'notwithstanding my heavy irons, I might dance a Highland reel with her yet. To-morrow I die.'

His dying words were forcible, as shewing the genuine spirit of the Scottish Jacobite.

'It was principle, and a thorough conviction of its being my duty to God, my injured king, and oppressed country, which engaged me to take up arms under the standard and magnanimous conduct of his Royal Highness Charles Prince of Wales; and I solemnly declare, I had no bye views in drawing my sword in his just and honourable cause.'

CHAPTER LXIX.

IN THE NORTH.

'Poor orphaned people, thus bereft,
How hast thou sinned, that thou should'st be
By deities to demons left,
And ignominious misery?

'No peace! no parley! treachery rends,
The old alliances; and those
Who might have found us faithful friends,
Shall find us unforgiving foes!

Fast though the tidings of misfortune fly, happily for Bryde, Dalquharn presented himself at the Callender even before tidings of his capture had travelled thither from the field, and when she hung upon his neck in a rapture of affection, he reflected with mingled gratitude and sorrow on how different their fate might have been, but for the forethought and decision, the bravery and single-heartedness of Keppoch's unfortunate major; and great was the astonishment and joy of Sir John Mitchell, when that gallant gentleman rode to the Callender at midnight, to broach to Lady Bryde, with his own lips, though in what fashion he knew not, the tidings

of her supposed bereavement, when the first person he saw was Dalquharn himself!

Bryde, with the Countess of Kilmarnock, and other Jacobite ladies, was to follow the Highland army to the North in a few days; but on the 18th, the day after the battle, Dalquharn was with his troop in attendance on the Prince at Bannockburn, and then it was that he, the Lord Elcho, and several others, urged that the success on Falkirk-muir should be followed up by an active pursuit of Hawley's shattered army—to drive it completely out of Scotland, or hopelessly disperse it.

Either Charles had lost heart when he discovered the total indifference or intense caution of the English aristocracy, or he was ignorant of how completely he had demoralised the army of Hawley, otherwise he would scarcely have retired towards the Highlands, instead of advancing to Edinburgh, whose warlike volunteers were in an amusing state of fear for the third time.

So great was the terror occasioned by 'the disagreeable affair at Falkirk,' as the 'cooked' dispatches called it, that more foreign aid was summoned, and on the 8th of next month, Prince Frederick of Hesse, and the Duke of Wolfenbittel, landed at Leith from Wilhelmstadt, with five thousand Hessians, whose conduct in Scotland was singularly noble, when contrasted with that of our own troops. Their long hair and moustaches, the blue uniforms, and strange language were long remembered traditionally in Scotland.

Noble, too, was the conduct of the Prince of Hesse Cassel, who, when the ministers and magistrates of Edinburgh, in their fawning address to him, poured forth a torrent of curiously mingled cant and slang, on 'the Popish Pretender, and his desperate mob of robbers,' replied, with a stern and lofty air,

'Gentlemen, no man of common sense or honesty believes that the unfortunate Prince's father was not the lawful son of King James II. It was a vile story contrived and industriously propagated to carry on the Revolution, and dropped as soon as that was settled. But suppose, gentlemen, it had been true, I must let you know that he is a prince by his mother, and I have the honour, by my alliance to the family of Sobieski, to be his near kinsman. It is very indecent and ill-mannered in a gentleman, and base and unworthy in a clergyman, to use reproachful and opprobrious names.'

Prior to all this, the Duke of Cumberland had entered Scotland at the head of a vast force, composed of all arms of the service; and, as he marched by Aberdeen and the east coast, the Laird of Grant, with six hundred of his surname, and many other powerful and noted whig chiefs and nobles joined him, so daily did the hopes of Charles Edward grow less and less.

Though young, the Royal Duke was overgrown, inert and obese, and travelled luxuriously in his coach, so that awkward comparisons were drawn by the people, who had seen the Stuart Prince, on

foot in his kilt, with target and claymore, marching through snow, mud and river, at the head of each clan in succession; and it is pompously recorded, that 'the Duke actually walked *all the way* from Linlithgow to Falkirk, on foot, at the head of the Scots Royals, to encourage the men after the manner of his rival.'

Cumberland was undoubtedly popular with the army; his talents as a general were by no means brilliant; he was truthful and open, yet harsh and tyrannical, boisterous and brutal, and he was held in detestation by the English, who believed him capable of any atrocity, and ere long their worst belief was to be awfully realized. In Edinburgh he was received with adulation; elsewhere the Scottish people abhorred him so much, that in some instances the beds he slept in were taken down and burned immediately after.

From the hour in which he marched from Falkirk until the last fatal strife on the muir of Drummoissie, Dalquharn never passed a day out of his saddle, and he was almost totally separated from Bryde, who remained in Inverness, then a remote and secluded place, with the Ladies Kilmarnoek and Ogilvie.

In the Highland capital, a miserable little town chiefly thatched with brown heather, and overlooked by the mountainous ridges of Glenmore nan Albyn, all covered with snow, Bryde felt herself almost as lonely, and infinitely more strange, than when at Carlisle. The fashion of the houses, the aspect of the country, and of the people too, seemed alike foreign to her. The Gaelic, which sounded hoarse, guttural and barbarous, alone was spoken, and with a hideous nasal twang still peculiar to Inverness; all the male inhabitants, even the shopkeepers, wore the kilt, and went about armed. No coach had ever traversed its narrow and unpaved streets, nor was there a turnpike road within forty miles of its gates.

In the castle, a tall gaunt tower, on a beautiful green eminence that overlooked the Ness, and by its cannon commanded the narrow and antique bridge of seven arches, which since 1686 had spanned the river, were now a garrison composed of the Grants of Rothiemurchus, in flaming red tartans, some Macleods of the Isles, and eighty men of the line, all of whom, as Hanoverians, were a fruitful source of terror to Bryde and other ladies of the Prince's army. She shunned its vicinity, and could not think with the gracious Duncan, when he paid his fatal visit to Macbeth in that place,—

'This castle hath a pleasant seat; the air
Nimble and sweetly recommends itself
Unto our gentle senses.'

But troops were pouring northward, and matters were fast becoming desperate with the Jacobite chiefs. Lady Ogilvie, and several other loyal ladies, with their young children and aged parents, resolved to seek safety in exile. A small vessel was procured, and they sailed for Holland. Dalquharn, though the parting pang was a bitter one, sent Bryde with them, and it was with something like

the blackness of despair in his heart, that from the flat and sandy shore near Ardesier he watched the ship that bore her, as it sailed down the Murray Firth, and faded into obscurity, as the shades of night spread over the stormy North Sea.

Many skirmishes preceded the battle of Culloden; Dalquharn ran incredible risks, and his life was saved by Mitchell in that desperate affair at Keith, when they assisted Captain Glasgow, of King Louis's Irish Brigade, to surprise and capture seventy Argyleshire Highlanders, and a troop of the Duke of Kingston's Light Horse.

Many advanced patrols, and other parties of Scottish militia were cut off in different places, and wherever the King's troops marched, the fires of rapine ascended to Heaven; for every man who served the Prince had his house given to the flames, and his family, the young and the aged alike, driven out on the frozen heather to die; and it is remarkable that in no instance did his followers retaliate, though Lochiel threatened to do so.

Lord George Murray attacked the king's garrison in the castle of Blair; but it was relieved by the sudden advance of the Hessians, who nearly cut him off. It chanced that Roderick Mackenzie, now a sergeant in Colonel John Roy Stewart's corps, when rambling in the neighbourhood in search of provisions, came suddenly upon a body of troops.

'Halt—wer da?' cried a strange voice.

'Who goes there?' demanded Mackenzie, making the same request in English.

'Blitz und Granaten—der Teufel!' growled in unmistakable German, warned Mackenzie off their vicinity.

'Tulloch Ard!' he shouted, and fired his musket, the bullet of which slew the Duke of Wolfenbutter's horse; the sound alarmed Lord George Murray's command, and finding the whole Hessian army upon him, he raised the siege of Blair and withdrew.

The Prince would have attacked Cumberland at Aberdeen; but feared to leave the properties and families of his adherents to the mercy of King George's garrison in Fort William, to which he laid a siege that proved useless; and now many little skirmishes took place in different parts of the Highlands.

The Earl of Loudon, with several whig clans, had taken post at Dornoch for King George, but was attacked by the Duke of Perth, and routed. There were taken prisoners, sixty men and a major, who, before surrendering, somewhat vindictively fired a pistol at Sir John Mitchell. The bullet lodged between the bones of his fore-bridle arm, but was skilfully extracted on the field, by Lochiel's brother, Dr. Archibald Cameron.

To Charles Edward it had now become painfully apparent, that the false and fickle French quite satisfied that the important diversion he had made in Britain ensured their success in Flanders, were selfishly abandoning him to his fate, for of all their promised suc-

cours, save the few troopers called Fitzjames's Horse, none ever came!

Dispirited hence, he allowed the army of Cumberland to pass the deep and rapid Spey, in a wild and wooded country, where two thousand determined men might have kept ten times that number at bay; and from thence by the moors of Elgin, the Duke marched to Nairn, which was only sixteen miles distant from the insurgents' camp.

Under the pennant of Admiral Byng, the British fleet kept pace with the Duke's great army along the coast, affording him all requisite supplies; while daily starvation and suffering decimated the slender force of Charles. Many of his men had dispersed to their homes in the glens, ill, wounded, and weary, but still intending to return. His small cavalry force had been sorely cut up, and the gentlemen of Lord Pitsligo's troop of Life Guards now served on foot. Provisions became so scarce that in their haversacks the poor Highlanders had only a few cabbage leaves and a little oatmeal, the latter being now their *only pay*, as the Prince's coffers were empty.

Battle alone could end all this, one way or other! 'On such an alternative, then,' says Sir Walter Scott, 'and with troops mutinous for want of pay, half-starved for want of provisions, and diminished in numbers from the absence of 4000 men, he determined to risk an action with the Duke of Cumberland, at the head of an army considerably outnumbering his own, and possessed of *all* those advantages of which he himself at that moment was so completely deprived.'

When Cobham's dragoons, who formed a portion of the Duke's advanced guard, approached the Bridge of Nairn, which gave entrance to that town on the east, the troopers of the Lords Elcho and Dalquharn fired on them briskly with their carbines. The last-named noble thought that, through his telescope, he could recognise his acquaintance of the night march from Bantaskine, Lieutenant Dormer, curvetting his black horse in front of the line of skirmishers, and he had a strong, but ungratified desire, to cross swords, or exchange pistol-shots with that saucy young gentleman.

Outnumbered by Cobham's Corps, Lord Elcho's Life Guards had to retreat at a sharp pace, till the Prince in person appeared with a reinforcement, on which both Kingston's Horse and the 10th Dragoons fell back almost without firing a shot.

The Prince then established his head-quarters in Culloden House, while his hardy followers slept amid the hoar-frost on the heather, which, as Gillics Macbane said, 'served them alike for bed and fuel.'

Erelong, it was to be the last bed—the long, long home of many!

CHAPTER LXX.

THE GABERLUNZIE.

'Wi' cauk and keel I'll win' your bread,
 And spindles and whorles for them wha need,
 Whilk is a gentle trade indeed,
 To carry the Gaberlunzie on.
 I'll bow my legs and crook my knee,
 And draw a black clout oore my e'e,
 A cripple or blind they will ca' me,
 While we shall be merry and sing.'
King James V.

EARLY on the morning of the 15th April, a man bearing a flat oval basket, filled with gingerbread, suspended by a broad leather strap from his neck, and having a wallet slung over his shoulder, quitted the Duke of Cumberland's camp at Nairn. He was questioned by the advanced sentinels on the Croy road, but was permitted to pass, as he seemed to satisfy them.

This man evidently knew the parole and counter-sign, as the watch words issued every day are named.

His appearance was by no means prepossessing; his costume, which was of a hybrid nature, between Highland and Lowland, consisted of a short-skirted coat of grey frieze, with large, white horn buttons, green tartan breeches and calf-skin gaiters; a yellow scratch wig, over which he wore a red Kilmarnock night-cap drawn to his coarse hairy ears, and surmounting both was a broad blue Lowland bonnet, slouched well forward over his eyebrows; but all these portions of his dress, conjunctly and severally, were frayed, tattered and worn to an extent that betokened extreme poverty and wretchedness; yet the wearer thereof was hale, hearty, stout, and apparently well-fed, and as a weapon of defence, wore a rusty, horn-hilted dirk, about fourteen inches long, at his right side.

In this man's face and form of head, his bull-neck and tiger-jaws, his bony, resolute chin, and huge frontal bone, there was something singularly detestable and repulsive.

A keen observer might have remarked that he carried his basket awkwardly, and seemed to be somewhat bored by the swinging of his old canvas wallet, and a bundle of horn spoons that dangled thereat, as he marched on with a great knotted staff in his hands, which were large, coarse, and hairy, with flat nails.

His light grey eyes that peered from under brows that were shaggy and prominent as moustaches, glanced round incessantly, with a quick, restless, and furtive expression, as he proceeded in the direction of the Highland bivouac by the road towards Croy. As he traversed that Strath so celebrated for its beauty, where *Uisc Nearne*, or 'the river of alders,' rolling from the dun mountains of Badenock, to the blue waters of the Murray Firth, was pouring its

April flood between belts of silver birch and alder trees, past patches of corn land and pasture field, where the shaggy little black cattle browsed, barren and heathy hills, flanking all the distance, he was as insensible to its rural features, as to the picturesque aspect of the old Highland burgh he had left behind, with its quaint and antiquated house, a connecting link between the Sassenach and the kilted Gael (for at one end of Nairn, the people spoke Lowland Scottish, and Erse at the other), with its venerable church and bridge, and the thousands of white tents that marked Cumberland's formidable camp, all reddened by the glow of the morning sun.

He could see, thick as gad-flies, the gun-boats and man-o'-war launches, hovering about the sandy point of Findhorn, where, exactly forty-four years before, the populous village of that name was swallowed up by the encroaching waves; and further off, mellowed in distance and the morning haze, were the great three deckers and frigates of Rear-Admiral Byng's fleet standing under easy sail up the noble estuary of the Firth of Murray.

The Gaberlunzie surveyed them with a saturnine and malicious grin, that expanded into a smile of cruel satisfaction, while he clenched his yellow teeth, grasped his knotty staff, and resumed his journey.

After proceeding five or six miles, he found himself in a quiet and sequestered spot, in the neighbourhood of Cawdor, where then, as now, the grim old castle of the Thanos of that Ilk—a pile amid whose 'perspicuous intricacies, even the "Mysteries of Udolpho" would vanish!—looked down on the thick woods and dark peat masses; and there, at some distance from the narrow and stony draw-road, where the burn that traverses the old wood of Cawdor, runs in a deep dark channel, so as to be lost to the sight, and almost to the ear, between its high, steep banks of rock and under-wood, the Gaberlunzie seated himself under a great old hawthorn tree, and prepared to make his luncheon on a slice of kebbock, or good mountain cheese, a thick oat cake, and a flask of whiskey, wherewith to refresh his inner man.

After this, he drew from the canvas wallet two other matters, the contemplation of which seemed to afford him curiously-mingled excitement and satisfaction.

One of these was a knife about a foot long, having a blade of great keenness and breadth. The other was a bag of black oiled silk, having a double running string, wherewith to close or open the mouth of it, which was about twelve inches in diameter.

The edge and temper of the knife he examined with great nicety; he gave the former a last finishing touch on the leather upper of his shoe, and the palm of his huge hand, as we have Shylock do on the stage, ere he restored it carefully, to its sheath.

He repeatedly pulled open and tightly closed by its string the black oilskin bag, to see that it worked smoothly, and then with a grim smile passed it over his own face and head. It fitted him ex-

actly ; but he whipped it off with a little shudder, and restored it to the wallet. He then felt his throat, and carefully passed a finger round it, as if examining the muscles and form thereof.

Was the beggar about to cut off his own head ?

A savage smile spread over his face, as he took the last drop from his flask, and pulled forth four printed papers from the lining of his old tattered bonnet, where they were enclosed in a piece of oiled silk, and spreading them before him, after a keen glance all round, proceeded carefully to read and commit their contents, for the hundredth time, to memory.

One was the first proclamation by George II., setting the sum of thirty thousand pounds sterling on the head of the abjured Popish Pretender ; and the second and third were those issued by the Lord Mayor of Dublin and the Parliament of Ireland, offering conjunctly the sum of fifty-six thousand pounds, ' to whoever should apprehend alive, or bring in dead, the body of the eldest son of the Pretender, if he should attempt to land,' &c., &c. ; and those last atrocious documents ran in the name of the Lord Lieutenant, Philip Dormer Stanhope, Earl of Chesterfield, the distinguished wit and politician, who married a German natural daughter of George I.

As the Gaberlunzie read these papers, a glow of triumphant avarice spread over his usually sallow visage : a wild, gloating expression shone in his fierce cruel eyes, which showed that he was stern as the grave and unrelenting as death. His lips quivered, and his great strong fingers twitched convulsively as he muttered :—

' And all this money may yet be mine—mine—*mine* !'

Then he turned to the fourth paper, which was a printed description of the personal appearance of this abhorred Pretender—this young Italian gentleman, as he was sometimes designated, with a politeness not usual in his enemies, who strove to make him a species of Perkin Warbeck. He was stated truly to be tall and handsome, about twenty-five years of age, face a complete oval, nose aquiline, lips full and well-shaped, eyes a clear blue, hair fair, wavy, and generally dressed with a blue ribbon ; always wore a blue Scots bonnet, a tartan coat with a silver star and a white sash. Was said closely to resemble in face and figure the attainted traitor, Henry Douglas, calling himself Lord Dalquharn of the Holm, for whose apprehension one hundred pounds are offered, in addition to the government reward, by the purveyor to His Majesty's forces, &c., &c., &c.

(' Closely to resemble ?' would the head of one pass for the head of the other ? It was a brilliant idea !)

Already that foredoomed figure seemed to rise before the Gaberlunzie, and his cruel fingers trembled once more with eagerness and the lust of blood and gold, as he folded the papers in their oiled silk covering and hid them in the lining of his bonnet, which he drew once more over his cunning eyes, as he assumed his staff, and with something like a malediction on his gingerbread basket—

though to him it was then as the basket of Alnasehar—once more resumed his way, passing the turrets of Cawdor towards Croy.

About midday, after traversing a long and bleak muirland waste, he came in sight of Culloden House, which is situated among woodlands, and on which the royal standard was waving, for there the Prince resided, though it was the mansion and property of his unyielding enemy, Duncan Forbes, Lord President of the Court of Session, who wasted his fortune and his energies in the cause of George II., and was permitted to die of disgust and a broken heart, in the following year. It stands on the verge of the Moor of Drum-mossie, now better known in the annals of war as the Plain of Culloden, and from its windows Charles would obtain a spacious view of the Murray Firth, expanding to a sea, and all the dark blue mountains that rise beyond Strathnairn.

Around were the troops of the Highland army bivouacked in the park or on the moor, by contiguous clan regiments, with their arms piled and their colours planted in the turf; the horses were hobbled or picquetted; the cannon and their limbers, the tumbrils and waggons were all drawn up in close order, wheel to wheel; the outposts were all accurately detailed, and their chain of sentinels were thrown forward, in a semicircle, on the road that led to Croy and Nairn.

As the Gaberlunzie approached the first picquet, he was stopped by a Highland sentinel, who with cocked musket, demanded in Gaelic his business and where he came from; but he might as well have spoken in Greek or Sanscrit.

‘What want ye, Carle?’ asked the mendicant, with some alarm in his manner.

‘Parole—parole,’ said the Celt, who knew the language of duty so far.

‘Hoots, havers! What kens a puir silly bodaeh like me aboot paroles or countersigns, or any sic ungodly matters? Here, my man—put that in your pouch, and let me pass on,’ said the Gaberlunzie as he thrust into the hands of the Highlander, who was starving, some cakes of gingerbread, which the poor fellow preceeded instantly to devour, sputtering out something the while in Gaelic; but whether he expressed doubts, or thanks, or threats, or all three together, was all unknown to the wayfarer, who hastened on, towards the gate of the mansion house.

On every hand he saw painful signs of famine and squalor. The once gay tartans of the Highlanders were in rags; many of them had become bare-armed as well as bare-legged; shoes and hose—the handsome brogue—the neatly-cut cuarn, and the trim garters—had nearly all departed. Many had marched without bonnets in the winter blast from Derby to the Grampians, and had their weather-bleached hair tied simply by a thong, like the primitive warriors of Corbredus Galdus.

The plight of the chiefs was nearly as bad as that of their fel-

lowers; misery, hunger and empty purses, were everywhere apparent; and the wolfish expression to be read in the hollow eyes and sad faces of those who were lords of great estates, of stately homes, and many faithful men, the inheritors of long descended titles and inborn bravery, might have melted the heart of any but he, who now traversed the bivouac of those ill-starred loyalists, who had perilled all, for their lawful king, and were soon about to lose all, save honour!

The ribs of the few remaining horses stuck through their bare and worn skins; in some instances, the poor animals had gnawed off each other's tails; the wheels of the artillery were masses of rust; the field-pieces but ill cared for, as the kilted cannoners of Charles, who had been summoned to war from herding sheep on the mountains, or cutting turf in the bogs, but only half understood their drill, or the orders of their Irish or French officers.

The well oiled and freshly flinted muskets and pistols, and the keen trenchant blades of the claymores, alone bespoke a fitness for the desperate strife that was to come; but as the spy looked around him—for *a spy he was*—a most saturnine expression of mingled hatred and satisfaction stole over his features.

'Yea, verily,' he muttered, 'the time is nigh when the Highland Amorites will be stricken with defeat; when "one shall chase a thousand, and two put ten thousand to flight." The doom of the godless herd is close at hand!'

He was beginning to count the number of cannon, and note their calibre, when a crowd of famished Gaels gathered round him, eyeing eagerly the contents of his basket.

'Hollo, sirrah,' said a mounted officer, 'how do you sell your wares in these times of scarcity?'

'As best I may, sir—Heevin be my help,' replied the other, cringing, and touching his bonnet.

'If 'tis money you seek, by my faith, you have come to a bad market. But give those poor fellows your bread and cakes, so far as they will go,' added the trooper, who had an arm in a sling, and who looked somewhat tatterdemalion, for his blue uniform was threadbare, and his gold aiguillette faded to a mere black cord; but he tossed a seven shilling piece into the basket, which the pale and hollow-eyed Highlanders, after touching their bonnets respectfully to the donor, emptied in an instant of its contents, and generously shared by mouthfuls among their starving comrades.

'From whence come you, carle?' asked the officer, who was no other than Sir John Mitchell.

'Frae Inverness, please your honour,' replied the other, touching his bonnet, and bending head and knee; 'I am a puir chiel frae the south country——'

'So I suspected by your accent.'

'Trying to pick up a few bawbees by selling gingerbread, spoons, and whorles, wi' the blessing and help o' the Lord—a puir God-

fearin' body, I assure you, sir, am I—self-reliant, and defyin' Satan prince o' the power o' the air.'

'Well, now, that your stock has been sold, you had better get back to the neighbourhood of the Clach-na-Cudden, as fast as you may, for there is a Bothwell-brig tone about you, that won't be fancied here,' said Sir John, eyeing the mendicant keenly; 'you'll find no sale for your spoons, my fine fellow, as we have nothing to sup. A strange resemblance,' he muttered, as he rode away; 'after all, it may be fancy only, but where, the devil, have I seen this Gaberlunzie man before?'

Perhaps Dalquharn might have assisted his memory.

A hideous expression passed over the face of the mendicant as they separated; and while he gazed after the bluff baronet, in his faded bravery, spurring his lean horse toward Culloden House, a fierce smile shone in his pale, heavy, and vulture-like eyes.

Elsewhere we have too often had occasion to refer to these same cruel and avaricious eyes.

CHAPTER LXXI.

THE BITER BITTEN.

'Those who shelter lend to traitors,
Traitors are themselves, I trow;
And as such I now impeach ye,
And as such I curse ye now.

'Cursed eke, be your forefathers,
That they gave you blood and breath!
Cursed be the bread and water,
That such traitors nourisheth!'—*The Cid.*

THE spy, who seemed to fear that others might suspect his real character, shrunk back abashed, and was easily repulsed, when the Highland sentinels around Culloden House, refused him permission to approach that mansion, on the pretence that he had some horn-spoons for sale. He remembered that more than one spy had been hanged summarily on both sides already, and did not press the matter with Bohaldie's Macgregors, especially on learning that a council of war was at that moment being held in the dining hall by the Prince and the great chiefs of his army.

He wandered about on pretence of selling his wares, and of purchasing any rings, watches, or other plunder; but as he failed to dispose of the former, and nothing of the latter kind was forthcoming from the sporans or dorrachs of the poor Celts, he could do nothing in the way of business. His pretended avocation, however, enabled him to note the strength—the weakness, rather—of the various clan regiments, and the utter misery of all!

The number of cannon—twenty-two in all (eight swivels included)—tallied exactly with the knots on his staff.

‘Good!’ thought he; ‘that saves a memorandum, and such notes are aye perilous ware to hae about me.’

For each tumbril and waggon filled with tents and other munition of war he made a notch on his staff, with his old rusty bidadag or dagger. Lurking at a little distance from the bivouac, he was making those notches to aid his memory, when suddenly a Highlander, who came he knew not from where, but who seemed to start from the earth, stood before him. The stranger was Roderick Mackenzie, who had been lounging on the sward, rolled up in his green tartan plaid, unnoticed by the spy, of whose stealthy and furtive movements he had been for some time cognisant.

‘You are busy, friend,’ said he, drily.

‘Aye—aye,’ replied the other, whose confusion and bewilderment were instantly evident, as he awkwardly lifted his bonnet, and muttered, he knew not what.

These two men gazed at each other for fully a minute, in silence.

The spy seemed petrified!

The Prince as described in his paper, fair-haired and blue-eyed, aquiline in features, oval in face, and tall in form, stood before him—the Prince, minus star and sash, but fully armed and kilted like any other clansman.

‘Well, fellow,’ said Mackenzie, haughtily, ‘dost think you will know me again if we meet at kirk or market? You stare hard enough, and gadso—I hope you have not the evil eye about you!’

‘I humbly crave pardon, sir,—that is your Royal Highness,’ said the craven spy, whose tottering knees bent under him, with mingled respect and fear, as he stooped low his uncovered head, and kept his eyes bent on the ground; ‘I am, as you see, a puir humble man, but one who hath seen better days.’

‘I am no Royal Highness, but plain Rori Bane,’ said the Highlander, laughing; ‘Roderick Mackenzie from Kintail, who had a shop in the Luckenbooths of Edinburgh—the gilt sign of Marshal Orkney’s head—till I exchanged the ellwand of the merchant for the claymore of a soldier. You are southland bred, as I know by your tongue.’

‘I am, sir, frae the fat and fertile Lothians.’

‘And who are you?’

‘A puir silly auld carle as you may see, seeking to earn an honest bawbee, by selling spunes and whorles wi’ the help o’ the Lord, sir—the help o’ the Lord wha guideth a’ things, and without whose permission not even a sparrow falleth to the ground.’

‘You have come to the wrong market, for heaven knows bawbees are scarcer than broad swords in the Prince’s camp,’ said the Highlander, as he turned away with some bluntness of manner, his Lowland experiences having taught him to mistrust these religious effusions.

Mackenzie proceeded amid the groups of men, who lounged on the grass, or loitered near the piles of arms, and the colours, which alone indicated, where, on an alarm being given, each regiment was to fall in. A few were making fires of dry branches, fir cones and turf, wherewith to boil their day's allowance of cabbage leaves and oatmeal ; while others, who were too weary to search for fuel, or too famished to wait, were content to masticate them raw.

At a little distance, the spy followed Mackenzie, watching all his movements with deep interest, and more than once comparing his personal appearance with his description in the printed paper. As he dogged him from point to point about the bivouac, he remarked that though many spoke with him none veiled their bonnets. This gave the Gaberlunzie grave doubts as to whether he really was the Prince under an assumed name ; but the resemblance was so startling that he knew not what to think, and began to suppose that this non-accordance of respect, or failure to recognise his rank, was the result of some general order or secret understanding, to prevent capture by surprise, an assassination, or to baffle the very enterprise on which *he* had chiefly come.

Mackenzie repaired to the quarter-master of his corps, received his allowance of oatmeal in a paper bag, and returned to that part of the Park where he had been first seen by the spy, and where his musket, target, and sword, with his *dorlach* or knapsack, were placed against a tree.

The spy still followed him, strange to say, even yet unassured that he was not the Prince ; and indeed becoming momentarily more convinced that he was so, having heard that in his habits, customs, and duties, Charles Edward, like Montrose and Dundee, left nothing undone to assimilate them to those of his followers, and sharing all their privations to the fullest extent, as a means of gaining their admiration, love, and esteem.

Knowing the deadly and terrible object that was in his avaricious heart, the spy feared to ask a question of any one, but contented himself by watching from a distance his intended victim, who seated himself under the tree where his weapons lay, and where he had no doubt passed the night, near the shelter of a tall *whin* bush that grew thereby.

The spy had remarked that this fair-haired young man appeared to be remarkably popular in the little army, and that all who passed near addressed him ; for Mackenzie's resemblance to Charles Edward rendered him a favourite with all, and he was foolish enough to be vain of the coincidence, and wore his long hair tied exactly in the Prince's fashion, and queued, like his, with a light blue ribband.

The sight of the ribband, when the unconscious wearer turned and brought it in view, always gave the spy something like a galvanic shock ; it confirmed his suspicions, and yet he had heard the

guards at Culloden House distinctly stating to each other, that the Prince was at a Council Board.

'Weel—weel, one head may serve the Duke's purpose and mine too, as weel as anither,' muttered the Gaberlunzie, who seated himself at some distance, and continued to watch Mackenzie, who all unaware that he was an object of such important and pecuniary interest, was taking his humble and primitive dinner of dry oatmeal, by feeding himself, as he best could, with the blade of his Skene-dhu. This did not seem a very princely proceeding; still it might be a part of the system pursued by Charles, and the Gaberlunzie muttered again,

'One head may pass for the other—oh, that this hour were the gloaming.'

Suddenly the eye of Mackenzie detected once more the mendicant, who was so evidently and so sedulously watching him, and he resolved to be observant in turn. His frugal repast over, he lifted his bonnet as he muttered something by way of thanks to heaven, and muffled his head in his plaid in a way peculiar to the Highlanders. Then sinking back against the root of the tree, he appeared to dose off to sleep, while in reality he never lost sight of the tattered Gaberlunzie.

He saw that personage reckon again and again the twenty-two knots on his staff, and add several notches to those already made. These movements roused the keenest suspicions in Mackenzie's mind, for two poor Highland shepherds, who had been seen notching their sticks near the Duke's army at Banff, were hanged by his order, on the assumption that they were spies, taking notes after the fashion of the American Indians; and their unburied bodies yet hung upon a tree near an Episcopal chapel, which the same ferocious commander, wantonly and most unmeaningly, ordered to be gutted and destroyed.

Mackenzie now became all attention.

He saw the Gaberlunzie take a paper from his bonnet, and carefully read it, glancing furtively towards himself from time to time. On another paper, he saw him make some notes in pencil, under the concealment afforded by his large oval basket; and then he hid both documents in the lining of his bonnet, which he replaced carefully and firmly on his head, slouching it well over his deep, cunning eyes.

Mackenzie saw him look carefully round in every direction, and give a smile of satisfaction to see that they were almost entirely alone, all the loiterers having been drawn by some object of interest towards the great gate of Culloden House. Mackenzie saw him rise, and stealthily approach the place where he lay, one hand the while resting on the horn haft of his rusty old dirk.

His step was velvety, cat-like, and noiseless.

The Highlander's heart beat wildly. Was robbery, was murder,

or were both the intention of this daring old mendicant, within earshot and eyeshot too, of the whole Highland bivouac?

When within three paces of his intended victim, the Gaberlunzie paused and looked once more hastily round him. At that moment the Highlander, like a couched tiger, sprang up and dashed him to the earth. In a moment he had him by the throat with a strong left hand, a naked dirk uplifted in the right, and his bare knees pressed upon the chest of the spy, and almost suffocating him.

'Dog—and son of a dog!' cried the Highlander, blind with sudden rage; 'what sought you with me? Speak at once, and hatch not a lie, lest I pin you to the earth in the midst of it!'

Fear and desperation endued the Gaberlunzie with double his usual strength; he made no reply, but drew a long breath, and collecting all his energies, succeeded in throwing Mackenzie from him, and half-rising, unsheathed his horn-hilted dirk; but ere he could use it, a great number of Highlanders, who saw the scuffle, rushed forward and seized both, to prevent bloodshed.

Amid a storm of guttural Gaelic, the Gaberlunzie denounced Mackenzie as intending to rob and murder him, thus anticipating the charge that was about to be brought against himself.

Mackenzie, whose hot Celtic blood was now at boiling heat, and who was almost beside himself with fury, exclaimed in Gaelic—
'Villain! no robber am I. The same blood that I have in my veins did my father shed freely at Glensheil and Sheriffmuir! He lived with his sword by his side, the white cockade and the wing of the eagle above his brow. He perilled all for Scotland and King James—all as I now do, and never came reiver or thief of our race, so you lie, like a base Saxon dog as you are! I denounce him, comrades, as a spy—search the Lowland churl, and you will see that I speak truly!'

'A spy—a spy—a rope, a rope—a tree, a tree!' cried a thousand voices, and amid a tempest of Gaelic imprecations, the Gaberlunzie was torn hither and thither, surrounded on all hands, and had his staff, bonnet, wig, wallet and coat rent from him.

'Hold, sirs—hold all your hands,' cried a voice loudly and in authority, as several horsemen, who had just issued from the gate of Culloden House, rode up, hurriedly; 'what means this tulzie—what barns-breaking is this?'

The speaker was Lord George Murray, whose voice stilled the tumult; and now it seemed to the breathless, baffled and terrified Gaberlunzie, that there were *two* princes present, one on horseback and one on foot; but the former was undoubtedly the nobler of the two in bearing and aspect, and wore, moreover, the white silk sash and silver star!

CHAPTER LXXII.

HIS EXAMINATION.

'This one condition only seals your pardon.
 But if, thro' pride of heart and stubborn obstinacy,
 With wilful hands you push the blessing from you,
 And shut your eyes against such manifest light;
 Know ye, your former sentence stands confirmed,
 And you must die to-day. *Lady Jane Grey, Act V.*

'WHAT say you, Mackenzie,' asked Lord George; 'is this man a spy?'

'Even so, my lord; I saw him reckoning again and again the knots on his staff, whatever that may mean; and making notches thereon, together with notes in a paper, now hidden on his bonnet.'

'Shew me the staff,' said Lord George. After examining it carefully, he said with considerable acuteness; 'twenty-two knots, eight of which are notched. So, so—these stand for fourteen field-pieces and eight swivel guns.'

'I am a puir silly bodach, my lord,' whined the prisoner; 'my accuser lieth—woe unto him who beareth false witness against his neighbour. Alake, alake! I am like ane pelican in the wilderness—an owl in the desert; and oh, as the Blessed Psalmist saith, my days are like ane shadow that declineth!'

'Silence, fellow! search him, Roderick,' said Lord George, while the young Prince who had not yet spoken, looked gravely and sternly on.

In the pockets of the spy, nothing was found but the seven-shilling piece given to him by Sir John Mitchell, and a few sixpences, new and fresh from the mint evidently; but in his wallet were found the sharp knife and the oilskin bag, the uses for which, all failed to conjecture, until Mackenzie handed to Lord George the papers which were found concealed in the lining of the prisoner's bonnet.

As Murray's fiery and indignant eye ran over these, and he read the three barbarous proclamations, the description of the Prince's person, and the document in pencil, the frown on his face grew deeper.

'This is a most serious matter, your Royal Highness,' said he, 'and a terrible example must be made.'

'In what way?' asked Charles Edward, wearily.

'Here we have a formidable case of espionage, if not of something worse, but most happily, thank Heaven, detected and nipped in the bud, by this most worthy follower of the Earl of Seaforth. You quote Scripture, glibly,' he added, with a furious glance at the culprit, while laying a hand on one of his holster pistols; 'so I may tell you, rascal, in the words addressed to King Belshazzar,

'thou art weighed in the balances and art found wanting : ' and so thou shalt hang by the neck, my sanctimonious friend.'

'Oh, sirs—eh, sirs—be mercifu' to me a sinner; I'm but a pair silly carle, and kenna how the papers cam' into my bonnet.'

'A very likely story. Seize the villain and hold him fast. Here we have the proclamations of the Hanoverian Elector, issued from London and Dublin, offering magnificent rewards for the body of your Royal Highness, dead or alive, together with a full description of your august person—'

'I hope it flatters me,' said Charles, with a bitter smile; 'I shall send it to some of my fair friends at Versailles.'

'Here is a little map of the country round Inverness, with the fords, bridges and heights marked, evidently for military purposes—for the passage of troops and position of cannon and field-works, with some notes in the handwriting of him, whose autograph is on the back—the Lord Bury.'

'Bury?' said several voices.

'Cumberland's favourite aide-de-camp,' exclaimed Charles Edward.

'And here, we have a jotting of some of our forces, quotha, no doubt for the information of that foreign general who calls himself Duke of Cumberland, Brunswick and Lunenburg—faugh! Here it runs :—

"Murrays of Athole under Tullybardine, 500 claymores;
Frazers under the Lord Lovat, 500 claymores;
Grants under Glenmorriston, 200 claymores;
Mac Intoshes under Drumnaglass, 300 claymores;"

'and so forth—and so forth! well, most precious of rascals, what hast thou to say, that we should not hang thee from the branch of that beech tree?'

'Nay, my lord,' interrupted the Duke of Perth, who wore a scarlet uniform, 'with the matter we have in hand *to-night*, would it not be well worth while to avail ourselves of this fellow's services and information?'

'Gad, my Lord Duke, you are right,' said Lord Murray, 'tis well thought of—the dog's life may be more valuable to us than his death.'

'He meant to betray us—let us make him betray his German master.'

'What says your Highness?' asked Lord George.

'I leave the matter entirely in your hands, my lords,' replied Charles gloomily, and almost indifferently.

'Then away with him to Culloden House,' exclaimed Lord George Murray. 'To your own care I entrust him, Mackenzie—and see that you answer for him body for body.'

'Fear not for that, my lord,' replied Mackenzie, who pinioned the arms of the miserable spy behind securely with a strong rope, and tying the end of it to his own waistbelt, compelled him, with

a cocked pistol at his ear, to march before him to the manor-house.

The latter was a castellated mansion, and Captain Burt, a satirical English officer, who visited it in 1730, describes it as a large fabric, built of stone, with a spacious dining-hall, good gardens, a noble avenue of great length, and splendid plantations. Its proprietor, the Lord President, was then a fugitive with the Earl of London in the Isle of Skye; but when at home, his generosity was unbounded. 'It is the custom of that house,' says Captain Burt, 'at the first visit to take your freedom by cracking his nut (as he terms it), that is, a cocoa shell which holds a pint, filled with champagne, or such other wine, as you shall choose.'

The Laird of Culloden's hospitality was famous even in the hospitable Highlands. A hogshead of wine was kept constantly on tap near the hall door for the use of all comers; and sometimes, says the editor of the 'Culloden Papers,' nine months' wine alone drank there cost a sum equal to two thousand sterling now.

The windows of the dining-hall afforded an ample view of the vast Moor of Drum Mossie, and the Murray Firth, where—a most mortifying sight for the starving Highland army—the fleet of victual ships could be seen coming to anchor. In this hall hung portraits of former Lairds of Culloden in wigs and breast plates, tartan kilts and Spanish doublets; and one also of that brave Highland matron, who so stoutly defended the house when it was besieged by the insurgents in 1715, at a time when her husband was absent in London, on his parliamentary duties, and nearly half the north was in arms for King James VIII.

The entire fleet could be seen on the blue waters of the Firth, with their white sails shining in the noonday sun; and all the hills were visible to a vast distance in the clear rarified Highland atmosphere. Though the young buds were bursting, and were green and bright in the April woods, the mountain scalps were powdered still with snow, for the season was cold and severe.

The long oak table, with writing materials thereon, was yet remaining, with all the high-backed chairs about it, just as it had been left a few minutes before, by that council of war, which had resolved on a midnight attack on Cumberland's camp at Nairn, when the spy was dragged forward and confronted with his accuser, Roderick Mackenzie, and the papers which were found upon him.

On seeing that he was fully discovered, trapped and unmasked, this man's pale, watery, and cunning eyes became frightful in expression. For a time they were no longer eyes apparently, but mere fishy-looking blobs of grey glass.

Rage and disappointed avarice, mortification and baffled hate, were all expressed in his visage by turns, and, if possible, all together, while the bead drops of selfish terror started from his forehead, and rolled over his livid and repulsive face.

He felt assured that he was in the hands of those whom a desire for retribution and reprisals, as well as a high sense of justice rendered pitiless. He muttered to himself and quoted much scripture—chiefly about the troubles that afflict the just—with great fluency.

With a strange species of fascination, he continued to stare stupidly and stolidly at Prince Charles, who seated himself at the head of the table; but who, for some time, took little interest in the proceedings, and played listlessly with the ends of his white lace cravat.

Lord George Murray, a tall and stately man, with broad shoulders, a grave, stern face, a heart that was fearless and loyal, a terrible and searching eye, an energetic and stormy, but decided manner, was a soldier of experience, who had fought under the Duke of Savoy, and served in the Sardinian army since the battle of Glenshiel in 1716, when he and the Marquis of Tullybardine projected a rash rising in the west Highlands, with the aid of a few hundred Spanish Infantry. He gave the culprit a terrible glance as he opened the proceedings.

‘What is your name, fellow?’ he asked, thrusting his lace ruffles back under his wide velvet cuff, and dipping a pen in an inkhorn, ‘dost hear me?’

‘Murray,’ replied the spy.

‘The devil it is! what more?’

‘George Murray.’

At this second reply a laugh went round the table, and the young Prince’s was, perhaps, the loudest, for he had, rather unjustly cherished a species of grudge at Lord George since the retreat from Derby—a grudge which one of his Irish staff officers, Sir Thomas Sheridan, left nothing undone to increase.

‘Zounds! a clansman—eh?’ said Murray, with a black look.

‘I hae that great and pleasing honour, my lord.’

‘I protest you shall not have it long, fellow. Moreover, I believe you lie, for no Highlander deems that an honour which is only the common community of blood; but were you the son and heir of a king, you shall die a dog’s death!’

‘Nocht fear I—the Lord is my shepherd,’ replied the other, turning up his eyes.

‘Cease this disgusting cant. You have come from the camp of the person who calls himself Duke of Cumberland? Nay, man, speak out—evasion is worse than useless here!’

‘I did, my lord,’ replied the spy, and while his voice whined, and he cringed and craved mercy by his tone and manner in abject terror, the fire of ill-concealed hate and baffled spite was glistening in his eyes.

‘Truly,’ said the Duke of Perth, ‘this human worm is a hideous spectacle.’

'And the answers are wrung from him like blood-drops,' exclaimed Lord Murray; 'cock your pistol, Roderick.'

The culprit shivered, when he heard the click of the lock.

'You came from the enemy's quarters direct?'

'Direct by the Croy and Cawdor road, my lord.'

'With what intent?'

'Tis useless, surely, to ask all this,' said Charles Edward impatiently; 'his papers fully explain all.'

'You know the fate accorded to spies by the laws of war everywhere.'

The culprit did not reply; but his face became if possible more ashy.

'Hanging on the nearest tree!'

'Well, if you would escape that fate, answer truly, and serve us as we wish,' said the Prince, gently.

A gleam of hope spread like a ray of light over the coarse visage of the spy, who bowed as if assenting, and passed his tongue repeatedly over his upper and lower lips to moisten them, for they were livid, parched, and dry.

'Of what does the Duke of Cumberland's force consist?'

'Fifteen battalions of Infantry—three regiments of Horse, and the Argyleshire Highlanders, with sixteen pieces of cannon, many matrosses, gunners, and drivers, while six thousand Hessians are pushing on wi' a' the speed they may, by Strathspey and Elgin o' Murray.'

On hearing of this overwhelming strength, many glances were exchanged, and almost every face fell.

'Where are the Duke's troops encamped?' asked Lord Murray, whose manner never altered.

'Westward o' the toun o' Nairn.'

'In open ground?'

'Among fields and muir-land.'

'Good; are there any field-works?'

'Nane that I ken o', my lord—but I'm a puir silly auld carle,' whined the prisoner.

'That we shall prove. I am noting your answers, fellow,' said Lord George, who was writing rapidly; 'and on the truth or falsity of what you have told and may tell us, depend the fact of whether you shall be a living man, or a dishonoured corpse ere morning. When did you propose to return to the Elector's camp?'

'To-night, if possible.'

'To-night—ha! then consequently you must have been furnished with the parole and counter-sign, otherwise the outposts would fire on you.'

'I canna just say, my lord.'

'Put the rope round his neck, and open the nearest window,

Mackenzie. By heavens, we shall swing the carrion over it in the face of the sun, unless he speaks.'

'Mercy—I mind me o't noo,' exclaimed the spy, shrinking from Mackenzie's approach.

'Well?'

'The parole is *William*—the countersign *Fontenoy*.'

'Your memory is capricious, my friend,' said the Duke of Perth.

'*Fontenoy*—a lucky omen—' exclaimed Sir Thomas Sheridan;

'I would that the Irish Brigade were here.'

'Tres bon!' said the Prince; 'my father's faithful Irish!'

'This information,' suggested the Duke, 'may be false, or a snare.'

'Now, rascal, listen to me,' said Lord George, with a terrible sternness of manner; 'this night we march to make an onslaught on Cumberland's camp—a secret surprise, and we shall avail ourselves of your services as a guide to the outposts. The words you have given we shall use, and if they fail us—even if they have been changed in your absence—you shall die, so surely as now the breath of Heaven is in your nostrils!'

'When the soldiers of Cumberland are stricken, shall I be freed—loosed frae these bonds?'

'Most assuredly.'

'I hae your lordship's solemn promise thereanent.'

'In presence of His Royal Highness, these lords and gentlemen—yes!'

'Then gang at once as ye may,' replied the fellow, with sombre joy. "'Go ye down against them"—as the scripture saith—"behold, they come up by the cliff of Ziz, and ye shall find them at the end of the brook, before the wilderness of Jeruel."'

'Cease this blasphemous raving, fellow!' said Prince Charles, striking his clenched hand upon the table, and starting from it in disgust.

'He hath the true whinc of the prickeared curs who sold King Charles—I ken by the routing o' him!' said Lord Balmerino, sternly.

'Away with him to the quarter-guard, Mackenzie,' added Lord George Murray, 'and see that you watch him well!'

This interview took place on the afternoon of the fifteenth of April, the birthday of the Duke of Cumberland, whose army at Nairn received, every officer and man, an extra, or double ration of cheese, biscuits, and brandy, in honour of the anniversary. The day was spent by them amid much festivity, and it was a knowledge of this fact, which gave rise to the idea of a midnight surprise on the part of Charles Edward, a movement which, in the sequel, was calculated to have a most fatal influence on his affairs.

In every way he felt himself too weak to risk a general engagement with the fresh, well-appointed, and well fed veteran forces of

Cumberland ; so before trying that great and final test of fortune, he resolved to attempt the success of that irregular warfare to which his followers were better accustomed, a night attack—a surprise—one of the most famous *stratagèmes de guerre*, such as those which gave Count Egmont, Courtrai, and old Rowland Hill, the victory of Arroya—while officers and men were supposed to be sleeping off the debauch of the past day in fancied security.

If the surprise proved successful, Cumberland's army might be cut to pieces and routed hopelessly before daybreak ; and the hope of this result restored the sinking ardour of Charles's little army, which prepared for the enterprise with alacrity.

CHAPTER LXXIII.

THE NIGHT MARCH TO NAIRN.

'Thou art mazed, the night is long,
And the longer night is near :
What ! I am not all as wrong
As a bitter jest is dear.

'Youthful hopes, by scores, to all,
When locks are crisp and curl'd ;
Unto me my maudlin gall,
And my mockeries of the world.
Tennyson.

It was now three o'clock in the afternoon.

Already the Lords Dalquharn, Dunkeld, Ogilvie, and other officers, with Sir John Mitchell, had been sent on the spur to Inverness and elsewhere, to collect the stragglers who had left the camp in search of food. Under the stern influences of hunger and despair, some told their commanders to 'shoot them if they pleased ; that it was better to die at once, than starve longer.' Others repaired to their colours with an alacrity that was inspired by a longing for death or vengeance ; yet barely half the army would be mustered, when the Prince's piper, John Macgregor, struck up the gathering in front of Culloden House.

'If but a thousand men come, I shall lead them to the attack,' were the words of Charles, with all his characteristic and youthful fervour, as he broke up the council of war ; and when he saw only twice that number assembled, he was still ready to make the rash attempt at Nairn, or perish in the midst of it.

He divided his slender force into two columns ; to Lord George Murray, whom he cordially embraced—believing that perhaps they were only marching to death—he assigned the command of the first. He led the second in person, wearing his belted plaid, with target and claymore.

'King James the Eighth,' was the watchword for the night, and the orders issued by Charles were very simple.

No musket or pistol were to be fired; the claymore, dirk, and Lochaber axe, were alone to be used. The moment the outposts were deceived and passed, and the camp burst into, everything was to be cut down and overturned, horses hamstrung, and cannon spiked. All tent ropes were to be slashed to pieces, and wherever a heap was seen under the fallen canopy, *there* was the place to be thrust with vigour.

These orders were conveyed along the line by Colonel Kerr, of Graden, the Prince's aide-de-camp. The march was one of about nine miles, and by midnight it was believed the whole affair would be over.

The night of the 15th April was as dark as they could have wished, but this obscurity had its disadvantages, as the two columns had to march by woods and morasses apart from the main road; their progress was slow and so laborious that many dropped by the wayside overcome by weariness, or fell into the hands of Cumberland's spies, Campbells who wore the Highland dress, so the Duke was fully prepared for their coming. He doubled his out picquets, and gave orders for the troops to sleep cross-belted with their arms beside them—the cavalry saddled—the artillery horses traced to the guns.

With a few Life Guardsmen, Dalquharn and Mitchell formed the connecting links between the two columns, while in front rode the Duke of Perth, the Earl of Kilmarnock, the Lord Balmerino, and a few more, with the spy who was to act as a species of guide, and repeat the *mot de guet* when challenged.

The second column under the Prince lost its way in the dark, though Lord George repeatedly sent Dalquharn with instructions for it to come on; and it is on record that those messages were reiterated more than *fifty* times.

'I fear me much, this enterprise will prove a total failure, Mitchell,' said Dalquharn, despondingly.

'Say not so,' replied the hopeful and cheerful Baronet; 'a brave soldier should fear nothing.'

'Nothing?'

'Save God and the chance of dishonour.'

'True.'

'Come on lads—look to your spur-leathers, and the priming of your carbines.'

Old John Macgregor, as he marched by the Prince's side, alone woke the silence of the night by his pipes, which poured to the wind the ancient air of *Rìgh Alisdair* (or King Alexander), but after a time, he had to cease, lest the foe might be alarmed, and the route was continued in solemn and monotonous gloom.

Through the dense obscurity, when Dalquharn turned in his saddle and looked back, he could distinguish at times a multitude of bright,

but reedy and slender lines wavering above a ridge of formless shadows. This was when an occasional ray shot by the pale stars, fell on the sloped musket-barrels, as the Highlanders of the second column marched on.

There was something solemnly impressive, striking and sinister in the gloom of the midnight march, especially when they traversed the deep and dark old woodland glades of Cawdor.

To the Highlanders, a race of people naturally thoughtful, superstitious and full of imagination, it seemed ghostly, tragic and strange, this night march to assail a sleeping foe. Even the cheering voice of the war pipe—the inevitable accompaniment of everything Highland—was hushed. All orders were issued in ominous whispers, amid a pitchy darkness that seemed threatening and unusual; yet, as they were all well armed, they were resolute, tranquil, anxious to engage, to conquer if possible and end their misery.

All kinds of strange rumours passed rearward along their line of march; some were to the effect that Cumberland had heard of their advance—that his troops were under arms—that they were flying to their ships in the Murray Firth, or across the Blasted Heath of Forres, where Macbeth met the Weird Sisters, and that their camp was empty.

Many of the poor Highlanders were now in that stage of extreme suffering, from long toil, exposure and privation during a severe winter campaign, without pay, food or clothing, that they longed for a catastrophe of any kind, and embraced the prospect of a slaughter with a sombre and terrible joy!

A red meteor that fell through the dark rolling clouds, towards Nairn, was hailed by them all as an omen of victory.

Dalquharn was heart-sick and weary; but through the frowns of fortune, the chances of civil war, and the changes on the political horizon, he was now enduring the agony of the loss of Bryde—the separation, perhaps a final one, from the only being he truly and deeply loved on earth—his brave and tender young wife.

Amid the silence of the night her image rose before him, and her voice came distinctly to his memory, with some of the old Jacobite songs she used to sing to her spinnet at Auldham, and it seemed now to be, so long, long ago since *then*.

The spy, who, to save his own degraded life had undertaken to act as guide, was found, when too late, to be utterly incapable of the task, and totally ignorant of the way; thus many a pistol was cocked, many a dirk grasped threateningly, and many a fierce menace was muttered—against him, when it was found that two in the morning had struck, when by his detours, doubts and blunders, the head of the first column under Lord George Murray had just passed the castle of Kilravock, the seat of the Roses of that Ilk, which stands on the left bank of the Nairn, and lifts above the stream a range of stately buildings with an ancient tower of vast strength,

amid the grated windows and black mass of which several red lights seemed to glitter in mid air.

'Six miles from Culloden only!' exclaimed the Duke of Perth, as he and several others consulted their watches.

'And three from the enemy's camp, at two in the morning, when the whole affair should have been ended by twelve o'clock!' added Lord George, in tones of rage and mortification, mingled; 'my God, even *this* project turns out a failure! I must call all the officers to the front.'

The first column was accordingly halted, and a hasty council was held by all its leaders.

'You see, gentlemen,' said Lord George, 'that though possessed of the parole and countersign, unless this spy hath played us false—'

'I have *not* played you false,' cried the spy, in a weary and sad tone of voice, for he had marched thus far with his hands pinioned tightly behind him, and though kept at some distance from the conclave, his acute hearing enabled him to know what was said there; 'go on, I say, and slay ye every one his man that were joined unto Baalpcor, if sic like be your pleasure.'

'Of what kind should *this* cock come of?' asked Sir John Mitchell, quoting Jacques, as he drew near, and became suddenly more interested.

'Presume not to interrupt me, and least of all by your loathsome cant, lest I have you gagged by a drumstick,' said Lord George Murray, sternly, to the spy, whose white face could be seen distinctly in the dark. 'I declare, sirs, that it is impossible for the army to reach the point of attack *now*, before the breaking of daylight, which would inevitably expose us to a fire of musketry and cannon.'

'And a charge of cavalry, too,' added Lord Elcho.

'The Highland broadsword is often the better of a little daylight for its play,' said Dalquharn, who disliked to return without attempting something.

'But not in this case,' replied Lord George, with increasing gravity; 'and it is one so urgent as to require immediate determination. The moment for success is past, thanks, in some degree, if not entirely, to this false and blundering fool, whose life is forfeited, therefore, once again, in so far that he has failed to guide us aright.'

'I did my best, my lord, and what can a man do mair—my best, as I shall answer at the last great day—my best, as *I'm a pardoned sinner!*'

A sudden exclamation mutually escaped the lips of Lord Dalquharn and Sir John Mitchell on hearing this remembered phrase.

'Balcraftie—Reuben Balcraftie—and here!'

In an instant the left hand of Dalquharn was on the throat of the spy, and, as his voice fell on the ear of that traitor, the latter became chilled and paralysed, like Don Giovanni, when in the strong grasp of the terrible statue of the Commandatore.

He seemed to be suffocating with terror; all hope died away, and there was a strange silence in the air, broken only by the morning wind, as it shook the budding branches of Kilravock woods.

'My Lord Dalquharn,' said Lord George, 'he called himself Murray, and a namesake of mine, this morning.'

'Likely enough,' said Sir John Mitchell, who had now torn away the culprit's bonnet, Kilmarnock night-cap, and scratch-wig; 'those sons of Satan assume many names and characters, but he is, nevertheless, the notorious Reubeu Balcraftie, lately a magistrate and elder of North Berwick, and now purveyor of Cumberland's forces, and a very interesting spectacle he presents!'

'A double-dyed hypocrite and villain of the most finished description! I claim instant justice on him at your hands, my lord, lest the devil, his master, rescue him,' said Dalquharn.

'Mercy, my lords and gentlemen—I'll explain a', and pay for a'—mercy, as ye hope for it in your own hour of departure!' implored the culprit, as he hung his head and muttered inarticulately after.

'What mercy did Mr. Egerton meet with at your hands? what mercy poor Jack Gage? what mercy old Sir Baldred Otterburn, his son, I, or any other who became your victim? Think of these things if you can—of the awful crime projected by the papers and instruments found upon you, and prepare to die the death worthy of the felon you have lived.'

Dalquharn spoke with calm but terrible deliberation.

'Mercy,' cried Balcraftie, as he sank grovelling on his knees; 'time to repent—time to repent and pray—oh, I hac muckle to think o'—mair to repent o'! On me, are the yetts o' mercy steekit!'

'This abject sight is both chilling and sickening!' said Sir John Mitchell, with anger and disdain.

The pale beams of the early morning whitened his bare scalp, his scowling forehead, his sharp, prominent, and livid cheek bones and chin; he was like a hideous mort head, with an unshaven beard of three days' growth bristling like hoar-frost upon it. Dalquharn, silent, calm, and motionless as a statue, sat with his bridle reins clenched on his holsters, his leather-gloved right hand planted on his thigh; he gazed with an intense disgust, which at last overcame him, so that he turned his horse away.

Then a yell burst from the lips of Balcraftie—a yell that rang through the Highland forest, scaring the duu deer in its lair amid the long green bracken leaves, the hare from its bed, and the eagle from its nest; a terrible cry it was, as from the heart of one who despaired of pardon here and hereafter, and who only felt the supreme terror of death—instant and unrelenting death!

'Throw the rope over that tree, and up with him, Rori,' said Mitchell, sternly; and in another moment Mackenzie cast the rope, by which he had half led, half dragged the spy thus far, over a strong branch, about fourteen feet from the ground, while another Highlander, with perfect coolness, knotted it round his neck.

In his terror Balcraftie, whose hands were pinioned behind him, caught this Highlander's shoulder with his teeth.

'O! Dhia! Dhia!' cried the Celt, piteously, 'unloose this hell-hound's bite.'

Mackenzie struck his dirk into the culprit's jaw, which instantly relaxed its savage hold, while the blood spirted forth.

'Up with him now and away—so die all spies and traitors!' exclaimed Mitchell, while another eldritch yell awoke the echoes of the woods—a cry half-stifled in the oil-skin bag—the identical bag Balcraftie had destined for the head of another, and which was now tied over his own distorted visage, in a species of mocking retribution, while the king's proclamation, offering thirty thousand pounds for Charles Edward, alive or dead, was left pinned upon his breast.

The body swung round wildly several times as he struggled, writhed, and drew his knees up to his chin in the throes of death, at the branch of the old oak trec, while the other end of the fatal rope was made fast to the root below. Now all turned away with intense repugnance from the spot, and the retrograde movement on Culloden began, just as the April sun came up in his glory above the eastern hills of Murray, and afar off the hostile drums of the red Saxon soldiers were heard beating in the camp at Nairn.

* * * * *

'And so this psalm-singing religioso—this refined scoundrel of the composite order—proves to be our old friend, the Provost of North Berwick! 'Sdeath, who'd have thought it?' said Dalquharn.

'You are right to term him one of the composite order,' replied Mitchell, with a bitterness that was unusual in him, 'for by my faith, it is from scoundrels of *that order* that the chief pillars in kirk and state are always chosen in our ancient kingdom of Scotland. We have only unmasked one of the many great undiscovered who exist there at all times.'

With alarm and distress, Charles Edward found his first column retiring and bearing back the second; he gave way at first to many expressions of bitterness, disappointment and regret; but, after a time, he saw the stern necessity that existed for abandoning a bold enterprise, when it became hopeless of success.

As Lord Dalquharn's troopers formed the escort round him, that noble could perceive that Charles's face wore a strange significance. All their faces were pale, after the tale of a sleepless night; but the Prince's features had a reckless, defiant, a dark and unhappy expression.

'*Vertu de ma mie!*' he exclaimed with forced gaiety; 'so, my good Lord Dalquharn, our expected *camisade*—George Murray's hoped for triumph at Nairn hath proved but a South Sea bubble after all! Heaven help us!'

'But it hath cost that villain dear!' replied Dalquharn, on whose mind the late event had made a terrible impression.

'No dearer than it may cost us all, if Cumberland *now* attacks our famished and toil-worn followers.'

The state of the Highlanders—disheartened, disconsolate, and starving—was now, more than ever, deplorable, when they returned to their former ground in front of Culloden House; and so scarce was food, that even Charles Edward could only obtain therefrom a small slice of bread, and a little whiskey in a quag, to sustain exhausted nature. To add to his mental and other sufferings, the poor young Prince was afflicted by a low and intermittent fever, the result of fording rivers in the winter season, and marching with his tartans wet upon him.

On this eventful morning, 'he felt the utmost anxiety regarding his men (says Robert Chambers), among whom the pangs of hunger, upon bodies exhausted by fatigue, must have been working effects the most unpromising to his success; and he gave orders, *before seeking any repose*, that the whole country should be mercilessly expiscated for the means of refreshment. His orders were not without effect; considerable supplies were secured, and subjected to culinary processes at Inverness; but the poor famished wretches were destined never to taste those provisions, the hour of battle arriving before they were prepared!'

CHAPTER LXXIV.

SEPARATED.

'O there's nought frae ruin my countrie can save,
 But the keys of kind Heaven to open the grave,
 That a' the noble martyrs who died for loyalty,
 May rise again and fight for their ain countrie.
 Hame, hame, hame,
 Hame fain wad I be!
 O hame, hame, hame, to my ain countrie.'

Old Song.

MEANWHILE where was Bryde?

The question was ever on Dalquharn's lips unuttered, and in his heart unanswered; for since that gloomy evening, when from the bleak shore near Ardersier he watched the tiny craft that bore her, with Lady Ogilvie, Lady Nairn, and other Jacobite dames into exile—and, as he devoutly hoped, to safety—he had heard nothing of her; and his soul seemed to have followed the lessening sails, as they faded or melted into the mists of the North Sea, as the vessel bore secretly on its watery path to the 'Lowlands o' Holland,' so famed in many a sad Scottish song.

Was Bryde safe there, with his old friend, the Lord Conservator of the Scottish Privileges, who would, he knew, for his sake, protect and cherish her?

He prayed to Heaven that she might be; yet he knew nothing, he could but hope—hope and trust!

But there were perils and risks to be run upon the Northern waters then, such as do not exist in these our happier days of steam and telegraphy. Besides those of wreck by waves or wind, she might have fallen in with pirates or privateers-men, French or English, and in such unscrupulous hands what would be her fate? Her vessel being destitute of legal papers, without even a recognized flag to sail under, might have been taken, or sunk by a cannon shot, without ceremony, by some cruiser of the fleets of Byng or Norris; and, while he skilfully tortured himself by these various fears, the heart of the young husband felt alternately like ice and fire!

Many a night after that sorrowful separation on the flat and sandy shore of Ardersier, when lying in the tentless Highland bivouac, with his head pillowed on his sword and pistols, or on the pannel of his saddle, with the wide blue sky above him for a canopy—and long after the last bloody die had been cast and lost on the moor of Culloden, when lurking with the fox and the eagle, when driven from cave to cave on continent and isle—when a red coat was to be shunned as a pest or assassin on the Braes of Lochaber, and the sound of the Saxou drum was as the knell of death to the hunted loyalist, when hid among the wilds of Corryarick—often then did Dalquharn shed tears in his heart, if we may use such a phrase, when he thought of the doubts that hung over the fate of Bryde, and of the slender chances of his ever ascertaining it—Bryde, who but for him might then have been happy and at peace, in her ancestral house of Auldhame!

Even if she escaped storms, wrecks, pirates, and capture, and reached Holland or elsewhere, she would be among strangers, pining for him and ignorant of *his* fate, in penury and privation—she so gentle and so tenderly nurtured, on whom her doating old grandfather had not permitted the wind of heaven to blow too roughly; and to what inconceivable perils might she not be exposed, to what insults subjected, by her beauty alone?

He remembered her helpless persecution by La Roque, and his heart burned with indignation one moment, and died away with apprehension the next! Yet he often strove to comfort himself by repeating prayerfully and humbly,

‘Surely the Blessed God, who is so good and kind, will protect her, and will not separate us, for her sake—for her sake at least!’

The Lords Nairn, Ogilvie, and others, whose ladies had accompanied Bryde in her timely flight, and with whom Dalquharn had many an anxious conference, were equally solicitous and ignorant of their fate, a cordou of ships of war, by loch and isle, and firth, having now completely cut off all communication between Scotland and the continent of Europe.

Bryde and her companions, however, had in safety reached South Holland, landing at Catwyckop-Rhin, or the Mouth of the Old

Rhine, from whence they travelled by the track-boat to the Hague, where they found a cheap residence in that large and beautiful town, which, though the summer residence of the Orange family, and the meeting place of their High Mightinesses, the States General, enjoyed a popularity among the Scottish Jacobites, as being the scene of much of Charles the Second's exile.

In an alley that opened off the Voorhout, or principal street of the Hague, they had found a lodging with a Dutch widow, who, as her late husband had been a lieutenant in Tillychewan's regiment of the Scots Brigade, was disposed, so far as her small means went, to render them comfortable and welcome, for the sake of '*alt Schottlandt*, and her dear departed Kolcoohoon,' as she blundered a very respectable old Scottish surname.

The three poor ladies and two faithful old Scottish servants, who accompanied them, had generally one stock purse; and their peculiar pet and favourite, was a golden-haired little boy, the master of Nairn, who afterwards was a Colonel in the British army, and in whose arms, in 1788—eight and twenty years after bluff George III. was king of these realms—the Bonnie Prince Charlie of the '45—the idol of so many true and noble hearts—expired—an old, soured and disappointed man. In such an hour, it was something to have been the master of Nairn!

As yet those days were not foreseen, and in that gloomy alley off the Voorhout, the three ladies resided patiently, but in hourly expectation of hearing that a glorious triumph had crowned the efforts of the loyalists in the north.

The last of his poor pay, which, together with his watch and a brooch that had been his mother's, Dalquharn had given to Bryde, was nearly gone now; she had a few rix-dollars left, but could barely afford to purchase the water then sold for drinking in stone bottles of Utrecht, as all the wells near the sea are brackish; and though the season was cold, she was quite unable to provide herself with that comfort so indispensable for a lady in Holland, a *vuur stoof*, or foot stool which holds a pan for hot embers and turf.

And as her tears fell on the rix-dollars, she thought of a little stranger that was coming, for in a few months more, there would be born a helpless baby, the heir to—what? A fatal inheritance of poverty and obscurity she might have to bequeath that child, in giving birth to which she might die; and if Dalquharn died too, by scaffold, flood, or field, it would be left a nameless orphan, among strangers in a foreign land.

Bitter indeed were the unseen tears that the young mother-yet-to-be, shed over the dark future of this unborn-child—a future visible to the eye of God alone.

Would Dalquharn ever see this child of sorrow? She hoped it might be a boy—a man, to brave the selfish world, and not a poor girl to endure what she had done, and to weep such hopeless tears as she now wept.

'Oh, my mother!' she sometimes said, while those tears were flowing and she thought of what her young mother must have felt on that terrible night (of which she had so faint and childish a remembrance) when her father was brought home muffled in his roquelaure, dead and stiff, and bloody, from Luffness Muir, the victim of Reuben Balcraftie.

Was she too, like that poor widowed mother—widowed in her youth—to shed tears of anguish for a husband slain, and a fatherless babe?

The stately Hague—the proudest village in Europe—with its broad ditches and noble walks, its lovely meadows of emerald green, the great paved road to Scheveling, the Bosch or wood that lay towards Leyden, with its herds of tame and fat little deer, and the tawdry house of mourning built by Amelia of Solms (grandmother of William III., of England), and inscribed with letters of gold; the mansions of the princes and stadtholders of the Grand Pensionary and the Counts of Holland; the cloisters of the Jacobins and other orders; the great church in the market-place; the Voorhout itself, so long and spacious, with its houses of gaily coloured brick, its rows of trees and hotels, excited more repugnance than interest in the mind of Bryde, to whom they were associated only with banishment, penury, peril, grief, and separation from her husband.

To her eyes, the country seemed flat and monotonous; the land a mere network of sluggish and frowsy canals which emitted an unpleasant odour. In lieu of the grand mountains and rugged rocks to which she had been accustomed, there were only brick windmills tossing their brown sails, or the spires of stupid villages cutting the sky line at a vast distance, the loftiest hills being no bigger than the *dunes* of drifted sand upon the shore of that sea, from which the whole land itself seemed to have been stolen. The people, too, appeared to be ponderous, solemn, plodding, and industrious, bulbous shapen, with countless petticoats or breeches, and oyster-like eyes, flabby cheeks, and a general aquatishness of aspect.

On the whole, we fear pretty Bryde viewed the land of cheese and butter through a very morbid medium. Thus it was in vain that the worthy widow of the late Lieutenant Kolcoohoon of Tillchewan's sought to interest the pale girl, when they went together to market, by shewing her the beauties and places of interest about the Hague, such as the steps of the Binnenhof, on the summit of which was erected the scaffold of the inflexible Barneveldt, the Grand Pensionary, when he was beheaded in 1618, and when the people gathered and kept in phials the sand wet with his blood; or the Gevaengepoort, where Cornelius de Witt was confined—in vain, we say, for Bryde had never heard of either of those persons, and their stories bored her.

She shuddered when she was shown the racks, pulleys and oubliettes of the state-prisons, which were all left in such capital order by William of Orange, when he embarked in high spirits for Eng-

land in 1688; and she very unmistakably turned up her pretty little nose, as became a Jacobite, on being shown those precious relics of him, the old shirt and waistcoat, which he wore during the last three days of his life, and which are preserved at the Hague, side by side with the armour of Van Tromp and the sword of Van Speyk.

The sound of the strange church bells jarred on her ears; the pigeons wheeling in vast flocks round the great tower in the market place, and the long-necked storks, the harbingers of spring, seated on the apex of every acute gable, were each and all, in the ideas of Bryde, simply associated with sorrow and exile.

Her whole soul was with her absent husband—even as his was with her. Oh, for those magnetic dials—the dials of Fanniano Strada, and of which her Henry had told her so quaint a story when in the Prisons of the Bass!

Bryde could recal hours spent in wandering amid the old woods of Auldhame, at St. Baldred's ruined chapel by the sea, when she and Dalquharn, after whispering all the repetitions and pretty nothings that make up the sum total of lover's conversation, had sat silent hand-in-hand—silent, save that their eyes spoke, and every few minutes their intertwined fingers gave or returned a gentle and eloquent pressure. Oh, were they now, as then, together, would they be so silent? How much she would have to say, to describe, to explain—much that would be forgotten when they met; and what had he not to ask, to tell and to learn! No, no, they would not be silent now, thought the poor girl.

Separated though they were, she fondly strove to delude herself as to the distance they were apart. She could not write to him, nor could he to her. Where would a letter addressed to the 'attainted' Lord Dalquharn at 'the Pretender's camp' go? She gazed on the sun, pleased that it, too, shone on him; on the moon and certain familiar stars, thinking that he too might be looking on them, at the same moment, from the great solemn hills of the Highlands. This was childish, perhaps, 'but all the works of God are made to serve, in love.'

Poor Bryde! The radiance of her young face was gone; but the brown eyes were clear and sweet as ever, and her chesnut hair, as soft and ripply. The life, light, and joy that had played around the petted Bryde Otterburn of Auldhame, no longer shone about the exiled Bryde Douglas, the wife of the outlawed Lord Dalquharn of the Holm.

One evening towards the end of April, she was reclining on her poor looking little bed, wearily and full of thought, for there she had hushed to sleep the little curly-haired child, the master of Nairn. Her cheek was flushed; her brown eyes bright—too bright perhaps, for she was ill and feverish; the damp atmosphere of the stagnant canals had affected her seriously, and she was full of sad, sad thoughts, when Lady Ogilvie, with her long black hair un-

powdered and dishevelled, wildness and grief in her looks, pallor in her face and terror in her heart, rushed in, fainting and breathless.

A battle had been fought in the Scottish Highlands, and the news had just come to the Bourse; the Prince of Wales had been defeated and had fled; the extent of the slaughter none knew, save that the troops of the Elector-King had been merciless as incarnate fiends, and that *all* the nobles and chiefs had been killed or taken!

The hands of these poor women were alternately hot, burning, feverish, and then cold, clammy, and icy, as they embraced and looked tearfully into each other's haggard eyes.

Each, for all she knew, might be the widow, the wife of a loyal and once loving husband, lying gashed and unburied, on that terrible plain of Culloden!

How deep that new name, never heard of before, and never to be forgotten now, sank into the hearts of those two miserable mourners!



CHAPTER LXXV.

THE BATTLE OF CULLODEN.

'Culloden, on thy swarthy brow
 Spring no wild flowers or verdure fair;
 Thou feel'st not summer's genial glow,
 More than the freezing wintry air!
 For once thou drank'st the hero's blood,
 And wars unhallowed footsteps bore;
 The deeds unholy, Nature viewed,
 Then fled and cursed thee evermore!' *Jacobite Relics.*

It was the 16th of April, the morning of Culloden, that day of blood and tears!

Dalquharn, who, like the Prince and many more, on reaching the manor house, exhausted by want of rest and sustenance, had flung himself down to sleep on the floor, as others did on tables, beds, or benches, was roused by tidings that the foe was coming on!

His first informant was Ronald, of the Shield, so called by the Highlanders (in consequence of his very handsome target), Domhnall MacRaonail, Mhic Aillen, captain of the men of Glencoe; he, who in a glorious spirit of Christian chivalry, returning good for an evil that will ever live in the annals of treachery and bloodshed, guarded Stair House, which his countrymen had sworn to destroy. From the front, Donald had come in search of the Prince, as he had seen the Red-coats advancing.

Charles instantly seized his arms, and came forth pale, weary, and wasted. Bonnet in hand, the steward of the household met him at

the foot of the great staircase, saying that 'a luncheon or dinner, consisting of a side of a lamb and two fowls, were on the spit before the kitchen fire.'

'Oh, man,' exclaimed the poor Prince, 'would you have me eat at a time like this, when my brave people are starving? Ride, my Lord Dalquharn, to the captain of the artillery; let him fire a cannon, as a signal for the Clans to gather!'

This was speedily done, and 'from the brown heath and shaggy wood,' from the whin-bush and the roadside, from the bleak moor, or the park, and wherever the weary and worn had bivouacked for the remainder of that dreary night or morning after the useless march to Nairn, they gathered with alacrity and in good order, under the banner of their chiefs.

Though George, Earl of Coventry, with his Mackenzies, had been cut off in the north, by the Sutherland Clan, Macdonald of Keppoch, and the Master of Lovat, came in, with a great body of fresh men; and, as they marched along the Highland line with pipes playing and colours flying, the brandished broadswords gave them a welcome, and they fired anew the spirit of the little army. Still two thousand of Charles's men were wanting, and he could muster, on this terrible day, according to Smollett and others, but four thousand men, formed in many small divisions, to oppose more than ten thousand of the enemy.

Charles came forth mounted, looking like the rest, haggard and worn, yet gallant withal; he had on the same ribband and star of the Thistle, which he wore at that famous ball in Holyrood, when, with Janet of Amisfield, the Countess of Wemyss, he led off the Strathspey, which is still so well known among our pipe music. A white Scottish scarf was over his left shoulder. Would he ever win her, whose dainty hands embroidered it—the 'Black Eyes' of his convivial hours—the second daughter of the faithless King of France?

Patriotism, loyalty, and honour, pure love of country and of glory, all apart, never did a man draw his sword with a stronger emotion, or with a keener sense of having all the world at stake upon that bloody issue, than did Henry Lord Dalquharn on that memorable 16th of April.

His head was cool, yet full of desperate thoughts; his heart was on fire; he despaired of victory, yet victory might come, for to the brave and reckless all things are possible. He had not much time, however, for reflection, as active preparations were now making for the last, final struggle.

The small Highland army was drawn up in two lines; Lord John Drummond led the centre; Lord George Murray the right, the Duke of Perth the left.

The Gordons had the right of the first line, and the three regiments of the Clandonald, to their great indignation, had the left, though the former post of honour had been theirs, as they alleged,

since the days of Robert Bruce, who assigned it to their forefathers at Bannockburn, as a reward for the fidelity of Angus Mhor Macdonald, Lord of the Isles.

'Oh heed not this,' exclaimed the Duke of Perth to the men of Glengarry; 'fight as is your wont—you will make a right wing of the left, and I and mine shall take the surname of Macdonald!'

But they muttered among themselves, or heard him in scornful silence.

The second line, for which men enough could scarcely be found, was led by Brigadier Stapleton, of the French service, while Charles, with his small force of Guards, was in the rear on an eminence; but *his* force could scarcely merit the name of a reserve. Between tall fascines, four pieces of cannon were placed on each of the extreme flanks, and the same number were in the centre. All those sixteen guns were from Woolwich Warren, and had been taken at the battles of Preston and Falkirk by the Highlanders, who began their adventurous campaign, with an old ship-cannon tied upon a cart drawn by mountain shelties.

The royal standard was borne by James Stewart, of Tulloch, near Blair, a captain in the Athole Regiment, whose widow died so recently as 1822.

The turf walls of an old farm-house protected their right flank; the park of Culloden their left; and in this order, under a thousand disadvantages as to position, numbers, ammunition, projectiles, appurtenances, sleep, food, and physical condition generally, did the Insurgents, with all their pipes playing, colours flying, and tartans waving in the breeze, formed three ranks deep, await the foe, on a sunny forenoon, when the soft breath of the spring breeze wafted across the open heath, the sweet perfume of the buds that were bursting in the woods, of the bog myrtle, and the hum of the mountain bee, as he floated over the purple bells that erelong were to be dyed crimson, in the blood of those who had never blenched in the face of an enemy.

Before their slender line, far away to the east, stretched the desolate moor of Culloden (or Drummossie), which presents so few objects to arrest the eye, that at the far horizon it seems to blend with the sky, like 'a shoreless sea,' and well, in after years, might Stephen Macdonald, the great Duke of Tarentum, whose father fought there under Clanranald, express astonishment at such a battle being waged on such ground, as it was so favourable for the service of cavalry and artillery, two arms in which the Highland army was so totally defective.

The spires of Inverness rose far away on their left, and close to the shore of that sea, where the British fleet was riding, and from the yards of which, many a telescope was bent on the scene of blood about to ensue. Afar off rose the glorious hills of Ross, on which the mists were already descending.

On the south-west rose Dun Daviot, clothed with dark green

pinus ; further off were the square bastions of Fort George jutting out into the Murray Firth, half hidden in the haze that was setting in from the sea. On all sides the prospect was bleak and dreary ; but from the moorland ridge, where most of the graves now lie, solemn green mounds which are easily discernible above the heathy waste, a cheer ran along the Highland ranks, half dead though they were with fatigue, when the dim horizon of the plain began to darken with the advancing troops of Cumberland, as they rose against the sky, black at first, then dun, and then unmistakably in red.

Then the white cross belts, breeches and gaiters could be seen ; the waving of colours, and the long lines of bright steel muskets and fixed bayonets, at intervals the halberds of the sergeants, the half pikes and swords of the officers, all glittering steadily. Closer they drew, the massed columns deploying into line, each on its company of grenadiers, could be clearly distinguished as they formed brigades and divisions, with two pieces of cannon between each battalion.

On, on they came in three great lines, flanked by Horse ; the first led by Lieutenant General the Earl of Albemarle : the second under General Huske, and the third under Brigadier Sir John Mordaunt. Several hundred drums loaded the air with sound, and many mounted officers were galloping to and fro, keeping order ; thus the array of Cumberland's force was so splendid and imposing, so calm and resolute, that those who did not share the sanguine hopes of the young Prince, were only prepared to die, if they failed to conquer, and the Earl of Kilmarnock uttered his doubts of success aloud.

The strength of Cumberland's army had been rightly given by Baleraftie ; to wit, fourteen battalions of Infantry ; three regiments of Cavalry, a train of Artillery, and a great body of Argyleshire Highlanders, amounting to two battalions of the line.

On this melancholy day, these adverse lines of brave Britons cheered each other defiantly, as they drew near, the Maedonalds alone remained sullen, and hewed the heather with their broad-swords.

Some of the Scots Royals, and other regiments, began to shout 'Flanders! Flanders!' when the Duke harangued them, and read a pretended letter—many called it forged—said to have been found on a dead straggler, full of bitter sentiments against the English !

With more skill than he had shewn in Flanders, the Duke ordered the 8th, or King's Regiment, to wheel up, left flank thrown forward, *en potence* on the left, to enfilade the right of the Highlanders should they advance, while he sent the Argyleshire Militia to pull down the farm dykes, which protected their flank, and admit the approach of cavalry, that force in which the Prince was so wofully deficient.

The day was growing gloomy, and just as a heavy shower of sleet

began to fall, a few minutes after one o'clock, the battle began by a cannonade on both sides, and Colonel Belford, a skilful gunner, fired twice in succession at the knoll where Prince Charles was posted, 'With such precision did he take his aim, that that personage was bespattered with dirt raised by the balls, and a man holding a led horse by his side was killed.'

Many a horse and man went down in the troop of Dalquharn, while the cannon shot made frightful lanes through the Highland ranks, tore up the heather in clouds, raised dark spouts from the water-pools, dashed trees and dykes to pieces, and sent cottage roofs, eabers and thatch, flying through the air; and the quiet endurance of this cannonade, with its consequent slaughter, instead of making their usual headlong charge, was the chief fatal mistake of the Insurgents; while the ill-served cannon of the kilted gunners, sent all their shot flying into the air, and, after passing over Cumberland's three lines, they fell quietly and harmlessly on the open moor beyond.

After enduring the cannonade for a whole hour, the Highlanders, whose ranks were thinning fast, began to grow maddened, and clamoured for the onset.

'In heaven's name, why do we not charge?' exclaimed Lord Elcho to Dalquharn; 'now is the time—now or never.'

'True, my Lord,' replied the other gloomily, while the round bullets continued to tear up the turf around them; 'we can but charge and die, leaving our corpses as a protest to the times.'

'How?' asked Elcho, impatiently.

'If Scotland abandon her king and the Jacobites, neither her future king nor the Jacobites abandon Scotland. Living she abandons us—dead we shall remain with her.'

'Nay, never despond!' said Elcho, as he struck his sword hilt against his heart.

The best disciplined troops in Europe would not have endured this galling cannonade, and it is wonderful how the hot and impatient Highlanders did so for such a length of time, and till the mangled corpses lay along their lines *in layers of three and four deep*. But now, ere Lord George Murray could give the order to advance, drawing their bonnets firmly down, with rage and fury flashing in their eyes, and glowing in their hearts, and with a wild shout of,

'Mo Righ! Mo Prionse! Albyn gu bragh!' a great body from the centre and right wing rushed headlong on, making a confused charge with sword and target.

Huddled together, shaken and shattered though they were, by round shot, grape and musketry—the mingled sheets of lead and iron that tore through them, and swept the whole field like a hail-storm—with heads stooped behind their little round shields, they burst through the 4th and 37th regiments, cutting down Lord Robert Kerr, ten other officers, and ten hundred and seven men of both battalions.

On they swept, all unsupported though they were, to break the 25th, or Edinburgh regiment, which was drawn up three ranks deep, the front kneeling, and all pouring in a terrible fire, before which Viscount Strathallan, Colonel Mac Launchlan of that ilk, Colonel Mac Leod of Drimnin, and his three sons, Mac Gillivray of Drumnaglass, and many noble and gallant gentlemen bit the dust, while Lochiel was borne away, covered with wounds; yet many of the Highlanders broke through the second triple line, and when breathless and helpless, were bayoneted by the third beyond. All that the courage and despair of gallant hearts could do, was done, and done in vain!

Fruitlessly on the other flank did the gallant Duke of Perth wave his bonnet and shout 'Claymore! Claymore!' to the sullen Macdonalds. None advanced save the fearless old Keppock; he rushed on with a few of his relations, who were all shot down by his side. This venerable chief uttered a piercing exclamation of sorrow and shame on finding himself forsaken by his clan—by the children of his tribe—and fell, pierced with wounds under the bayonets of the right wing.*

By this time the glorious charge of the Camerons, Stewarts, and Mac Phersons on the right was futile; they were driven back by the flank fire of the 8th, which crossed that of the 5th Marines, the Inniskilling and other regiments.

Amid the smoke, confusion, and fiendish uproar of the battle, 600 Campbells, led by General Hawley, who was said to be a natural son of George II., now broke down the park wall, and Cobham's Dragoons advanced upon the right flank of the wavering Highlanders, firing by sections, and then by squadrons, as they formed up, and passed through.

In the gap, ere it widened, stood a few of the Clan-Chattan, manning the breach with target and claymore, and displaying a resolute spirit, worthy of them who held Thermopylæ, and the chief of those was Gillies Macbane. Man after man went down in blood and death by his side, till at last Gillies stood there alone.

On came the Dragoons, with their huge Kevenhuller hats, wide-skirted blue coats, and white cross-belts, square-toed jack-boots, and great holster pistols; their horses were champing on the bit, and their bridles were thrown over the left arm, as they advanced, firing with their short musketoons. Already the narrow gap was filled with dead and dying, but Gillies towered above them, covered by his round shield, while from his sturdy limbs and chest, more than one jet of blood was spirting. He had lost his bonnet, his long hair streamed on the wind, and, in the great stature of his six feet, four inches, he looked like a hero of Selma,—like Oscar, 'when

* I possess the little flask with which he primed his pistols. It is silver mounted, and bears in Latin the motto:

'He who gives quickly, gives twice.'

the warriors of Caros fled, and he remained like a rock left by the ebbing sea.'

'Save that brave fellow!' cried the Earl of Anerum, who rode at the head of the 10th; but Gillies already felt death in his heart, or disdained life at their hands.

Thirteen troopers are said to have been unhorsed and slain by him, ere he was shot down, trod under foot by the regiment, and frightfully mangled as the horses swept over him. Well might the bard sing—

'Though thy cause was the cause of the injured and brave,
Though thy death was the hero's, and glorious thy grave,
With thy dead foes around thee, piled high on the plain,
My sad heart bleeds for thee, brave Gillies Macbane!
How the horse and the horseman thy single hand slew;
But what could the mightiest single hand do?
Thirteen of our foes by thy right were slain;
Oh! would they were thousands for Gillies Macbane!

John Breae Maedonald, who lay wounded by the wall, was wont to boast in after years, that 'Gillies dropped the troopers like docken leaves;' but when buried after the battle, his body was found to be covered by bayonet wounds, his head was cloven, and a thigh bone broken.

The Argyleshire regiment now opened a long and galling flank fire from this wall, upon the right of the clans, aiding the cavalry, who had just defiled through it, and increasing the confusion, while all Cumberland's reformed lines were pressing on. It was at this desperate crisis, when the whole field was one wild arena of smoke, slaughter, and infernal sounds, that Lord Elcho dashed up to Charles, and rashly urged another and final charge into that vast mouth of steel and fire.

'Madness—'twould be madness!' exclaimed the Prince, who saw, with terrible emotions, the irretrievable ruin of his little army in front and on both flanks.

On this, Lord Elcho turned away, and, with a bitter imprecation, vowed to Dalquharn, that never would he look again on the Prince's face; and that unjust vow he kept till his dying day.

Charles lingered on the field till the last moment, and made a final attempt to rally those who were about him; for he could not be persuaded that God had afflicted him so severely. His heart was filled with despair, and his eyes with tears, as Sir Thomas Sheridan and General O'Sullivan, two faithful and gallant Irish gentlemen, whom he loved, seized his horse by the bridle, and dragged him out of the field. He then put himself at the head of the right wing, which retired in such order, that the British cavalry, though sent in pursuit, dared not to attack it.

Some twenty minutes before this, Dalquharn and the Earl of Kilmarnock, with a few shattered horse, their own and Fitzjames's, had joined Gordon of Avochie, whose men were slowly retreating, and firing on Cobham's Dragoons, in one quarter, while the French

picquets did so on another; but Dalquharn had speedily the mortification to see Kilmarnock unhorsed, and taken, and his faithful friend, Mitchell, sink to the earth—man and charger—amid the blinding glare and crash of a large shell, as it exploded; and, in a moment more, he was himself surrounded by a score of cavalry, whose swords rained a flashing shower of blows upon him.

‘Halt men—hold all your hands,’ cried an officer; ‘the gentleman will surrender, on quarter, to me. Your sword sir,—your sword?’ he added, imperiously, for the time was not one of ceremony.

The speaker was Dormer, the young lieutenant, who spoke. Dalquharn had only time to recognise him, when a spent bullet struck his chest, and he sank senseless from his saddle, at the speaker’s feet, amid the hideous *debris* of the conflict.

By some dismounted troopers of Cobham’s, the Earl of Kilmarnock was roughly and exultingly dragged along the line of Barrel’s regiment. He was weary, faint, wounded, and bareheaded, without hat or wig. In this deplorable condition he was seen by his son, James Lord Boyd, who, in a sudden burst of filial respect, placed on his head his own Kevenhuller hat, and to save him from peril took him prisoner—but only, in the end, to perish by the same axe that so mercilessly beheaded the jesting Lovat, and ‘the gentle Balmerino;’ but even in that fierce moment,—the shock of battle—the act of the young lord was applauded by his company, the brave grenadiers of old Barrel’s corps.

When Dalquharn’s senses returned, the battle was over, and there was an end of everything, save the slaughter, which lasted so long—for so many days, yea, weeks,—that humanity shudders at the recital of it.

At midnight, seventy-two hours afterwards, Viscount Bury, aide-de-camp to the Duke of Cumberland, *en route* for London, with despatches, reached Edinburgh with tidings of the total defeat of Charles Edward; and in that dark hour, between the night and morning, the thunder of the castle guns announced it to the sleeping citizens. On many who had lovers, friends, and kinsmen, lying cold and gashed upon Culloden Moor, and on many a loyal and enthusiastic heart, the tidings fell heavily. Many, who for years had prayed for the restoration of the Stuarts, were in a state bordering on insanity; and there were many, old and ailing people, who never rose from their beds again, but expired of sheer sorrow and mortification.

The Whigs and Presbyterians, now triumphant in their turn, left nothing undone or unsaid to insult the Jacobites, and lacerate their feelings. And where was he, that poor Prince over whose downfall these Scottish Pharisees were exulting?

Away in the savage wilds of Badenoch, forlorn and heart-broken, he had found his first shelter and hiding-place, and a little refreshment—‘a glass of wine, with which his tears are said to have mingled.

CHAPTER LXXVI.

THE SEQUEL.

‘Yet when the rage of battle ceased,
 The victor’s soul was not appeased;
 The naked and forlorn must feel
 Devouring flames and murdering steel!
 The pious mother doomed to death,
 Forsaken wanders o’er the heath.
 The bleak wind whistles round her head,
 Her helpless orphans cry for bread.
 While the warm blood bedews my veins,
 And unimpaired remembrance reigns,
 Resentment of my country’s fate,
 Within my filial breast shall beat.’—*Smollett*.

It was about three in the afternoon when consciousness returned to Dalquharn. Save a few moans in his vicinity, and the popping sound of distant firing where the reckless slaughter was continued along the Inverness road, no sound met his ear. The spring sunshine, and the soft breeze from the Murray Firth, came pleasantly along the purple moorland. The birds, scared no longer by the deep booming cannonade, the roar of musketry, and the clamour of the battle, were twittering merrily among the pale and distorted dead.

The deep blue of the cloudless sky was overhead like a vast dome; but Dalquharn closed his eyes wearily, and strove to collect his energies and arrange his bitter, bitter thoughts, prior to making any exertion.

His first reflections were about his absent wife—of the lost cause—of the lives that were gone—of the once bright hopes so cruelly blighted, and of his beloved young Prince.

He felt his chest with his fingers; it was painful, so much so, that he could scarcely breathe; but there came no blood, for, fortunately, he was without a wound. His agony, however, was great, and the lassitude, the result of long toil and lack of food and rest, for days and nights before the battle, was frightful.

So heart-sick and despairing was he, that, save for thoughts of her, who was far, far away, he would have had no desire to live, but simply to lie there and perish with the lost cause of his king.

‘Bryde,’ he muttered, ‘Bryde, beloved Bryde, I shall never see you more. Thank Heaven you know nothing of this, and cannot see me as I lie here. If taken I shall be helplessly shot.’

‘Ochon mo Rìgh! ochon! ochon! who can aid thee now, my king? Cha ne Fionn mhor fein!’ (not even the great Fingal himself!) said a voice near him.

The speaker was Ronald of the Shield, who was painfully crawling over the plain towards the shelter of a thicket. The once

stately Highlander was covered with blood, and, apparently, had a leg broken.

Dalquharn now became aware that something was pressing upon him and weighing him down; and discovered that he was almost entirely overlaid by dry light turf, a portion of that fatal wall which failed to protect the right flank, when cut through by the somewhat too servile Campbells. Torn by passing shot, it had fallen over him in the form of an arch. This was fortunate, perhaps, as it covered him from view, and enabled him thus to escape the indiscriminate slaughter that followed the battle; for the moment the Highlanders fell back, the Duke's troops, who had only, of all ranks 50 killed and 260 wounded, (some regiments being without a casualty) in obedience to his savage orders, that no quarter was to be given, committed atrocities hitherto unknown in the annals of war, save, perhaps, the sack of Magdeburg.

'The Duke's instructions to those blood-hounds,' says Robert Chambers, 'were invariably expressed in the simple words, "*no prisoners, gentlemen—YOU UNDERSTAND ME?*"'

Breaking their ranks, with unsheathed swords, (every private wore one then) and fixed bayonets, they rushed over the whole field with exulting shouts, stabbing again and again, all who shewed the least symptom of life, and even dealing fresh wounds upon the slain, whom they mutilated with obscene barbarities, such as were only perpetrated by the Sepoys in the Indian Mutiny. Even the awful aspect of Death failed to tame them, and they seem to have committed such acts as much in sport as in rage; for we are told that they splashed each other with human blood, gathered in handfuls from the heather, until they looked at last 'like so many butchers rather than an army of Christian soldiers.'

And those were Englishmen and Scottish Lowlanders, who boasted *then* of their civilization quite as much as the same folks do *now*.

On the following day the houses of the peasantry were searched, and every wounded Highlander who could be discovered was conscientiously butchered in cold blood. To wear tartan was sufficient to ensure death. They were ranged in lines, and despatched by platoons of musketry. In one place 72 were destroyed thus; in a hut 40 of them were enclosed and deliberately burned to death. All the road to Inverness was covered with bodies of the slain, among whom were all those inhabitants who had come forth to view the battle. Even boys were thus murdered mercilessly, and the girls were subjected to a worse fate.

A few paces from the west entrance to the High Church of Inverness, there may still be seen two upright head-stones, about twenty yards apart. On the top of one of these is a groove on which a musket might rest. The other stone is rounded off, but has two flat spaces at the sides, which a man in a stooping posture could grasp. All Highlanders who fell into the Duke's hands in

that quarter were made to stoop at the latter stone in turn, with their backs towards the Ness, while a soldier took aim from the grooved stone, shooting the condemned victim, who fell into the large open pit that had been dug for him and his compatriots.

Till the days of Cawnpore and Delhi there were no such atrocities committed in the British Empire, as those perpetrated by our troops in the Highlands of Scotland, and even after the lapse of time since then, the heart grows sick at the contemplation of them.

Finding all still around him, Dalquharn endeavoured to raise himself in a sitting position, and did so with difficulty, being faint and feeble. Then he saw near him Sir John Mitchell propped on an elbow, ruefully surveying the field, his face and dress was completely disfigured by blood and dust.

'Dalquharn, my dear friend,' he exclaimed, 'you are surviving, I see. Alas! alas! I fear your words are about to become too prophetic!'

'My words—how?'

'That we shall all leave our bones here, as a protest to posterity. Are you wounded?'

'No; but suffering severely from a spent ball that unhorsed me. I spit much blood.'

'Oons, my Lord—a bad sign?'

And you—?'

'I have a fractured ankle, at least, and several flesh wounds; egad, that shell has made me a mere mass of bruises—the d—ned thing was full of grape shot and broken bottles.'

'You had your horse killed under you.'

'Would it had been so; but it happens, unfortunately, that the poor nag was killed *over* me. All is quiet in this quarter; a number of wounded have been seeking shelter in yonder wood—let us join them if we can.'

Dalquharn freed himself from the rubbish that covered him, and also from the superincumbent weight of a dead trooper, on turning over whom, he felt a species of shock, on recognizing the saucy young subaltern of Cobham's Dragoons, Lieutenant Dormer.

'Poor fellow!' he exclaimed, 'here ends your enmity and mine. I daresay you little thought to breathe out your last sigh with your head pillowed on *me*.'

Then as he looked over the field, a sob rose to his throat, and as for poor Sir John Mitchell, he shed bitter tears.

Bonnets, targets and claymores, dirks and pistols, pipes and drums, abandoned field pieces and shot-riven standards were all lying there, and thick among them the cannon shot and the furrows they had made. Scattered over the field lay more than a thousand dead Highlanders. In some instances they were literally in heaps, often marking where a father had fallen, with all his faithful sons around him.

Here and there a few bodies in red coats, with powdered wigs

and white breeches, dotted the dark purple of the moor, on which the sun was setting. Many corpses lay nude, stripped even of their shirts; white as marble they were, and gashed with many a horrid wound. Those savagely given *after* death were apparent enough by no blood flowing from the orifices.

The rich dresses and accoutrements of the chiefs and gentlemen, their silver-mounted pistols, dirks and horns, their rings, purses and watches, together with the silver bell-buttons and brooches of the privates (invariably heirlooms in the Highlands), excited the cupidity of the soldiery, who in many instances carefully stripped the wounded and prisoners, prior to finally butchering them.

Well might Barrel's regiment boast, that after the battle, there was not an officer or private in its ranks whose weapon remained undyed with blood. In the distance the flames of rapine were already ascending on all sides, the whole country being given up to pillage—to fire and sword; and now the prophecy uttered at an earlier period by the fanatical Alexander Peden, was terribly accomplished.

'Scotland! the time is nigh, when we may ride for fifty miles among thy hills and valleys, nor find a reeking house, nor hear a crowing cock!'

Faint and exhausted, Mitchell and Dalquharn, mutually assisted each other to gain the shelter of the wood, where several officers of the Highland army, all more or less wounded, were lurking in agony among the long grass and brackens, afraid almost to speak to each other, or utter aloud the groans which the bodily anguish they endured drew from them, lest they should be discovered; and there, in that wood, Dalquharn and Mitchell, with his fractured ankle, passed the night of horrors, subsequent to the battle of Culloden—a battle, says Sir Walter Scott, 'which reminds men of the Latin proverb, that the most cruel enemy is a coward who has obtained success.'

The steward and servants of Culloden House, however, discovered the sufferers in the dark, and humanely supplied them with food, and dressed and bandaged their wounds; but on the following day the poor fellows were detected by one of the many detachments which were sent out in every direction to destroy the houses, to hunt, pillage, and shoot down the people. With loud shouts they were all dragged forth, and then Dalquharn found, that besides Mitchell and himself, the unhappy lurkers in the wood, consisted of nineteen Highland captains and subalterns, all in the kilt, many of them deplorably disfigured by wounds.

An entire company of—we shall not say *what* regiment, though we know it well—now surrounded them with fixed bayonets, and in a moment every ornament and article of value on their persons, was rent from them. They were all tied with ropes, and dragged away to the stone wall of the park, against which they were ordered to stand in line, such at least as retained the use of their limbs;

others, too feeble to stand, sat on the turf or lay ; among the latter was the poor baronet of Pitreavie, who knelt on one knee, proudly and defiantly.

Many in the names of their wives, their little ones, and their aged parents, entreated mercy at the hands of the officer commanding, with cries that were earnest and piteous ; others sought pity where it was only to be found, at the feet of the God of their forefathers, and some there were who waved their bonnets and shouted :—

'Albyn ! Albyn ! Rìgh Hamish gu bragh !'

Dalquharn had barely time for thought, so rapid was the whole affair, moreover, he was so sleepless, so giddy and bewildered ; and he was being roughly thrust against the wall by a sergeant's halberd, when a mounted officer dashed forward, and dragged him away by the collar, saying—

'This is my prisoner—and for him will I be answerable.'

He conveyed him roughly towards Culloden House, but long before they reached its threshold, they heard the roar of the musketry, under which all the prisoners perished, save two—one who lived to tell the story ; and another of whom, hereafter.

'Before they had been ranged up for the space of a single minute—before they could utter one brief prayer to heaven, the platoon which stood at the distance of only two or three yards, received orders to fire. Almost every individual in the unhappy company fell prostrate upon the ground and expired instantly. But to make sure work, the men were ordered to elub their muskets and dash out the brains of all who seemed to show any symptoms of life. This order was obeyed literally. One individual alone survived, a gentleman of the Clan Fraser ; he had received a ball, but yet shewed the appearance of vitality. The butt of a musket was applied to his head to dispatch him, nevertheless though his cheek and nose were dashed in, and one of his eyes beaten out, he did not expire, but lay for some time in an agony not to be described, till the Lord Boyd, son of the Earl of Kilmarnock, happening to pass, perceived his body move, and ordered him to be conveyed to a secure place, where he recovered in the course of three months. The unfortunate man lived many years afterward to tell the dreadful tale,' and this was but one episode of thousands that were similar.

Dalquharn now found that he was the special prisoner of Captain Wyvil, of the Buffs.

'By George, I came just in time to save you,' said that officer, with the greatest coolness ; *'you heard that shot, my Lord, a single one ; it has no doubt dispatched the last survivor of yon crew of rebel scoundrels.'*

'I do not thank you for saving me, Captain Wyvil,' said Dalquharn, sternly ; *'I disdain my life at the hands of a liveried*

butcher! Your people disgrace alike the character of manhood and humanity.'

'Humph! life is always precious, and you have surely something left to live for yet?' said the Captain, bluntly.

'I have, indeed—my poor wife!' exclaimed Dalquharn, who, now weak as a child, covered his pale face with his wasted hand, and sobbed aloud.

'Come, come—don't give way thus. Here, taste this,' said Wyvil, who forced him to take a mouthful or two from a flask of brandy; 'I do not mean to make you a prisoner; no, no, Marmaduke Wyvil is a better fellow than you perhaps think him, for we usually met under unpleasant circumstances, and I always had doubts about that affair of poor Egerton of ours. So we have been victorious. Zounds! if the Duke of Cumberland was a tyrant and a martinet in Flanders, even after the French had beaten him from post to pillow, what the devil will he be now, after routing this handful of half-starved Highland shepherds!'

'Exile again,' said Dalquharn, pursuing his own bitter thoughts. 'Tired of distant lands, of France, of Italy, and of Holland—sick of strange tongues and foreign fashions—I came gladly home to Scotland on King James's service, in the hope to abide there for ever—while life lasted at least; and now, even if I escape to *her*, 'tis but to share with her unmerited exile, penury and sorrow again.'

'You see the reward of rebellion—of this most rash and fortunately partial rising in the North,' said Wyvil kindly, though his words jarred on Dalquharn's ear.

'And the Prince—where is he?'

'Well—the chevalier is retiring towards Ruthven in Badenoch, say our scouts; and we shall soon be on his track; escape is physically impossible now, by land or sea.'

'Then in Badenoch lie my way and line of duty—but oh, how to reach him!'

'I shall aid you,' said Wyvil.

'You, sir—you?'

'But beware how your lordship falls into our hands again. There may be no one near to save you, as I so narrowly did just now.'

In a few minutes after this, Lord Dalquharn, completely disguised in a suit of livery belonging to Duncan Forbes, of Culloden, and furnished with several comforts by the House Steward, mounted on a strong stray horse, given him by Wyvil, and protected by a pass, signed by that officer, desiring all persons in authority, civil and military, to permit the bearer, Timothy Jones, a liveryman, to pass unquestioned, turned his horse's head towards Badenoch, and gladly quitted for ever the vicinity of the moor of Culloden.

By the park wall lay the heap of disfigured corpses, when the sun was declining, and the darkness drew on.

After that, one might have been seen to leave the heap, and crawl away to the shelter of the wood. That poor creature was Sir Johu Mitchell, of Pitreavie, who, when the bullets flattened on the wall around him, fell down and feigned death, even to receiving a bayonet stab afterwards without wincing, and so escaped the butchery by which his brother officers perished.

Conspicuous still above the dark purple heather of the great moor, are the graves of the slain; and in years long after, tradition avers that, in the soft twilight of the summer eve, solitary wayfarers, when passing near those burial mounds, have suddenly found themselves amid the smoke and hurly burly of a battle. They could recognise the various clans engaged by their tartans and badges. On those occasions, a certain Laird of Culduthil was always seen amid the fray on a white horse; and the people believed that once again a great battle would be fought there by the clans, but with whom, or what about, no seer ever ventured to predict.

A darker and wilder tradition lingers in the Highlands, to the effect that once yearly, on the night of the 16th April, the gates of hell are unlocked, and that a spectral army, led by the doomed spirit of the Duke, visits the scene of its atrocities, and marches to and fro amid weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth, till the first beam of the morning sun gilds the distant peaks of Ross, when the whole grisly crew vanish to their abode beyond the Styx.*

CHAPTER LXXVII.

THE COIRE GAOTH.

! The Saxon has swept o'er the plains of Culloden,

Our heroes have fallen or wandered afar,

'Mong dark mountain caves, where the blue mist is shrouding—

No minstrel awaits their returning from war,

I see a white sail through the dim mist of ocean,

It comes like the beam of the dawning of day;

Grey Albyn awake thee to mournful devotion,

It bears him an exile for ever away!

Scots Song.

THREE months after this, when the summer grass was sprouting fresh and green above the mounds of Culloden, and on many a solitary grave in the glens and by the wayside, over all the western Highlands, wherever a poor peasant, wayfarer, or fugitive had been shot down in cold blood by the troops employed in hunting the

* See this legend in the novel called 'The Phantom Regiment.'

Jacobites, on the evening of the 28th July, five men were slowly and wearily traversing the slopes of Corambian, near the braes of Glenmorriston.

All yesterday in Strathcluanie, and on the hills above Strathglass, they had heard the reports of muskets and the cries of the people, who were butchered in the solitary places to which they had fled, with their children and cattle, but still were unable to escape the troops from Fort Augustus—the regiment of my Lord George Sackville, whose cowardice nearly lost us the battle of Minden.

The aspect of those five wayfarers was deplorable. Their eyes were sunken, their beards were long; famine had enfeebled them, and their smiles were almost ferocious when they indulged in them, which was but seldom. Some had wounds raw and unhealed; yet they clung to life, and faithfully to each other.

For more than eight-and-forty hours no food had passed their lips. They all wore the Highland dress, but it was barely discernible as such, being but masses of rags and tatters, that had been often drenched by the rain or the dense mountain mists, and bleached by the wind and sun. Some of them were shoeless: but all were well armed, though their weapons were rusty. They were wolfish, and well nigh savage in aspect, and, after all they had undergone since the night of Culloden, well might they be so!

He so wasted and wan, so hollow-eyed and all unkempt, 'upon his head a wretched yellow wig and old bonnet, his neck cinctured by a dirty clouted handkerchief, his coat of coarse dark cloth, his vest of Stirling tartan much worn, his tartan hose and Highland brogues tied with thongs so much worn that they would scarcely stick upon his feet, his shirt—and he had no other—of the colour of saffron'—was Charles Edward Stuart, he who had come to win three kingdoms for his exiled father, so fondly styled the heir of 'Fergus, father of a hundred kings'—he for whom so many noble hearts had grown cold in battle, and for whom so many were perishing daily on the English scaffolds.

His companions, whose plight was, if possible, worse than his own, were the loyal and gallant Macdonald of Glenaladale, two gillies of his surname, and the fourth was Lord Dalquharn.

All last night the rain had fallen in torrents, and it had been passed by them on the summit of a high hill between Strathglass and the Braes of Glenmorriston; there the Prince had slept in a little fissure in the rocks, with no comfort, but a short pipe, which he had learned to smoke among the Highlanders.

At that time, when hunted from place to place with a price set upon his head—hunted like a very wolf, within the four seas of Britain—there was not a being more wretched, or whose condition was more utterly deplorable, than he, whose right to its throne, was, by the ancient constitution of the country, unalienable, and immovable as the mountains, to use a Gaelic proverb.

It was by the merest chance, that, after being separated for two

entire months, that, being outcasts and seeking the same savage and sequestered wildernesses, Lord Dalquharn had met the Prince, after the return of the latter to the mainland had been achieved by the famous Miss Flora Macdonald, who watched and tended him so faithfully in the caves and hiding-places of Skye and of north and south Uist.

Since they had last been together, how many of their compatriots had perished or been in hopeless captivity? Many nobles were in the Tower of London and Castle of Edinburgh; among them, the venerable Marquis of Tullybardine, who, by dying in the former prison, eluded the axe and knife. Lord Fittisligo, old and feeble, was safely hidden among the Forbesses, with whom he lived for years as an aged mendicant, known to them, and to them only, as their outlawed Lord and Chief. Of poor Sir John Mitchell, they never heard more.

As they proceeded wearily along, in search of a certain cavern, of which Glenaladale knew, by the drove road, or old Fingalian path, by which the voiceless solitude was traversed, they frequently paused and looked around them. All was solemnly still there, and no sound was heard but the drowsy hum of the mountain bee, as he floated over the heather bells, or the shrill whistle of the curlew, as he winged his way up from the deep corrie below, where the silver mist was rolling round the bare, brown slopes of the vast rocky mountains.

Often had black despair taken possession of Charles's gallant breast; but the emotion always gave place again to that hope which is inseparable from youth; and more than once he boasted, that 'surely his life was charmed, he made so many hair-breadth escapes in mountain and isle, and that he was yet reserved for some great end.'

They had been without food for more than two days and two nights, and now, after all their past sufferings, human endurance could no longer sustain the task of further existence.

'Oh Glenaladale, my faithful friend,' said the Prince, 'where is this cave—the Coire Gaoth, of which you spoke—not much further, I hope?'

His voice was low and faint and husky.

'We are near it now indeed, your Highness,' replied the Chieftain.

'And seven men occupy it?'

'Seven.'

'Who may be trusted?'

'They are Highlanders,' replied the other emphatically.

'So were the Campbells who broke down the park wall at Cul-loden,' said the Prince with a bitter smile.

'But these seven men are as true as steel, Glenmorriston assured me, to your Highness and yours.'

The poor Prince sighed, and said, after a pause—

'Those days of wandering by sea and land—by isle and inlet, hill and cave—were dreadful! Each night, I used to say, while cleaning and priming my pistols anew, "I have never known *such* a day, and I shall never forget it!" But the days and nights as they succeeded each other, have actually become monotonous in the unvarying extremity, of their fierce excitement. Where will all this end?—Oh, Father of Mercy, where will all this end for me, and those who have loved me as never man was loved?'

As this sounded like a prayer, the Highlanders took off their bonnets; but no one replied, as they trod slowly and wearily on. Dalquharn had gloomy forebodings in his heart, of what the *end* might ultimately be, and he viewed the young Prince with intense commiseration. He feared much, that in a country so poor and so lawless as the Highlands, and where the people were supposed to be so rapacious, that the proffered reward would prove too great a temptation, and yet more than a hundred persons had risked the gallows by concealing the Prince or conniving at his escape from place to place; but how he was to leave the country, swarming as it was now, with English and foreign troops, while the salt lochs and inlets were filled with ships of war, and armed launches, was beyond all comprehension!

'In this district we are safe, at least,' observed Glenaladale, 'for the Grants of Glenmorrison are true.'

'Then they are the only true men of their name,' said Charles, coldly; 'for if Glenmorrison brought us two hundred claymores, his chief led six hundred to the service of the Elector.'

As they crept up the hill-side, towards some rocks and bushes, the head of a man became visible, and the sun glittered on the long barrel of his Spanish musket. Only the keen eyes of a Highland sportsman could have detected this scout, for his shock head of red hair, which was bound by a thong, seemed to blend with the tufts of the heather around it.

Glenaladale shouted something in Gaelic, on which the scout uttered a wild cry of joy, and brandishing his long musket like a reed, rushed towards them, and exclaimed in piercing accents—

'Mo Rìgh! mo Rìgh! Tearlach Rìgh nan Gael!'

This man was powerful, brawny and athletic; his whole attire consisted of a kilt of the red tartan of his clan, sorely faded and worn, a sheep-skin jacket and a white satin vest, which had whilome belonged to an officer of Kerr's dragoons. He was armed with a double brace of steel pistols, a dirk without a sheath, a claymore that had cloven many a skull and collar-bone, and a long antique musket, elaborately mounted with brass; but shoes, hose or bonnet, had he none. He was bearded to the eyes, and singularly savage and impressive in aspect.

He was Peter Grant, one of the seven famous outlaws, whose lurking-place was the Coire Gaoth, a cavern on the hill of Corambian. His companions came rushing forth, all similarly armed, and equally

ferocious in aspect, and all these men, save Roderick Mackenzie, who was also lurking with them, were robbers and sheepstealers who had served in the Prince's army, and who, like gallant Rob Roy in the preceding generation, had been forced to take 'to the heather-bush for shelter.'

On beholding the Prince, he who to them was centre of all creation, in a plight as miserable as their own, these poor fellows fell on their knees before him and wept bitterly. Charles was deeply touched and wept also. Then they humbly kissed his hands, led him into the wretched cavern which was their hiding-place, and hastily supplied him with food, broiling on a wooden spit the kidneys of a sheep they had stolen and killed, on the preceding night.

Poor Lord Dalquharn was incapable of eating, though they offered him food, with all the hospitality, tenderness and politeness that were native to them. He slept long and heavily on a bed of heather, with his head pillowed on a stone, and he had been dreaming of the tender brown eyes of Bryde, with their merry smiles—Bryde, of whom, in the roving and outlaw life he had led, hunted from place to place, since Culloden, he had heard nothing—when he awoke, and was startled to find the change that had taken place in the attire of the Prince, for since their arrival, Peter Grant had overtaken and killed a servant of Lord George Sackville's, on the Fort Augustus road, and taking his cloak-bags, conveyed them to the cavern, where the good Holland shirts, with lace ruffles, the kerseymere waistcoats and so forth, found in them, proved very acceptable.

The night saw the fugitives even merry; one always kept guard without, but the rest sat round their fire, and Grant, who was a good musician, drew from a corner what he called 'the harper's second wife—generally the best natured of the two—a harp,' and sang many a lively stave to his own accompaniment.

These men robbed and stole for the support of the Prince and his followers who stayed with them for three weeks; but still his ultimate escape seemed hopeless, so close was the cordon drawn around him by sea and land, and it might never have taken place, but for a very remarkable incident, in which Dalquharn nearly perished.

One evening he and Roderick Mackenzie were out scouting on the Braes of Glenmorriston, when they came suddenly upon a party of Sackville's Regiment from Fort Augustus, where Cumberland was still residing. They were grenadiers, in sugar loaf caps, and large square skirted red-coats, and black gaiters, and were led by an officer, who called aloud—

'Surrender, and show your passes, if you have them, fellows!'

'Air Dhia, bhailach!' replied Mackenzie, mockingly, 'what said the Bell of Scone? Meddle not with that which meddles not with thee.'

Being in the kilt they were instantly fired on by four of the party, which consisted of ten; six of whose muskets were luckily unloaded. While all were casting about and preparing for a volley, Dalquharn and Mackenzie rushed along the slope of the hill above the roadway. It was covered by whins, large boulders and masses of detached rock, very favourable to a skirmish; the odds were terrible, yet they turned to fire from time to time at their pursuers, of whom they disabled three; but they were closely followed with wild hollos, which they hoped might not reach the ears of the adventurous Prince, and lure him into peril by any attempt to succour them.

In this unequal skirmish the bullets whistled rapidly about them; Dalquharn felt one shave the tip of his right ear; another tore away the heel of his left shoe, and already was Mackenzie's right arm shattered, so that he had flung away his musket as useless and an encumbrance.

The pursuers were fast gaining on them, and the voice of the officer as he brandished his spontoon, and drew nearer poor Mackenzie, whose agony and loss of blood rendered him incapable of keeping pace with Dalquharn, was heard exclaiming exultingly—

'The Pretender, by all the devils, the Pretender! Down with him—down with him! Huzza—huzza, my brave boys, for thirty thousand pounds!'

Mackenzie, with a cry of despair, fell under another bullet; at the same moment, the foot of Dalquharn struck a stone, and he fell heavily forward, and rolling down the rough hill-side, sank into the dry bed of a mountain torrent, where his head struck a rock, and he lay senseless, while the soldiers, with their fixed bayonets, surrounded his less fortunate companion, who looked at them proudly and defiantly.

It was then that the sublime idea which lives alike in Scottish History and tradition, seized the heroic soul of this devoted man, who, desirous of saving his royal leader, even in death, said to the soldiers reproachfully—

'Oh, villains, *you have slain your prince!*'

'Hah,' exclaimed the officer, 'I knew that he was the Pretender! Off with his head, and away with it to the Duke!'

The bayonets clashed together as they were driven into the body of this martyr to loyalty.

In a few minutes more, the reeking head, with all the long fair hair, which he had been so vain of dressing *à la* Prince Charles, was thrust into a coarse canvas haversack, and borne to Fort Augustus; and in this terrible manner, did the strange double-dream of the mother and son become fulfilled.

Dalquharn soon recovered, and though giddy and smeared with blood from a wound in the temple, crept stealthily with cocked musket out of the hole which had concealed him. All was still; the soldiers were gone; like red dots they could be seen afar off on

the Fort Augustus Road, and he found, to his horror, only the headless trunk of Mackenzie laying on the hill side, where Charles and the outlaws buried him that night, scooping his scanty grave among the heather with the blades of their swords; and over his grave, eight years ago, a plain little monument was erected.

Two days after this dreadful deed, believing that the great work was accomplished, the Duke of Cumberland set out for London, with an incredible quantity of plunder, and conveying with him in his coach the head of Mackenzie, doubting not that the ghastly trophy was worth the thousands set upon it!

The Prince's valet, Richard Morrison, was brought in chains from the castle of Carlisle to inspect and identify it. Fainting with horror (says a note to Chevalier Johnstone's Memoirs), he was shewn the dreadful spectacle, but after a narrow examination for some mole or other mark, he became convinced that it was *not* the head of his royal master.

The supposition that the skull in the Duke's possession was that of Charles Edward, caused him to the pursuit after him to be considerably relaxed, and it was chiefly owing to that circumstance that he was enabled, ultimately, to escape from Scotland.

The brave outlaws of the Coire Gaoth, some of whom were afterwards hanged for sheep-stealing, wept like children, when the Prince, with Dalquharn and Glenaladale, left them.

'Stay with us!' cried poor Peter Grant and his followers; 'the mountains of gold which the Elector has set on your head, may induce some great man to betray you, for he can go to a distant country, and live on the price of his dishonour, but to us there exists no temptation. We speak no language but our own—we can live nowhere but in this country, where, were we to injure a hair of your head, the very mountains would fall down and crush us to death!'

Scott has recorded these words, and we doubt much if Macaulay, had he finished *his* History, would have repeated them.

On an evening of the succeeding September, when the shadows of the mountains were falling darkly on Loch nan Uamh, two French frigates, La Princesse de Conti and L'Heureux, were standing slowly out to seaward, with all their sails set, and each had a strange and motley crowd on her deck. These vessels had been piloted into Scottish water by a short, squat, and ferocious little nautical personage, who figures in the *Mercure Française* as 'M. le Capitaine d'Escupperplugge,' and by Colonel Warren, of Count Dillon's Regiment of the Irish Brigade, through whose faith, courage, and skill the unhappy Prince, with more than a hundred of his followers, including Lord Dalquharn, all wasted and worn, and in the last stages of rags and misery, escaped.

'Once more, once more for exile,' exclaimed the young Prince, as he leaned on Dalquharn's shoulder; 'for exile in France, which must be as a land of bondage to me and all who love me!'

And now as darkness spread alike over the vast deep, and the wild hills of Loch nan Uamh, Dalquharn gazed sadly at the shore he was doomed never again to see, and he had but one hope in his heart of hearts, that he would find his lost Bryde in that land towards which they were speeding, as they sailed into that dense and friendly fog, which so fortunately concealed them from the British fleet, under Admiral Lestock.

The Captain of La Princesse de Conti handed to Prince Charles Edward, who was leaning against the capstan, a goblet of wine; for he was very faint, and would not go below till he had seen the last of the land of his sorrow and his glory. He looked towards the lessening shore, which the mist was shrouding fast, and exclaiming,

‘To the hills, the glens, and the *people*!’ a toast he had learned among his faithful Highlanders, he drained the goblet to the dregs, and covering his head with his tattered tartan plad, burst into tears.

L'ENVOY.

BRYDE OTTERBURN and Lord Dalquharn found a home in France, where he attained a high rank in the army and state, with the Grand Cross of St. Louis.

Their home was not far from the fine old historical town of Compeigne, on the Oise, in the province of the Isle of France, in the midst of a peaceful and beautiful country; and the parks of their château, which had been originally a small hunting seat of the earlier monarchs, were spacious and lonely, but a tamer scene than Bryde had been wont to view from the windows of Auldham—the Firth of Forth, rolling in its fury up the bay of jagged rocks, the towering Bass in the distance, with its bare scalp in the ocean mist, and its sides glistening in the lashing spray.

Dalquharn is said to have owed much of his success in France to M. Du Boyer, the Marquis de Guilles, King Louis's ambassador at the little court of Charles Edward in Scotland.

At the Château de Compeigne, he and his lady lived to a ripe old age; and we can honestly close these pages with the assurance that they had little to complain of save the idea of exile.

Even that wore away as their children grew up around them, and they lived contentedly and happily.

In the abbey church of St. Corneille, which was founded by Charles the Bold, on the left hand side of the nave, may be seen their altar-tomb, which was sorely defaced at the Revolution; but the crowned and winged heart of the Douglasses of the Holme may still be seen thereon, impaled with the chevrons and three otter heads of the Otterburns of Auldham and Redhall.

Some kind memory of the mountain-land that was far away—the land of battle and song—was still lingering there, when in 1815, on their return from Paris after Waterloo, the Gordon Highlanders and the Black Watch, when brigaded on their homeward march to Calais, passed through Compeigne; for a banquet was given to them by Charles Edouard Duglass, whose title was Le Comte d'Alvarn d'Auldham, a Lieutenant-General in the service of France, the eldest of the six sons of Bonnie Bryde Otterburn, three of whom perished, as field officers, under the Great Emperor on the retreat from Moscow, one of them being aide-de-camp to Stephen Macdonald, Duke of Taréntum, son of Neil Mac Eachin, of the Clan-Ranald, one of the fugitives from Loch nan Uainh.

Among those kilted Waterloo veterans so sumptuously entertained by Comte d'Alvarn, were many like himself, the sons, and many more, the grandsons of Falkirk and Culloden; and next day, when with all their pipes playing and drums beating, they defiled along the quaint old bridge of the Oise, he rode at their head as far as the Roye, and then bade them farewell.

Thus, true to the end, Dalquharn and Bryde had named their first-born after the young hero of the ever-memorable 'Forty-Five.'

In the year of Waterloo he was a courtly old French gentleman of the *ancien regime*, who, though he had somehow escaped the Revolutionists, and found favour with Napoleon, both as Consul and Emperor, now wore his hair flowing and powdered, a flap vest, a buckram-skirted silk coat, and a dress sword, just as he had done in the antechambers of Versailles when Louis XVI. was king.

Less happy than that of the Comte's parents was the close of the life of Sir John Mitchell, who so narrowly escaped being slaughtered with so many others at the park wall of Culloden House.

For years the inhabitants of Edinburgh had been struck by the venerable and grand aspect of a bald and white-bearded mendicant, who usually sat on the pavement with his head uncovered, and his hat before him, mutely seeking alms near 'a dead wall opposite to Lord Milton's House in the Cannongate.'

This huge and black gloomy wall is still there, and unchanged from the aspect it then wore.

Few persons who were in the habit of passing that way, to and from Holyrood, failed to be impressed by the meek, benign, and singularly sweet manner of this reverend person, whose eyes seemed always to be fixed on something that was far away from mortal ken. At last the editor of that quaint old periodical, the Scots Magazine, became interested in him, and in his number for September, 1770, we have the following paragraph regarding the old man:

'He is an attainted Baronet named Sir John Mitchell of Pitreavie, and had formerly a very affluent estate! In the early part of his life he was in the Scotch Greys, but was broke for sending a challenge to the Duke of Marlborough, in consequence of some illiberal reflections thrown out by his grace against the Scottish nation.

Queen Anne took so personal a part in his prosecution, that he was condemned to transportation; and this part of his sentence was, with difficulty, remitted at the particular instance of John, Duke of Argyle.'

Exposed at his extreme years to the severities of the weather, 'it is to be hoped the humane and charitable of this city will attend to his distresses, and relieve him from a situation which appears too severe a punishment, for what can at worst be termed his *spirited imprudence*'—a phrase which doubtless refers to his adherence to the House of Stuart.

A subscription was opened for him at Balfour's Coffee-house; he, however, did not long survive the discovery of his real name and rank, for on a sunny morning he was found on the cold pavement, dead of mere age and exhaustion. When discovered by a soldier of the old City Guard, he was lying in his usual place, near the old gloomy wall in the Canongate, having apparently been unable to creep home to his obscure and humble lodgings.

Within an old tin case, concealed in the lining of his patched coat, were found some MS. memoranda relating to the great Insurrection, which ended amid the horrors of Culloden, with his commission as an officer of the Greys, signed by Queen Anne, and of the Prince's Life Guard, signed by James VIII. as King of Scotland.

Where this poor old martyr to loyalty and circumstances found a grave, no record remains to shew us.

NOTES.

NOTE I.

THE PRINCE'S PIPER.

THE Piper of Charles Edward was a man equally famed in his day for his proficiency in the martial music of his country, and his personal strength. He was a native of Fortingall, in Perthshire, and was warmly attached to the House of Stuart. John Macgregor resorted to the muster at Glenfinnan, and soon became a great favourite with the Prince, whom he accompanied throughout the campaign, and whom he was ever ready to serve with his blood, if necessary. The Prince—we are told—was in the habit of addressing him in kind and familiar terms; but Macgregor having but a scanty knowledge of English, Charles acquired so much of the Gaelic, as enabled him to say *Seid suas do piob, Iain!*

When the Prince entered Edinburgh, after his victory at Prestonpans, he called laughingly, 'Blow up your pipe, Iain.' The Piper marched to Derby, and was present at Clifton Moor, Falkirk, the siege of Stirling, and the last fatal day at Culloden, when he saw, for the last time, his beloved Prince. After many years of wandering, danger, and hardship, he returned to his native village of Fortingall, where he died, leaving four sons and eight grandsons, all of whom were famous pipers.

'The identical bag-pipe with which Macgregor cheered the spirits of his Jacobite countrymen, is still in the possession of his only surviving grandson, also a John Macgregor, in the seventy-second year of his age, residing at Druimchary, in Perthshire. It has but two drones, the *third* in such instruments being a modern appendage. Its chanter is covered with silver plates, bearing inscriptions in Gaelic and English. The late Sir J. Athol Macgregor added one to it, on which are the following words in both languages:—

"These pipes, belonging to John Macgregor, Piper to His Grace, the Duke of Athol, were played by his grandfather, John Macgregor, in the battles of Prince Charles Stuart's army, in 1745—6, and this inscription was placed on them by his chief, Sir John Macgregor, Bart., of Macgregor, in 1846, to commemorate their services."

'The present owner, John Macgregor, a celebrated piper in his

day, still plays the old pipe with wonderful efficiency. He performed at the head of his Clan during the royal visit in 1822, at the Eglinton tournament in 1839, and had the honour of performing before Her Majesty at Taymouth; but John, like his pipe, has now become aged, and he has neither brother nor son, with whom to leave his favourite institution.'—*Perthshire Courier*, 1857.

NOTE II.

THE PRINCE'S ARMY.

THOUGH constantly stigmatised by the English press, as cut-throats and banditti, and though styled in one of Cumberland's orders, 'arrant scum,' the little army of Charles Edward was as orderly as it was brave, and was well-organised in a fashion of its own—the discipline of the modern military system being added to that of the patriarchal tribes of the Gael. The pay of a captain was 2s. 6d. daily; the lieutenant, 2s.; ensign, 1s. 6d.; and of the privates, 6d. In the Clan regiments, every company had a double set of officers of the three ranks. The Leine Chrios, or chosen men, were in the centre of each battalion to guard the chief and colours; the front rank, when in line, consisted of the best blood of the Clan, the best armed, and all had targets. These received 1s. daily while the money lasted.

As a specimen of their organisation, I select one order of the day, taken at random, from the book of Captain James Stuart (of Inchbreck), of the Lord Ogilvie's Regiment.

'Orders from the 6th to the 7th December, 1745.

'At Ashburnham.—*Parole, Richard and Manchester.*

'The army decamps to-morrow morning at 6 o'clock from Ashburnham.

'The Life Guards in the van.

'Athole's Brigade, the van of the foot, has the Royal Standard. Perth's, Ogilvie's, Roy Stewart's, Glenbucket's, and Manchester's (Regiments), form the first Division.

'The artillery and baggage of all kinds, depart at four in the morning, and march in the same order they were in to-day.

'Clan-Ranald has the van of the second Division.

'Keppoch, Appin, Lochiel, Cluny, and Glengarry, who has the rear of the second Division.

'Kilmarnock's Horse in rear of Glengarry's Regiment.

'The Hussars in rear of all, to be disposed of as my Lord George shall think proper. An officer of each regiment in the rear with Kilmarnock's Horse.

‘Pitsligo’s Horse will escort the Quarter-master’s.

‘A captain, lieutenant, and fifty men of Glengarry’s Regiment to mount guard this night, at the end of the street that leads to Derby. The lieutenant and twenty men of this detachment will mount at the Turnpike House, and will keep two sentries out and the gate shut ; the officer is advertised that there are two detachments of Horse to go out by that gate to patrol. A captain and fifty men of Glenbucket’s Regiment will mount guard this night at the market place. Perth’s Regiment will furnish two captains and a hundred men to guard the Artillery.

‘An officer and twelve men of the Life Guards from Lord Elcho’s troop, will patrol a mile out of town on the road to Derby, and will be relieved by an officer and twelve of Kenmure’s troop, so that the patrol may continue till break of day.

‘An officer and twelve of Kilmarnock’s Horse will patrol on the road that leads to Burton, in the same manner as the Guards ; this road separates from that of Derby at the turnpike, and strikes to the right hand.

‘An officer and twelve men of His Royal Highness’s Guard to escort the treasure. An officer of each regiment to be in rear of Kilmarnock’s Horse, and a sergeant of each Regiment to keep the night at His Royal Highness’s quarters.

‘7th December, 1745, the Regiment marched from Ashburnham by Leik to Macclesfield. 8th, to Stockport.’

This day-book, a thin MS. bound in parchment, and presenting evident marks of having been carried in the pocket of the writer during his campaign, contains all the Prince’s orders from the 10th April, 1745, to the last fatal day at Culloden, and has been printed by the ‘Spalding Club.’ Captain Stuart died a Knight of the Order of Merit at St. Omer’s, in 1776.

David Lord Ogilvie, his colonel, was the son of the attainted Earl of Airlie, and long afterwards in France, commanded the Royal Ecosais, or 103rd Regiment of the French Line. He became a Lieutenant-General in the army of Louis XVI., and died at a green old age in Scotland, in 1803.

NOTE IV.

ORDER OF BATTLE OF CULLODEN MOOR, 16TH APRIL,
1746.

Few accounts of the Prince's line of Battle exactly agree in the order of the reserve. The total strength of the *British Infantry* was 29 Field Officers, 84 Captains, 222 Subalterns, 330 Serjeants, 225 Drums, 5521 Rank and File. Kerr's Cobham's, and Kingston's Horse, with the Argyleshire Regiment, mustered 2400 men, exclusive of the Artillery, Engineers, and Staff. Only four Scottish Regiments were engaged: the 1st Royals, 21st Fusiliers, 25th or Edinburgh Regiment, and the Argyleshire Militia under Colonel Campbell of Mamore, afterwards Duke of Argyle.

[illegible]

BILLING, PRINTER AND STEREOTYPED, GUILDFORD, SURREY.

NOVELS AT ONE SHILLING.

(Postage, 3*d.*)

By LORD LYTTON.

- | | |
|----------------------------|----------------------------|
| 444 Night and Morning. | 461 My Novel, vol. 1. |
| 446 Ernest Maltravers. | 462 do. „ 2. |
| 448 Alice. | 465 Rienzi. |
| 450 Devereux. | 466 Godolphin. |
| 452 Eugene Aram. | 468 Pelham. |
| 454 Last of the Barons. | 470 Leila. |
| 456 Pilgrims of the Rhine. | 472 A Strange Story |
| 458 Caxtons. | 475 } What will he Do with |
| | 476 } it? 2 vols. |

By ALEXANDER DUMAS.

- | | |
|------------------------------|---------------------------|
| 427 The Three Musketeers. | 451 Chevalier de Maison |
| 429 Twenty Years After. | Rouge. |
| 435 Doctor Basilus | 455 The Queen's Necklace. |
| 438 The Twin Captains, | 459 Countess de Charney. |
| 441 Captain Paul | 463 Monte Cristo, vol. 1. |
| 443 } Memoirs of a Physician | 464 do. „ 2. |
| 447 } 2 vols. | 469 Nanon; or Woman's |
| | War. |
| | 474 The Two Dianas. |

By CAPTAIN MARRYAT.

- | | |
|--------------------------|---------------------------|
| 110 Peter Simple. | 129 Japhet in Search of a |
| 112 King's Own. | Father. |
| 114 Midshipman Easy. | 131 Poacher. |
| 116 Rattlin the Reefer. | 133 Phantom Ship |
| 120 Pacha of Many Tales. | 136 Percival Keene. |
| 122 Newton Forster. | 144 Valerie. |
| 124 Jacob Faithful. | 169 Frank Mildmay. |
| 127 Dog Fiend. | 416 Olla Podrida. |
| | 420 Monsieur Violet. |

A Catalogue of Books,

By J. FENIMORE COOPER.

- | | |
|------------------------|------------------------|
| 1 Pilot. | 292 Wyandotte. |
| 3 Mohicans. | 296 Eve Effingham. |
| 4 Pioneers. | 298 Miles Wallingford. |
| 7 Spy. | 303 Headsman. |
| 12 Lionel Lincoln. | 307 Prairie. |
| 273 Deerslayer. | 312 Homeward Bound. |
| 274 Pathfinder. | 314 Borderers. |
| 275 Bravo. | 317 Sea Lions. |
| 276 Waterwitch. | 319 Precaution. |
| 277 Two Admirals. | 322 Oak Openings. |
| 278 Red Rover. | 325 Mark's Reef. |
| 280 Satanstoe. | 328 Ned Myers. |
| 290 Afloat and Ashore. | 331 Heidenmauer. |

By G. P. R. JAMES.

- | | |
|---------------------------|---|
| 297 The Brigand. | 377 Dark Scenes. |
| 299 Morley Earnstein. | 380 The Robber. |
| 304 Darnley. | 383 One in a Thousand. |
| 308 Richelieu. | 386 The Smuggler. |
| 311 Gipsy. | 389 De L'Orme. |
| 313 Arabella Stuart. | 392 Heidelberg. |
| 316 Woodman. | 395 Charles Tyrrell. |
| 320 Agincourt. | 397 False Heir. |
| 323 Russell. | 407 Castleneau. |
| 326 King's Highway. | 409 Sir Theodore Broughton |
| 329 Castle of Ehrenstein. | 411 The Forgery. |
| 332 Stepmother. | 413 The Gentleman of the
Old School. |
| 334 Forest Days. | 414 The Jacquerie. |
| 336 The Huguenot. | 417 Philip Augustus. |
| 340 Man-at-Arms. | 418 The Black Eagle. |
| 344 A Whim. | 421 Rose D'Albret. |
| 348 Henry Masterton. | 423 The Old Dominion. |
| 352 Convict. | 425 Leonoro D'Orco. |
| 357 Mary of Burgundy. | 428 John Marston Hall. |
| 360 Attila. | 434 Beauchamp. |
| 363 Margaret Graham. | 437 Arrah Neil. |
| 368 Gowrie. | 440 My Aunt Pontypool. |
| 371 Delaware. | |
| 374 Henry of Guise. | |

Suitable for the Country and Sea-side.

BY W. H. AINSWORTH.

- | | |
|-----------------------|-----------------------------|
| 337 Windsor Castle | 369 James the Second. |
| 339 Tower of London. | 372 Star Chamber. |
| 343 Miser's Daughter. | 375 Flitch of Bacon. |
| 347 Rookwood. | 378 Lancashire Witches. |
| 351 Old St. Paul's. | 381 Mervyn Clitheroe. |
| 356 Crichton. | 384 Ovingdean Grange. |
| 359 Guy Fawkes. | 387 St. James' 390 'Auriol. |
| 362 Spendthrift. | 393 Jack Shepherd. |

BY VARIOUS AUTHORS.

- | | |
|---|--|
| 111 Stories of Waterloo | <i>W. H. Maxwell.</i> |
| 219 Colleen Bawn; or the Collegians | <i>Gerald Griffin.</i> |
| 250 The Dark Lady | <i>W. H. Maxwell.</i> |
| 255 Violet, the Danseuse | <i>Anonymous.</i> |
| 265 Royal Favourite | <i>Mrs. Gore.</i> |
| 266 Kindness in Women | <i>Bayly.</i> |
| 268 Ghost Hunter | <i>Banin.</i> |
| 291 Ambassador's Wife | <i>Mrs. Gore.</i> |
| 294 Old Commodore | <i>Author of "Rattlin the Reefer."</i> |
| 302 The Green Hand | <i>Cupples.</i> |
| 305 The Albatross | <i>Kingston.</i> |
| 321 Cinq Mars | <i>De Vigny.</i> |
| 324 Zingra, the Gipsy | <i>Mrs. Maillard.</i> |
| 335 Ladder of Life | <i>Amelia B. Edwards.</i> |
| 338 My Brother's Wife | <i>Amelia B. Edwards.</i> |
| 341 Pride of the Mess | <i>Author of "Cavendish."</i> |
| 342 My Brother's Keeper | <i>Miss Wetherell.</i> |
| 345 Scarlet Letter | <i>Hawthorn.</i> |
| 349 House of the Seven Gables | <i>Hawthorn.</i> |
| 350 Tough Yarns | <i>The Old Sailor.</i> |
| 355 Whom to Marry, &c. | <i>Mayhew.</i> |
| 358 Lilly Dawson | <i>Mrs. Crowe.</i> |
| 361 Rita: an Autobiography. | |
| 376 Henpecked Husband | <i>Lady Scott.</i> |
| 379 Little Wife | <i>Mrs. Gore.</i> |
| 385 Adelaide Lindsay | <i>Author of "Emilia Wyndham."</i> |
| 391 Family Feud | <i>Thomas Cooper.</i> |
| 394 Nothing but Money | <i>T. S. Arthur.</i> |
| 396 The Letter Bag of the Great Western | <i>Sam Slick.</i> |
| 406 Respectable Sinners. | |
| 426 Moods | <i>Louisa M. Alcott.</i> |
| 430 Singleton Fontenoy | <i>James Hannay.</i> |

NOVELS AT TWO SHILLINGS.

(Postage, 4*d.*)

By LORD LYTTON.

- | | |
|-------------------------|-------------------------------------|
| 73 Paul Clifford | 104 Lucretia |
| 77 Last Days of Pompeii | 105 Harold |
| 93 Disowned | 107 Zanoni, 1 <i>s.</i> 6 <i>d.</i> |

By JAMES GRANT.

- | | |
|--|---|
| 21 Romance of War; or
the Highlanders in
Spain | 233 The Yellow Frigate |
| 26 Aide-de-Camp | 234 Harry Ogilvie, or the
Black Dragoons |
| 36 Scottish Cavaliers | 241 Arthur Blane |
| 125 Bothwell | 242 Laura Everingham; or
the Highlanders of
Glenora |
| 134 Jane Seton; or the
Queen's Advocate | 246 Captain of the Guard |
| 135 Philip Rollo | 300 Letty Hyde's Lovers |
| 193 Legends of the Black
Watch | 364 Cavaliers of Fortune |
| 205 Mary of Lorraine | 382 Second to None; or the
Scots Greys |
| 220 Oliver Ellis; or the
Fusilier | 415 The Constable of France |
| 224 Lucy Arden; or Holly-
wood Hall | 419 The Phantom Regiment |
| 230 Frank Hilton; or the
Queen's Own | 439 The King's Own Bor-
derers |

By ALEXANDER DUMAS.

- | | |
|--------------------------|--|
| 180 Half Brothers | 2 <i>s.</i> 6 <i>d.</i> each Volume. |
| 284 Marguerite de Valois | 285, 286 Vicomte de Brage-
lonne, vols. 1 and 2 |

By MISS WETHEL KELL.

- | | |
|--------------------------------------|--------------------------|
| 330 The Old Helmet | 404 The Two School-Girls |
| 367 Melbourne House | 431 The Wide, Wide World |
| 403 Ellen Montgomery's
Book-Shelf | 432 Queechy |

Suitable for the Country and Sea-side.

By HENRY COCKTON.

- | | |
|---------------------|-------------------|
| 254 Percy Effingham | 408 George Julian |
| 271 Valentine Vox | 422 Stanley Thorn |

By ALBERT SMITH.

- | | |
|-------------------------------|--------------------------|
| 119 Adventures of Mr. Ledbury | 281 Pottleton Legacy |
| 126 Scattergood Family | 113 Marchioness of Brin- |
| 270 Christopher Tadpole | villiers. 1s. 6d. |
| | The Medical Student. 1s. |

By AUTHOR OF "WHITEFRIARS."

- | | |
|-----------------|--------------------------|
| 28 Whitefriars | 132 Owen Tudor |
| 53 Whitehall | 244 City Banker |
| 67 Cæsar Borgia | 306 Mauleverer's Divorce |

BY VARIOUS AUTHORS.

Price 2s. each.

- | | |
|---------------------------------|-------------------------------|
| 44 The Night Side of Nature | <i>Mrs. Crowe.</i> |
| 50 Susan Hopley | <i>Mrs. Crowe.</i> |
| 68 Scottish Chiefs | <i>Jane Porter.</i> |
| 109 Pastor's Fireside | <i>Jane Porter.</i> |
| 155 Prairie Bird | <i>Hon. C. A. Murray.</i> |
| 158 Captain Blake | <i>Maxwell.</i> |
| 167 Colin Clink | <i>Hooton.</i> |
| 168 Hector O'Halloran | <i>Maxwell.</i> |
| 170 Country Curate | <i>G. R. Gleig.</i> |
| 175 The Clockmaker. 2s. 6d. | <i>Sam Slick.</i> |
| 176 Rory O'More | <i>Samuel Lover.</i> |
| 179 Manœuvring Mother | <i>Author of "The Flirt."</i> |
| 182 The Two Frigates | <i>George Cupples.</i> |
| 190 Soldier of Lyons | <i>Mrs. Gore.</i> |
| 195 Pirate of the Mediterranean | <i>Kingston.</i> |
| 197 Mothers and Daughters | <i>Mrs. Gore.</i> |
| 198 Quadroon | <i>Mayne Reed.</i> |
| 199 War Trail | <i>Mayne Reed.</i> |
| 210 Gilbert Gurney | <i>Theodore Hook.</i> |
| 211 A Wife to Order | <i>Gerstaecker.</i> |
| 214 Trevelyan | <i>Lady Scott.</i> |
| 222 Pride of Life | <i>Lady Scott.</i> |
| 226 Who is to Have it? | |
| 236 Two Convicts | <i>Gerstaecker.</i> |
| 237 Decds, not Words | <i>M. M. Bell.</i> |

A Catalogue of Books,

By VARIOUS AUTHORS—*continued*

- | | |
|-------------------------------------|---------------------------------|
| 238 Feathered Arrow | <i>Gerstaecker.</i> |
| 239 Secret of a Life | <i>M. M. Bell.</i> |
| 245 Caleb Stukeley | <i>Samuel Phillips.</i> |
| 253 The Iron Cousin | <i>Mrs. C. Clarke.</i> |
| 264 Each for Himself | <i>Gerstaecker.</i> |
| 272 Sir Roland Ashton | <i>Lady C. Long.</i> |
| 287 The Greatest Plague of Life | <i>Mayhew.</i> |
| 289 Sam Slick in England | <i>Sam Slick.</i> |
| 293 The Young Curate | <i>Anonymous.</i> |
| 309 Matrimonial Shipwrecks | <i>Mrs. Maillard.</i> |
| 310 Hajji Baba of Ispahan | <i>Morier.</i> |
| 333 The Two Barqnets | <i>Lady Charlotte Bury.</i> |
| 365 Will He Marry Her? | <i>Lang.</i> |
| 366 The Ex-Wife | <i>Lang.</i> |
| 370 Emily Chester | |
| 373 The Man of Fortune | <i>Albany Fonblanque, Jun.</i> |
| 398 Black and Gold | <i>Captain Patten Saunders.</i> |
| 405 The First Lieutenant's Story | <i>Lady C. Long.</i> |
| 410 Vidocq, the French Police Spy | |
| 412 Shipwrecks and Disasters at Sea | |
| 433 The Lamplighter | <i>Miss Cummins.</i> |
| 436 Tom Jones | <i>Fielding.</i> |
| 442 Handy Andy | <i>Lover.</i> |
| 445 Gideon Giles | <i>Thomas Miller.</i> |
| 449 Ben Brace | <i>Captain Chamier.</i> |
| 453 Hussar | <i>Gleig.</i> |
| 457 Roderick Random | <i>Smollett.</i> |
| 460 The Parson's Daughter | <i>Theodore Hook.</i> |
| 467 Guy Livingstone | |
| 471 Running the Gauntlet | <i>Edmund Yates.</i> |
| 473 Kissing the Rod | <i>Ditto.</i> |

RAILWAY LIBRARY.

Price 1s. 6d. each. (Postage 4d.)

- | | |
|----------------------------|-----------------------|
| 96 The Hour and the Man. | <i>Martineau.</i> |
| 139 Northanger Abbey. | <i>Miss Austen.</i> |
| 151 Peregrine Bunce. | <i>Theodore Hook.</i> |
| 189 The Only Daughter. | <i>Gleig.</i> |
| 213 Miriam May. | <i>Anonymous.</i> |
| 399 Robinson Crusoe. | <i>Illustrated.</i> |
| 400 Swiss Family Robinson. | <i>do.</i> |
| 401 Sandford and Merton. | <i>do.</i> |
| 402 Evenings at Home. | <i>do.</i> |

ROUTLEDGE'S SIXPENNY NOVELS.

BY J. F. COOPER.

- | | |
|-------------------|----------------------|
| 1 Waterwitch | 11 Two Admirals |
| 2 Pathfinder | 12 Miles Wallingford |
| 3 Deerslayer | 13 Pioneers |
| 4 Mohicans | 14 Wyandotte |
| 5 Pilot | 15 Lionel Lincoln |
| 6 Prairie | 16 Afloat and Ashore |
| 7 Eve Effingham | 17 Bravo |
| 8 Spy | 18 Sea Lions |
| 9 Red Rover | 19 Headsman |
| 10 Homeward Bound | 20 Precaution |

A volume twice a month till completed.

BY VARIOUS AUTHORS.

- | | |
|-----------------------|------------------------|
| Robinson Crusoe | A. Ward among the Mor- |
| Uncle Tom's Cabin | mons |
| <i>Mrs. Stowe</i> | Nasby Papers |
| Colleen Bawn | Major Jack Downing |
| <i>Gerald Griffin</i> | Biglow Papers |
| A. Ward, his book | Orpheus C. Kerr |

ROUTLEDGE'S CHEAP LITERATURE.

Price 1s. each.

- | | |
|---|-------------------|
| 5 Life of Nelson. | <i>Allen.</i> |
| 10 Vicar of Wakefield. | <i>Goldsmith.</i> |
| 31 Bundle of Crowquills. | <i>Crowquill.</i> |
| 46 Infidelity, its Cause and Cure. | <i>Nelson.</i> |
| 119 Hidden Path. | <i>Harland.</i> |
| 171 Acting Proverbs. | <i>Harwood.</i> |
| 191 A Lady's Captivity among Chinese Pirates. | <i>F. Laviot.</i> |
| 207 The Pilgrim's Progress. | <i>Bunyan.</i> |
| 216 Balthazar; or, Science and Love. | <i>Balzac.</i> |

A Catalogue of Books,

By VARIOUS AUTHORS—continued

- | | |
|-------------------------------------|---------------------------------|
| 238 Feathered Arrow | <i>Gerstaecker.</i> |
| 239 Secret of a Life | <i>M. M. Bell.</i> |
| 245 Caleb Stukeley | <i>Samuel Phillips.</i> |
| 253 The Iron Cousin | <i>Mrs. C. Clarke.</i> |
| 264 Each for Himself | <i>Gerstaecker.</i> |
| 272 Sir Roland Ashton | <i>Lady C. Long.</i> |
| 287 The Greatest Plague of Life | <i>Mayhew.</i> |
| 289 Sam Slick in England | <i>Sam Slick.</i> |
| 293 The Young Curate | <i>Anonymous.</i> |
| 309 Matrimonial Shipwrecks | <i>Mrs. Maillard.</i> |
| 310 Hajji Baba of Ispahan | <i>Morier.</i> |
| 333 The Two Barquets | <i>Lady Charlotte Bury.</i> |
| 365 Will He Marry Her? | <i>Lang.</i> |
| 366 The Ex-Wife | <i>Lang.</i> |
| 370 Emily Chester | |
| 373 The Man of Fortune | <i>Albany Fonblanque, Jun.</i> |
| 398 Black and Gold | <i>Captain Patten Saunders.</i> |
| 405 The First Lieutenant's Story | <i>Lady C. Long.</i> |
| 410 Vidocq, the French Police Spy | |
| 412 Shipwrecks and Disasters at Sea | |
| 433 The Lamplighter | <i>Miss Cummins.</i> |
| 436 Tom Jones | <i>Fielding.</i> |
| 442 Handy Andy | <i>Lover.</i> |
| 445 Gideon Giles | <i>Thomas Miller.</i> |
| 449 Ben Brace | <i>Captain Chamier.</i> |
| 453 Hussar | <i>Gleig.</i> |
| 457 Roderick Random | <i>Smollett.</i> |
| 460 The Parson's Daughter | <i>Theodore Hook.</i> |
| 467 Guy Livingstone | |
| 471 Running the Gauntlet | <i>Edmund Yates.</i> |
| 473 Kissing the Rod | <i>Ditto.</i> |

RAILWAY LIBRARY.

Price 1s. 6d. each. (Postage 4d.)

- | | |
|----------------------------|-----------------------|
| 96 The Hour and the Man. | <i>Martineau.</i> |
| 139 Northanger Abbey. | <i>Miss Austen.</i> |
| 151 Peregrine Bunce. | <i>Theodore Hook.</i> |
| 189 The Only Daughter. | <i>Gleig.</i> |
| 213 Miriam May. | <i>Anonymous.</i> |
| 399 Robinson Crusoe. | <i>Illustrated.</i> |
| 400 Swiss Family Robinson. | <i>do.</i> |
| 401 Sandford and Merton. | <i>do.</i> |
| 402 Evenings at Home. | <i>do.</i> |

ROUTLEDGE'S SIXPENNY NOVELS.

BY J. F. COOPER.

- | | |
|-------------------|----------------------|
| 1 Waterwitch | 11 Two Admirals |
| 2 Pathfinder | 12 Miles Wallingford |
| 3 Deerslayer | 13 Pioneers |
| 4 Mohicans | 14 Wyandotte |
| 5 Pilot | 15 Lionel Lincoln |
| 6 Prairie | 16 Afloat and Ashore |
| 7 Eve Effingham | 17 Bravo |
| 8 Spy | 18 Sea Lions |
| 9 Red Rover | 19 Headsman |
| 10 Homeward Bound | 20 Precaution |

A volume twice a month till completed.

BY VARIOUS AUTHORS.

- | | |
|-----------------------|------------------------|
| Robinson Crusoe | A. Ward among the Mor- |
| Uncle Tom's Cabin | mons |
| <i>Mrs. Stowe</i> | Nasby Papers |
| Colleen Bawn | Major Jack Downing |
| <i>Gerald Griffin</i> | Biglow Papers |
| A. Ward, his book | Orpheus C. Kerr |

ROUTLEDGE'S CHEAP LITERATURE.

Price 1s. each.

- | | |
|---|-------------------|
| 5 Life of Nelson. | <i>Allen.</i> |
| 10 Vicar of Wakefield. | <i>Goldsmith.</i> |
| 31 Bundle of Crowquills. | <i>Crowquill.</i> |
| 46 Infidelity, its Cause and Cure. | <i>Nelson.</i> |
| 119 Hidden Path. | <i>Harland.</i> |
| 171 Acting Proverbs. | <i>Harwood.</i> |
| 191 A Lady's Captivity among Chinese Pirates. | <i>F. Laviot.</i> |
| 207 The Pilgrim's Progress. | <i>Bunyan.</i> |
| 216 Balthazar; or, Science and Love. | <i>Balsac.</i> |

ROUTLEDGE'S CHEAP LITERATURE

continued.

- 226 Christmas Hamper. *Mark Lemon.*
247 The Medical Student. *Albert Smith.*
259 Love Tales, by Heyse. *Edited by G. H. Kingsley.*
265 Riddles and Jokes. 3rd Series. *E. Routledge*
266 Advertise: How? When? Where? *W. Smith.*
267 Adventures of a Sporting Dog.
268 Mrs. Jones' Evening Party. *E. Routledge.*
269 Toddles' Highland Tour. *E. Routledge.*
274 New Charades for the Drawing Room.
The Author of "A Trap to Catch a Sunbeam."
275 Sam Spangles. *Stirling Coyne.*
276 The Sparrowgrass Papers; or Living in the Country.
278 A Sea-side Sensation. *Charles Ross.*
279 Lives of Conservative Statesmen.
280 Fly Notes on Conjuring. *Col. Stodare.*
281 A Week with Mossoo. *C. Ross.*
282 Recollections of Harrow.
283 Mixed Sweets.
284 Mrs. Brown's Visit to Paris *Arthur Sketchley.*
285 Miss Tomkins' Intended *Do.*
286 The Public School Matches.

Price 1s. 6d. each.

- 148 Hills of Shatemuc *Miss Warner.*
159 Flood and Field *Maxwell.*
217 A Mounted Trooper's Adventures in the Australian
Constabulary *W. Burrows.*
224 Echoes from the Backwoods *Sir R. Levinge.*
236 Land and Sea Tales *The Old Sailor.*
272 Life of Admiral Lord Dundonald *Allen.*

Price 2s. each.

- 184 Forest Life in Norway and Sweden *Newland.*
189 Marvels of Science *Fullon.*
195 Eminent Men and Popular Books
Reprinted from the "Times."
230 Biography and Criticism *Do.*
246 Sporting in both Hemispheres *D'Ewes.*
254 Horses and Hounds *Scrutator.*
256 Life in China. *Milne.*
273 Life of Julius Cæsar *Archdeacon Williams.*
277 A Cruise upon Wheels *C. A. Collins.*

ROUTLEDGE'S USEFUL LIBRARY.

In fcap. 8vo, cloth limp, or boards, price 1s. each, unless expressed.

A NEW LETTER-WRITER, for Ladies and Gentlemen : with applications for Situations, Forms of Address, Titles, &c.

LANDMARKS OF THE HISTORY OF ENGLAND. By Rev. J. WHITE, Author of "The Eighteen Christian Centuries." (1s. 6d.)

LANDMARKS OF THE HISTORY OF GREECE. By the Rev. J. WHITE, Author of "The Landmarks of England." (1s. 6d.)

THINGS WORTH KNOWING. By MARTIN DOYLE.

LAW OF LANDLORD AND TENANT, with copious Useful Forms. By W. A. HOLDSWORTH, Barrister-at-Law.

HISTORY OF FRANCE, from the Conquest of Gaul to the Peace of Paris, 1856. By AMELIA B. EDWARDS.

THE LAW OF WILLS, EXECUTORS, AND ADMINISTRATORS, with Forms. By W. A. HOLDSWORTH, Barrister-at-Law.

RUNDELL'S DOMESTIC COOKERY.

NOTES ON HEALTH: How to Preserve or Regain it. By W. T. COLEMAN.

COMMON OBJECTS OF THE MICROSCOPE. By the Rev. J. G. WOOD. With 400 Illustrations by TUFFEN WEST.

BANKRUPTCY (the New Law of) FOR POPULAR USE. By W. A. HOLDSWORTH, Barrister-at-Law. Fcap. 8vo.

ONE THOUSAND HINTS FOR THE TABLE; with a few words upon Wines.

COUNTY COURT GUIDE (The). By W. A. HOLDSWORTH. With Useful Forms, and Tables of Fees and Costs.

GEOLOGY FOR THE MILLION. By MARGARET PLUES. Edited by EDWARD WOOD, F.G.S., F.R.S.L. With Illustrations.

HANDY BOOK OF CRIMINAL LAW. By W. CAMPBELL SLEIGH.

THE LICENSED VICTUALLERS' HANDY BOOK.

HOW TO MAKE MONEY. By E. T. FREEDLEY.

HOUSEHOLD LAW. By ALBANY FONBLANQUE. (2s.)

INFANT NURSING. By Mrs. PEDLEY.

PRACTICAL HOUSEKEEPING. By Mrs. PEDLEY.

A MANUAL OF WEATHERCASTS. By ANDREW STEINMETZ.

THE COMMERCIAL LETTER WRITER. By W. P. SIMMONDS.

THE LAW OF CABS and OMNIBUSES. By W. T. CHARLEY.

HOME BOOK OF DOMESTIC ECONOMY. By ANNE BOWMAN.

COMMON THINGS OF EVERY DAY LIFE. By ANNE BOWMAN.

BOOKS FOR THE COUNTRY.

In Foolscap 8vo, Fancv Cloth Covers, with numerous Illustrations.

Price 1s. each (unless specified).

- ANGLING, and WHERE TO GO. By ROBERT BLAKEY.
PIGEONS and RABBITS. By E. S. DELAMER.
SHOOTING, in all its Varieties. By ROBERT BLAKEY.
SHEEP, their Diseases and Management. By W. C. L. MARTIN.
FLAX and HEMP, its Culture and Manipulation.
THE POULTRY YARD. Edited and revised by E. WATTS.
CATTLE. By MARTIN and RAYNBIRD. (1s. 6d.)
THE HORSE; its History, Management, and Treatment.
BEES; their Habits, Management, and Treatment.
CAGE and SINGING BIRDS. By H. G. ADAMS.
SMALL FARMS; their Management. By MARTIN DOYLE.
THE KITCHEN GARDEN. By E. S. DELAMER.
THE FLOWER GARDEN. By E. S. DELAMER.
RURAL ECONOMY. By MARTIN DOYLE.
FARM and GARDEN PRODUCE. By MARTIN DOYLE.
COMMON OBJECTS of the SEA-SHORE. By WOOD. With Coloured Illustrations.
COMMON OBJECTS of the COUNTRY. By WOOD. With Coloured Illustrations.
AGRICULTURAL CHEMISTRY. By ALFRED SIMSON.
OUR WOODLANDS, HEATHS, and HEDGES.
BRITISH FERNS. By THOMAS MOORE, F.L.S.
FAVOURITE FLOWERS; How to Grow Them.
BRITISH BUTTERFLIES. By W. S. COLEMAN.
THE RAT, its History, and Destructive Character. (1s. 6d.)
DOGS: their Management. By E. MAYHEW, M.R.C.V.S. (1s. 6d.)
HINTS for FARMERS. By R. SCOTT BURN.
BRITISH BIRDS' EGGS and NESTS. ATKINSON.
BRITISH TIMBER TREES. By JOHN BLENKARN. (1s. 6d.)
WILD FLOWERS. By SPENCER THOMSON. (2s.)
LIFE of a NAG-HORSE. With Directions for Breaking and Training Horses, and Hints on Horsemanship. By F. TAYLOR.
A FIELD FULL of WONDERS.
HAUNTS of the WILD FLOWERS. (1s. 6d.)
SCIENTIFIC FARMING MADE EASY. (1s. 6d.)
FOOD, FEEDING, and MANURE. By ALFRED SIMSON.
HORSE-TAMING, HORSEMANSHIP, and HUNTING. By J. S. RAREY and SAMUEL SIDNEY. Illustrated. (1s. 6d.)
MR. MECHT'S FARM BALANCE-SHEETS, etc.
THE PIG; How to Choose, Breed, Feed, Cut-up, and Cure. (1s. 6d.)
CRAB, SHRIMP, and LOBSTER LORE. By W. B. LORD. Illustrated.

ROUTLEDGE'S HOUSEHOLD MANUALS.

Fcap. 8vo, price 6d. each, cloth limp.

THE COOK'S OWN BOOK: a Manual of Cookery for the Kitchen and the Cottage. By **GEORGINA HILL**. With Practical Illustrations.

THE GENTLEMAN'S LETTER- } With applications for Situa-
WRITER. } tions. Forms of Address

THE LADY'S LETTER-WRITER } to Persons of Title, &c.

VILLAGE MUSEUM; or, How we Gathered Profit with Pleasure. By **Rev. G. T. HOARE**.

HOW TO COOK and SERVE EGGS in 100 DIFFERENT WAYS. By **GEORGINA HILL**.

HOW TO COOK RABBITS in 124 DIFFERENT WAYS. By **GEORGINA HILL**.

EVERY-DAY BLUNDERS in **SPEAKING** and **WRITING**.

HOW TO COOK POTATOES in 100 DIFFERENT WAYS. By **GEORGINA HILL**.

HOW TO COOK FISH. By **GEORGINA HILL**.

THE LOVER'S LETTER-WRITER.

DR. LANKESTER on the **CHOLERA**.

HOME NURSING.

HOW TO MAKE SOUP in 100 DIFFERENT WAYS. By **GEORGINA HILL**.

HOW TO COOK ONIONS in 100 DIFFERENT WAYS. By **GEORGINA HILL**.

GOOD FOOD. By **DR. LANKESTER**.

DINNERS and **HOUSEKEEPING**.

HOW TO PRESERVE FRUIT in 100 WAYS. By **GEORGINA HILL**.

ROUTLEDGE'S RECIPE BOOK.

HOW TO DRESS SALADS in 100 DIFFERENT WAYS. By **GEORGINA HILL**.

READY REMEDIES for **COMMON COMPLAINTS**.

HOW TO COOK GAME in 100 WAYS. By **GEORGINA HILL**.

ROUTLEDGE'S COOKERY BOOKS.

SOYER'S COOKERY for the **PEOPLE**. (1s.)

MRS. RUNDELL'S DOMESTIC COOKERY. (1s.)

ONE THOUSAND HINTS for the **TABLE**. (1s.)

A PLAIN COOKERY for the **WORKING CLASSES**. By **C. E. FRANCATELLI**. (6d.)

MRS. RUNDELL'S DOMESTIC COOKERY. (2s.)

THE BRITISH COOKERY BOOK. Edited by **J. WALSH**. (3s. 6d.)

A NEW COOKERY BOOK. By **ANNE BOWMAN**. [Shortly.]

KEATING'S COUGH LOZENGES.



TRADE MARK

A SAFE AND CERTAIN REMEDY for Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, and other Affections of the Throat and Chest. In **INCIPIENT CONSUMPTION, ASTHMA, and WINTER COUGH**, they are unfailing. Being free from every hurtful ingredient, they may be taken by the *most delicate female or the youngest child*; while the **PUBLIC SPEAKER and PROFESSIONAL SINGER** will find them invaluable in allaying the hoarseness and irritation incidental to vocal exertion, and also a powerful auxiliary in the production of **MELODIOUS ENUNCIATION**.

OLD BANK, STRATFORD-UPON-AVON.
(Branch of the Stourbridge and Kidderminster Banking Company.)
STRATFORD, May 7th, 1868.

TESTIMONIAL.

DEAR SIR,—Having had a severe Cough this winter, I was advised to try your Lozenges, which are invaluable; having purchased one box, costing *only* 1s. 1½d., completely set me up, and must, therefore, strongly recommend them as a certain cure.

I remain your most obedient Servant,

W. HOBBS,
Manager.

To Mr. KEATING,
79, St. Paul's Churchyard, London.

Prepared and Sold in Boxes, 1s. 1½d., and Tins, 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., and 10s. 6d. each, by **THOMAS KEATING, Chemist, &c., 79, St. Paul's Churchyard, London.** Retail by all Druggists.

KEATING'S

Persian Insect Destroying Powder.

THIS POWDER IS QUITE HARMLESS TO DOMESTIC ANIMALS, but is unrivalled in destroying Fleas, Bugs, Emmets, Flies, Cockroaches, Beetles, Gnats, Mosquitoes, Moths in Furs, and every other species of Insects in all stages of metamorphosis.

SPORTSMEN will find this an invaluable remedy for destroying **FLEAS** in **THEIR DOGS**, as also *Ladies for their Pet Dogs*, and sprinkled about the nests of Poultry, it will be found extremely efficacious in exterminating those Insects with which they are usually infested.

RED LAND, NEAR HIGHWORTH, WILTS, June 19th, 1867.

SIR,—I am glad to inform you that your Insect Destroying Powder has done its duty towards destroying bugs and fleas, and all sorts of other insects, and as it answers my purpose so well, I want another packet, if you please. With thanks,
I remain your humble Servant,

To Mr. KEATING.

REUBEN ELDRIDGE.

Sold in Packets, 1s., Tins, 2s. 6d. and 4s. 6d. each; or 1s. Packets, free by post, for 12 postage-stamps, and 2s. 6d. on receipt of 36. Also in Bottles, 1s. 2d., and with Bellows 1s. 6d. and 3s. each, by **THOMAS KEATING, Chemist, 79, ST. PAUL'S CHURCHYARD, LONDON, E.C.** Sold retail by all Druggists.

